RECORDS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

HEMAN DYER D.D.

ROBERT B. GOODEN.

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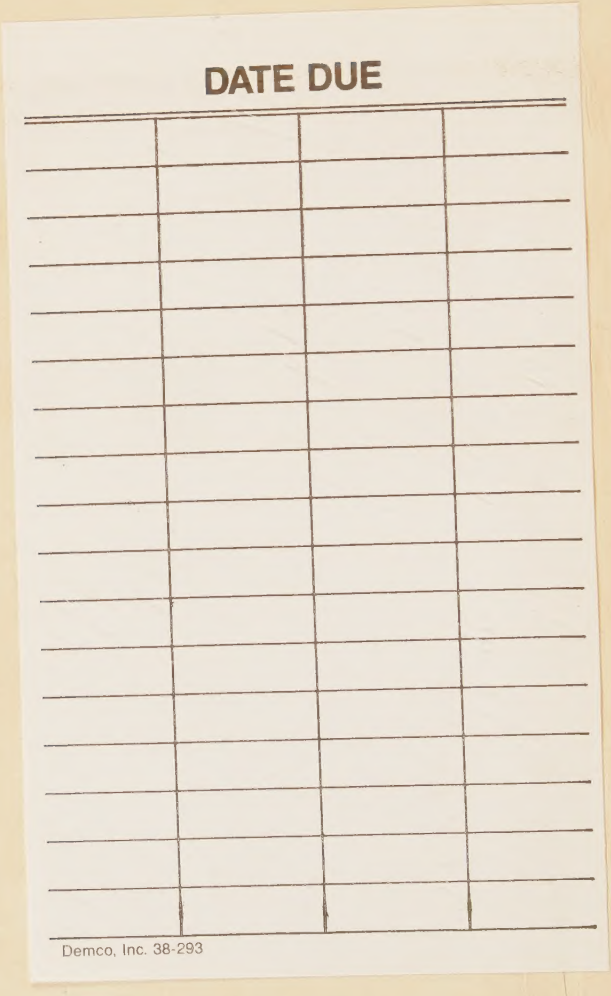

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RECORDS

OF

AN ACTIVE LIFE

BY

HEMAN DYER, D.D.

FOURTH EDITION WITH POSTSCRIPT

NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE

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PREFACE.

THE notes from which these Records have been prepared, were made during the active period of my life, for my own use, and without any thought of their ever being made public. Friends in whose judgment I have much confidence, have thought that as they refer to many actors and events, during periods of great interest and importance in our Church and country, their publication would serve a good purpose. I have, therefore, reluctantly yielded to their request that they should be printed.

Should any one reading these Records think my criticisms and judgments on some occasions too severe, I would say that my notes were made at the time the events alluded to occurred, and expressed what I then thought and felt. I deem it more honest to leave them as they were then written.

It may be thought that too much of a *personal* nature has been introduced, but an autobiography must necessarily seem more or less egotistical.

My object in writing the sketch of my own life has been to show the important events and changes I have lived to see, and in which I have been called to take part.

HEMAN DYER.

September, 1886.

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RECORDS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

I.

EARLY LIFE.

I was born in the town of Shaftsbury, Bennington Co., Vermont, on the 24th day of September, 1810, and was the youngest of nine children, six sons and three daughters.

My father, Henry Dyer, was a farmer, an industrious, honest man. He was a native of North Kingston, Rhode Island, and a lineal and direct descendant of the famous Mary Dyer, who was hanged on Boston Common for maintaining her religious opinions. How strange it seems to record such a fact at this day! My grandfather and all his sons were sturdy patriots, and served in the army during the Revolutionary war. One of my uncles was a captain in the regular service, the others held subordinate positions. In those days men did not fight for office or emolument, but for their country. Among my early recollections are the accounts my father used to give of the campaigns he and his brothers had been engaged in. Often did I wish I had been a man in those days, that I might have fought and served my country too. But I wore a paper cap and swung a wooden sword, and made many an onslaught on mullen stalks, white daisies, and such like enemies

My mother was a native of Connecticut. Her maiden name was Sarah Coy. Her parents I never knew, but I have been told they were industrious and upright people. In early life her advantages were very few, but possessing strong common sense and being of a practical turn of mind, her energy of character enabled her to accomplish much. She was a most frugal housekeeper, an exemplary, God-fearing woman, and a devoted mother. I retain the most vivid recollections of her unceasing care and of her untiring love and patience. Well do I remember with what unwearied devotion she watched over me during a severe illness I had in my fourth year. I also remember the alarm and anxiety she expressed upon the occasion of my being badly scalded soon after my illness. During the long days of confinement and suffering, her face and words were to me those of an angel. Her presence made me supremely happy. Never did I hear a harsh word from her lips. My mother was a woman of much personal dignity and bore herself in a way to command the confidence and respect of her neighbors, and the undivided reverence and love of all her family. Whether she was beautiful or not I do not know. But when she was dressed for church, with her simple bonnet, her gold beads, and her red cloak, I thought she was just perfect.

My father was much thought of for his proverbial honesty, and his sound judgment. Many a dispute among his neighbors was settled by his short but sensible opinion. He had an utter detestation of litigation, and taught his children to shun it as a great evil. So strong was his feeling on this subject that he avoided any close association with those who were fond of being in the courts. In this respect all his sons followed in his steps. He was for his day quite a reader, and was

fond of talking about the books he had read. To this habit I am much indebted for the taste for reading and the desire for knowledge which were early enkindled within me. I have no doubt my subsequent life was very much influenced by it.

I was sent very early to school, a common district school. My first experience made a wonderful impression upon me. It comes before me now at this late day as vividly as though it had occurred but yesterday. When my mother had made me ready and I set out with an older brother to whose hand I clung very tightly, I thought it was a great affair, and my mind had some very big thoughts on the way. But when I entered the school-house my wonder and amazement knew no bounds. So many children I had never seen together before. I could not imagine where they all came from! And then there was the master, a man grown, sitting by a table, and on the table were some books, a ruler, and his heavy walking stick. The sight of all these things filled me with profound awe. Perhaps I was a little, perhaps a good deal, scared. At any rate I had a kind of awful feeling. The master did not look or act like other people. I could hardly keep my eyes off from him, but gazed at him as a kind of superior being. One little incident is fresh in my memory. A little boy, older than myself, was called up to the master to say his letters. I can now see him standing by the knee of the teacher and intently following the point of the pen-knife as it pointed out each letter, and I can hear him call out in his loudest voice the names of the letters, one after another, sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, until he was brought up all standing at the letter S. He looked steadily at it for some time, and scratching his head, without saying

a word, he went round on the other side of the teacher and took another look at it, twisting and turning all the time, but keeping perfectly silent, and yet very much puzzled. At length the teacher said, "Well, what is it? what does it look like?" Straightening himself up and looking the teacher in the face he said, "It looks like dad's saddlebags." This created quite a laugh in the school, but there was no laugh in me. The matter was too important, and I felt too deeply for that. Many other things occurred which impressed me very much When I returned home I felt pretty consequential, and had very much to tell my mother. I do not believe any boy visiting for the first time "Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth," was more impressed and stirred up than I was by my first day at school. One day at school I was told that a Mr. Sherman, a mechanic of the neighborhood was "laid upon the shelf." All day I was asking myself what it meant. My only idea of a shelf was what I was accustomed to see in my mother's pantry, and I wondered why Mr. Sherman had been laid on a shelf in the buttery. On reaching home I told my mother what I had heard and asked her why they had put him on a shelf? She told me Mr. Sherman was dead. This silenced me, though it didn't exactly satisfy me, for I could not see the connection between the two things. To this day when I hear it said of any one "He is laid on the shelf," I immediately call to mind Mr. Sherman and the pantry.

When in my sixth year, my father sold his farm in Shaftsbury and removed to a larger one in Manchester in the same county. I remember well the circumstances of breaking up the old home and removing to the new one. The distance was about twenty miles. To me the journey was something tremendous. I had never

been farther than two or three miles in my life, and now the thought of going twenty was almost too great to take in. I could fill pages in giving an account of all I saw and heard and felt, on that memorable journey. I only mention one thing. On our way we stopped at a country inn or tavern, as these places were called. The teams had to rest and be fed. This was a new experience to me. I had never been at a tavern before, and of course I watched everything that took place. I was particularly struck at seeing people come in and go out as though they belonged there. I didn't understand how they could do it, for it seemed to me it was taking too great a liberty. This was the first experience of a feeling which has remained with me ever since. I like a true and proper freedom, but I cordially dislike to see persons make themselves too familiar, or too much at home when not at home. I would therefore suggest to my young friends that they be careful not to be too free when they are only guests, lest they make themselves cheap, and perhaps a nuisance.

Late in the day we reached the end of our journey and took possession of our new home. The house was small and plain, but we were soon made comfortable, and were glad enough to have the rest of the night.

The next day we had time to look about and see where we were. The farm was in a retired part of the town, a short distance off from the stage road, but most beautifully situated. To the east there was a long stretch of the Green Mountain Range. To the south some miles distant the Shaftsbury Mountains. To the west and north the Equinox Range. Such were the surroundings of my new home, and they were most picturesque and beautiful. Here among these everlasting hills I spent ten years and more of my life. Here I

lived, and worked, and studied, and laid the foundation of all that has followed. I never recall these early days without feelings of unbounded gratitude to God that He made my lot what it was, and cast it where He did.

At the time no doubt I thought and felt not unfrequently that it was rather rough and hard, but I did not understand the matter then. The necessities of our family were such as to demand constant labor and the strictest economy on the part of all its members. I was too young and often ill to do much hard work, and so it devolved on me to do the light chores, such as bringing the cows, feeding the chickens, running errands, and doing a multitude of little things. This was the beginning of a life which has been filled up with an almost infinite variety of odds and ends.

As soon as we were settled I was sent to the common or district school of the neighborhood, where I made fair progress in my studies. My teacher was a young woman of whom I became very fond, and was never happier or prouder than when taking home to my parents her certificates of good conduct and scholarship. Those certificates were prettily executed by her own hands, and I carefully preserved them for many years as something very precious.

It was while attending this school that I had my first distinctively religious thoughts. I remember the occasion well. A young man by the name of Bingham, afterwards a well known missionary to the Sandwich Islands, visited the school. It was on a beautiful afternoon in the summer. He made a short address and offered a prayer. I cannot recall his words. But his appearance and the impression his words made have ever remained with me since. He gave each of the children a small tract. It was the first thing of the

kind I had ever received, and was read and re-read a great many times. While under this teacher I made my first attempt at writing. A copy was set, and I was left to follow and imitate it as well as I could. Nearly an hour was spent in making up my mind where and how to begin. My success was nothing to boast of. By persevering I succeeded in covering the first page of my copy-book with characters which might bear almost any name. From this teacher I received one of the severest punishments that was ever inflicted on me. A little girl of about my own age had been naughty, and she was made to stand up in the middle of the floor before the whole school. She wriggled about in such a way as completely to upset my gravity, and I ventured to laugh, for which offence I was trotted out and placed by her side. Nor was this all. My arm and hers were tied together by a handkerchief, and there we stood, she as nervous and fidgety as she could be, and I covered with blushes and solemn as a funeral. But somehow I thought a good deal of that girl afterwards.

At the winter term, a young man, a medical student, had charge of the school. At this period of the year the attendance was much larger than in the summer. Many of the scholars were young men and women grown. Nothing of special interest occurred during this first winter except some cases of discipline among the older scholars. To see young men hold out their hands and be ferruled, produced a prodigious impression on my mind.

Without going into any detailed account of this portion of my life, I will only speak of some incidents which made their mark upon my memory.

During all my early boyhood I had many serious thoughts, far more than any one but myself knew of. I

remember well a very alarming illness of my father. It was an attack of quinsy, and for a time the sufferings and the danger were great. Just at the most critical stage of the disease a clergyman called. It was on a pleasant day in summer. The doors and windows were open, and I was hanging about in a boy-like way. After some conversation the clergyman read a few passages from the Bible, and then made a prayer. In his prayer he particularly remembered my father, and asked that God would heal his sickness and make him well. I asked myself if this could be? If God could make him well? Soon after the clergyman took his leave, but the thoughts his visit had awakened remained.

During the night I was awake much of the time, thinking about what had occurred; and seldom have I ever experienced greater relief than when in the early morning my father called me and said, "The minister's prayer has been answered. I am a great deal better."

This incident gave me the first distinct idea I ever had of true prayer, and the answer to prayer: and it has been of much comfort and use to me ever since.

About this time I had my first experience of death in our own family. I had been at funerals, and had some strange and vague thoughts about death, but nothing definite remained in my mind. But now the whole subject was to be brought before me in a new light. I was to see one very near and dear to me sicken and die. My sister, and the only sister remaining at home, had by performing a heroic act exposed herself very much. She was driving with her brother-in-law in a sleigh, and as they were passing a large house they discovered that it was on fire. My brother-in-law immediately giving her the reins, leaped out of the sleigh and ran to the house, the flames at the same time bursting from the

upper windows. The excitement alarmed the horses; my sister got out and went in front of them, and taking them by the bit succeeded in quieting them. She remained in this position, standing in the slush and snow for more than an hour.

The fire was extinguished, but in her exposure she contracted a severe cold which settled on her lungs and brought on consumption. She failed rapidly, and in the early summer went to her heavenly home. I was much with her, and in her sweet winning way she told me of the blessed Saviour, and what a comfort and support He was to her. She had no fear, but looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the time when she would depart and go to be with her Lord. What strange thoughts I had. My sister was very beautiful in person and lovely in character. I wondered why she must go away, and I wondered what kind of a home it was to which she was going and about which she talked so much. To me there was no home except where my mother and sister lived. That was a happy, quiet, peaceful home, and I couldn't comprehend any other. The day she died she talked freely with all the family, and placing her hand on my head, with angelic sweetness gave me her dying charge. The words were few, but the impression made was enduring. I remember the funeral in all its details. The officiating clergyman preached a simple but impressive sermon from the words, "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Many, many times since have I repeated these words, and said to myself, Is it possible that one so young could have finished her work? and how often, in my own busy life have those words come as an inspiration to do with my might whatsoever my hands should find to do! They

have made me think and feel what a thing it was so to live that those that came after us could use such words with regard to us!

The death of my sister was a great loss to me. My other two sisters were much older than myself. They were both married, and settled in other parts of the country when I was too young to know much about them, while for nearly ten years this one had been my constant companion. Ever after her death I was more susceptible of serious impressions. I found pleasure in thinking of another world, and particularly of that home where she had gone to dwell. Though never thinking at that early day of becoming a minister, yet I was in the habit of going off by myself and preaching sermons to imaginary congregations.

During this part of my life I was kept steadily at school, and made, I believe, respectable progress. I was neither a genius or a prodigy, but I knew how to stick to it and plod along.

My health was delicate, and often I was shut up in the house for days, and sometimes weeks, at a time. This was a great trial, for I loved my school and disliked very much to be absent. But the trial most likely proved a blessing. I became fond of home, and acquired habits of reading which were of great value to me. Before I was sixteen I had read most of the historical works of that day, at least such as were accessible. The first novel I ever saw fell into my hands about this time. It was the "Scottish Chiefs." I read it with intense interest, believing every word of it. So much did it stir me up that I did not stop till I had read every Scottish history I could lay my hands on. Great was my surprise and disappointment when my father said to me one day, "Heman, that work called the 'Scot-

tish Chiefs,' which you have been so eagerly reading, is nothing but a pack of stories. It isn't half true." This was indeed a damper. But it served me a good purpose.

Long years after when visiting Scotland I realized the benefit of my early reading. I shall never forget the feelings I had when first I saw the monument erected to the memory of Sir William Wallace, or when I crossed for the first time the moors of Northumberland. The impressions caused by the reading of my youth were revived and I seemed to see passing before me the scenes so vividly described by Miss Porter. While attending the district school in Manchester I became acquainted with a Mr. Ballard, a medical student, afterwards the well known Dr. Ballard. He had charge of the school one winter, and we became as intimate as a teacher and scholar could well become.

It was he who first put the thought into my mind of obtaining a liberal education and of studying a profession. At his instance I commenced the study of Latin. This was a new thing in a common district school, and occasioned a good deal of talk and speculation. Some of the wise ones shook their heads and thought it a daring and doubtful experiment. From that time I became in the estimation of the neighbors a rather peculiar boy. My mother encouraged me, but my father was silent and thoughtful. He never discouraged me, but his silence was sometimes rather oppressive. The nearest he came to commending the project was the somewhat dubious remark—"Well, Heman is not a robust boy, and can never stand hard work." I kept on with my Latin and other studies under Mr. Ballard, and made rather rapid progress. During the winter I made my second important journey. The first was when the family removed from Shaftsbury to Manchester, about twenty miles.

And now the second was from Manchester to Peru, a small place on the east side of the first range of the Green Mountains. Mr. Ballard was from this town, and wishing to visit his parents he persuaded my father and mother to let me go with him. It was a new and great event, going out to see something of the world. We went in a one horse-sleigh, or cutter, and it took nearly the whole day to perform the journey. Not much of a journey some one will say. But to me it seemed very important. While on this visit I suffered two severe mortifications, the scars of which were never quite effaced. Being very bashful, I was easily disconcerted and upset. One day Mr. Ballard took me to call on a family where there were three very pretty young ladies. Of course I was ambitious to appear at my best. I was a student, was actually studying Latin, and much would be expected of me. On entering the house, we were shown into the room where the ladies were. Everything was very nice; but the floor, being a painted one, was without a carpet and was very slippery. Coming in from the road, my boots retained more or less snow, and as I stepped into the room away went my feet and away went I. To save myself from falling whole length on the floor, I sprang forward, and this sent me across the room in a hurry and well nigh into the lap of one of the ladies. Altogether it was a remarkable performance, and frightened me nearly out of my wits. I was glad enough when the call was over and we were fairly out of the house. It makes me blush even now to think of it.

On the next day I thought I would do the polite thing and take Miss Ballard, a sister of my teacher, out sleigh-riding. We made a good start. The horse was spirited and went gaily, and I was a little proud of my skill in

driving. We were indeed going splendidly, when all of a sudden the sleigh struck the point of a sharp rock, and the unexpected stopping sent us head first into a snow-drift, and the traces breaking, the horse went snorting and flying at a great rate. We picked ourselves up as fast as we could and made our way to the nearest house. Nothing was badly injured but my feelings. The young lady put a good face upon the affair, and passed it off as a capital joke. But I couldn't see the fun, and was not sorry when I retired from the scene of two such disasters.

On our return I resumed my studies, and tried to drown my mortification in hard work. For a time I was full of the idea of studying law. My ambition had been aroused and I had many dreams of future fame. As Manchester was a county town, the courts were held there and many lawyers resided in the village. Some of them were very distinguished both as lawyers and advocates. I was in the habit of attending court as often as I could. To my youthful view it was a most august spectacle. The supreme court of Vermont at that time consisted of a chief justice and six associates, all venerable men, and renowned for their learning, talents, and character. Such men as Dudley Chase, Richard Skinner, Samuel Phelps, and others, adorned the bench. Their whole appearance and bearing inspired the utmost respect, and when sitting as a court they were a most dignified body, and commanded universal reverence. Nothing perhaps ever gave me more pleasure than listening to the address of some distinguished advocate. Now after these long years I can call up the forms and even features of many of the judges and lawyers of that day.

I remember well the trial of a farmer for murder,

which brought together a splendid array of legal talent. There were the seven judges, the lawyers, the high sheriff, the clerk of the court, and the officials, and a great crowd of people. Nearly a week was occupied in taking the testimony, and in skirmishing among the lawyers. The interest increased day by day. When the time came for the summing up on the part of counsel the excitement was at fever heat. So great was the desire to hear the closing addresses that the court adjourned to the large Congregational church. This was thronged. There was an evening session. The time and the place added impressiveness to the scene. How vividly it all comes before me as I write! The destinies of a human being were involved. This human being was a citizen, with wife, children, and friends, all waiting with breathless anxiety to know the result. The last speaker for the criminal was the then well known and greatly respected Horace Everett, member of Congress from Windsor, Vermont. He had great fame as an advocate and orator. Rather late in the evening he arose to address the court and jury. Every eye was riveted upon him, the vast audience was hushed to an almost breathless silence. I can see Mr. Everett as he stood, pale, anxious, and care-worn, before the jury. Every expression, motion, and gesture comes back. I can hear the tremulous tones of his silvery voice, as in broken sentences he prepared the way and approached the merits of the case, and then in fierce and decided tones he sifted the evidence and applied the law. A full hour and a half were consumed by his masterly argument. There was no movement or noise throughout the house, but a deep and fixed attention on the part of all. Then came the close, and how shall I describe it? No words of mine can do it any justice.

Mr. Everett pushed away his books and papers, and in a manner all his own, made his last appeal. It combined every element of eloquence, pathos, and power which could produce effect upon human minds and hearts. There was nothing extravagant, nothing boisterous, nothing claptrap; but in the most perfect taste, in language at once chaste, refined, and classical, he poured fourth a strain of quiet yet earnest eloquence that swept every chord that vibrates to the deepest depths of human sympathy. In a few brief minutes he had court and jury, lawyers and audience in tears. Everybody cried, for no one could help it. The case was gained, the prisoner was saved. The moment Mr. Everett closed, he took up his papers and left the room. For several minutes silence reigned throughout the building, while court and jury recovered themselves.

The prosecuting attorney closed the case for the government, the judge delivered his charge, and the jury retired. The next morning a verdict of acquittal was made, and thus ended a case, the main features of which have remained with me to the present time. And even now, as I remember Mr. Everett's address, I find the tears will come. I mention these things to show in how many ways we are affected, influenced, and educated in this world.

In connection with the old meeting-house just mentioned, I remember some things which affected me a good deal at the time. Though this was not our church, I attended service there quite often, as it was much more convenient. On one occasion I heard the pastor, the somewhat celebrated Lemuel Haines, the colored preacher, deliver a sermon which made me think a good deal. I do not remember the text, but in the course of the sermon he made use of the following rather quaint

illustration. "If a man should come along and say to me, Mr. Haines. I am a very strong man. I can take hold of the corner of this meeting-house and lift it up and tip it over; I would not stop to argue with him, not at all; but I would say to him, Friend, just do it. That would be my answer." I was both amused and instructed by the illustration and have thought of it many times.

On another occasion in the same church I heard a young clergyman preach from the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the tenth chapter of St. John. These verses speak of a hireling, and of his fleeing when the wolf cometh. I remember how pale and anxious he looked, and how serious was his manner, and wondered at his text. But it was soon explained. A distinguished lawyer, a member of his church, had committed some grave offence, for which the young minister had brought him under discipline. The result was a great excitement. The lawyer was highly connected. The minister was young and much of a stranger. Some urged him to resign. Others thought he ought to remain at his post. Though a boy I sided with the latter. When he had made up his mind to stay, he preached the sermon alluded to, and gave his reasons for his course. The result was, the lawyer was proved to be an unworthy man, and finally turned out badly. I often wondered afterward whether it was the sad look of the man that won my sympathy, or the merits of his case.

One other incident I will mention. On a cold winter day I appeared in this church wearing a new overcoat, the first I ever had. It was a drab overcoat, with its three capes, all the fashion at that day. I tried not to attract attention, but somehow, it seemed to me that everybody was looking at me, and this made me nearly red-hot. Red I certainly was, and hot too. I saw a very

pretty young girl in a pew near by turn and look at me. This confused me fearfully, and I blushed into nearly all colors; but she still looked and I didn't know what to do with myself. Now while thinking about it, I am nearly upset. There she sits with her big eyes looking right at me. I don't think any other girl ever made so much impression on me.

During this period of my life my principal recreation was in fishing, hunting, and roaming through the woods and on the mountains. My father was very fond of brook trout and of wild game, and was always ready to encourage me in either pastime. It was in my fishing excursions up and down the Battenkill, that I learned to swim, and became quite a proficient in the art. Little did I then think that many years after, this skill in swimming would save me from a watery grave. But so it was; and so I say to all the boys, learn to swim. I was tolerably successful in catching fish, and as a hunter I did fairly. I think the chipmunks, the red, gray, and black squirrels, as well as the pigeons, partridges, and pheasants, of that day would bear me out in my opinion. While very young I performed one exploit which added several inches to my stature. One morning I saw a large hoot owl fly over a field near the house and light in a small piece of woods. I at once ran into the house, got down the old shotgun and loaded it up with more than a double charge of powder and shot. The barrel was very large and would hold almost any amount of these two articles, and in my excitement I did not stop to measure either, but poured them in by the handful. I was soon after the owl, but in such a flurry that I hardly knew what I was about. I succeeded in frightening him away, but he lit again in another cluster of trees, and I went in hot pursuit. This time I was more

careful and succeeded in getting near enough to try my skill. As I was not strong enough to hold the gun without resting it on something, I placed the barrel on the limb of a tree where I could by standing on tip-toe take aim. This I did as well as I could, and fired. For a little while all was pretty quiet. But as soon as I recovered my senses I found myself half a rod off, flat on my back, and the gun lying near by. It was some little time before I thought of the owl. But the fearful charge had done its work. True it had knocked me flat, but it had also brought down the owl. He was an enormous creature, and my killing him made quite a hero of me. I was content to live on my reputation for a long time after.

A few words as to my religious views and relations. My parents were not brought up in the Episcopal Church. My father in early life was much under the influence of the Quakers and then the Baptists. My mother was in her childhood an attendant upon the Congregational Church. It so happened that no Episcopal Church was accessible until the family moved to Manchester. Subsequently my mother, brother, and his family, as well as myself became communicants in Zion Church, Manchester, of which the Rev. Abraham Bronson was then rector. As the Episcopal Church was in the eastern village, about a mile and a half more distant from our home than the Congregational Church, we occasionally attended service at the latter.

During my sixteenth year, my religious thoughts and convictions were such as to bring me to a decision upon this, the greatest of all subjects. Ever since my sister's death these things were much in my mind. But like most boys I put off any final action to a more convenient season. Among the human agencies which brought

me to take a decisive step, I may mention several conversations with my teacher, Mr. Ballard, and particularly an address I incidentally heard from a young man who was preparing for the Theological Seminary at Bangor. It was a very simple yet touching appeal in which he alluded to the death of a young school-girl in Manchester. Her illness was brief, and her death created a deep and wide-spread feeling. An incident in her sickness added much to the impression. She had been quite worldly, and ambitious to shine among her companions, and as a ball was soon to take place, she had been much engrossed in having a proper dress prepared for the occasion. After she was taken ill she had the dress hung up in her room where she could look at it. Her disease was very rapid in its course. A day or so before her death, while her mother and sisters were in her room, she pointed to her dress and said very deliberately, "That dress is the price of my soul."

In the address to which I have referred an allusion was made to this scene. Not in any improper and offensive way, but with very telling effect. Not long after this I had a conversation with the young man who made the address, which led to quite an intimacy. At least I came to have a profound regard for him. He belonged to one of the old and most influential families in Manchester, and his decided stand as a Christian produced a great effect upon the young people of the town. In due time I became a communicant, having been confirmed by Bishop Hobart. The confirmation took place at Granville, New York, while my relative, the Rev. Palmer Dyer, was the rector of the church there. At first my plans of life were not particularly changed by the decision I had reached in religious

matters. Circumstances had occurred by which it seemed to be made my duty to remain at home and carry on the farm. My brothers were all away, and my parents particularly desired me to take care of them. This was a disappointment; but I accepted the position cheerfully, believing it to be the will of my heavenly Father. I continued my reading as well as I could, but I addressed myself more particularly to a preparation for the life of a farmer—a farmer among the mountains of Vermont. For more than a year I carried on the farm, working early and late like a day laborer. I learned to plow, plant, reap, and mow. I had cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry to look after. In a word, I did everything that a farm required to be done. Beside my parents, I had my saddle horse, my dog, and my cats as companions. With them, and my books, I was never lonesome or discontented. Often have I thought that this was one of the most profitable years of my life. I was successful. My stock flourished, my crops were good, and everything prospered. And then I acquired a practical knowledge of many things which has served me an excellent purpose ever since. Often have I astonished farmers in the country, by telling them, like another philosopher, "What I knew about farming." During the second year of my farming operations my plans were again changed.

An older brother, whose health had failed in the somewhat sedentary life in which he had been engaged, returned home. A satisfactory arrangement having been made, he took my place, and I left Manchester and went to Arlington, and commenced my studies at the academy there. The school was in charge of Mr. Anson B. Hard, then a student of Middlebury College, and pre-

paring for the ministry. This was a great and most important step. My home life was now ended. For sixteen years I had led a quiet and rather thoughtful life in the midst of my own family. Habits of industry, economy, and steady perseverance had been thoroughly established. I had been taught, by precept and example, not to go in debt, and never to spend money till I had it. I was also taught another lesson, often omitted, that a "Penny saved is as good as a penny gained." My father said it was better, for it involved the two habits of economy and of saving. For these and many other lessons I have always, and shall always bless the memory of my parents. Another habit I acquired which has been of great value, and that was the habit of reading. Partly from my delicate health, and partly from our rather secluded location, I sought my chief pleasure in books. So that, when I commenced my preparation for college, I was quite familiar with the more important histories, as well as some of the literature of the day. I had a way of asking a good many questions and gaining what information I could from others. I remember, once, while attending the district school, a student of Middlebury College came to spend a few days at our house. I thought the opportunity a good one of learning something, and so I plied him with innumerable questions, until my father, in a half comical manner, asked me if I had been appointed Mr. Abbot's examiner. Being the youngest of my father's family, I naturally associated with those considerably older than myself. I continued thus to associate with older persons until I was called to deal with college and university students. From that time on I have kept up intimate relations with those younger than myself. In this I have found many advantages. It has enabled me

to keep up a connection, and consequently a sympathy, not only with those of my own generation, but with the rising generation. If young people sometimes forget what belongs to age and experience, it not unfrequently happens that old people forget that they were once girls and boys.

II.

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE.

To leave home and go away to live was a great event in my life, something of a new departure. Everything was done by my parents which their means allowed to make me comfortable. When the day of my leaving arrived, they took me to Arlington, only five miles distant, and saw me comfortably fixed in my quarters with the family where I was to spend my first year. The name of this family was Ellsworth, and I am glad to record the name, for no persons could have been more considerate and kind than were Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth. They occupied a large, double house, and having no children, I had room enough and to spare. My sleeping apartment opened into a larger room which was my study, and this again opened into a wide hall, so that I had considerable variety in my quarters. I found my accommodations in every way exceedingly attractive, not to say luxurious. For all this I paid the enormous sum of *seventy-five cents* a week! As my home was about three-fourths of a mile from the academy, I had regular exercise each day. The number of pupils at the academy was about thirty, from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, and of both sexes. The branches taught were geography, mathematics, history, rhetoric, logic, the Latin and Greek languages, composition and dec-

lamation. Once a week all the pupils came together and engaged in the last two exercises. This was the great event of the week, and tried our courage to the utmost. I don't think I ever had so much blood in my face, or weakness in my knees, or such difficulty in getting words to come out of my throat and mouth, as when I stood up before all these eyes and attempted to read my first composition. My legs fairly shook, and threatened every moment to give way; my hands were seized with palsy, St. Vitus' dance, and several other shaking maladies. My mouth was dry, and as for my throat it tied itself into divers knots, and my utmost efforts to speak only resulted in a series of jerks and spasms, and a tremendous perspiration. That I ever got through this ordeal alive was well nigh a miracle. When I finally got back to my seat I wished my will was made, for I was rather anxious to make precipitate departure. In time, however, I got over all this perturbation, and came to look forward to these occasions with much interest and pleasure. But it was amusing to see how many of the young women had bad head-aches, or some other sudden ailments on composition day.

During the first year of my study in Arlington, the Rev. Dr. Coit was the rector of St. James' Church, the only church of any kind in the village. The congregation was large and prosperous. Here I commenced my Sunday school labors as a teacher. The Bible and Prayer Book were the only books used in the school. Mr. Hard, the principal of the academy, had charge of the school and was assisted by several teachers. It was under Mr. Hard that I took my first lessons in missionary work. Beside visiting the scholars, we made excursions into some neighborhoods at the foot of the Green Mountains where the people were but little in advance

of the heathen. Among these we visited on Saturday afternoons, and had such simple services as we could. The novelty of the thing at first attracted the people, but it was not long before they came together from different and better motives. We had reason to believe that much good was done. But to take part in these services caused me many weaknesses and much stammering. Yet I survived it, and was placed under many obligations to Mr. Hard for the good this kind of work did me. Another accomplishment I acquired during this period, and that was singing. Some of my friends will smile when they hear this, and no doubt wonder what ever became of the accomplishment.

But I adhere to the opinion that I did acquire it, and that it has been a great help and comfort to me. True, I did not know one note from another, nor did I know the difference between concord and discord. But there came along a teacher of singing by the name of Lyman Cross, and he induced nearly all the young people to form themselves into a singing school. I hesitated, for I had spent much time on a former occasion in trying to learn old "Plymouth," but had failed utterly and totally. Mr. Cross took me in hand, tried me in sounding some notes, and told me I could certainly learn to sing. Indeed, he encouraged me every way. Now this was pure disinterestedness. He did it all for my good, and I bless him for it. True, my case was rather an unpromising one, and I never distinguished myself as a singer, but I learned to read music, and made out to sing some kind of bass,—whether thorough or not, I cannot say. Mr. Cross gave me the best idea I ever had of the place singing should have in public worship, and his almost matchless voice and taste inspired me with an intense love for sacred song. I have found the

greatest pleasure in listening to the singing of hymns, songs, and ballads. Indeed, strange as it may seem, I have found enjoyment in my own singing.

Twice in my life have I attempted to turn my accomplishment to account. On the first occasion in trying to lead. I must have started wrong, for no one could, or would join me, and becoming discouraged I tapered off by degrees to a dead pause. The second time, the tune unfortunately had a solo, and when I came to that narrow plank, I tumbled into the chasm beneath, which was enough for my ambition, and ever since I have been content to let others do the leading.

During the winter there was an informal week-day service at the lecture room, of which the rector took the charge. He was assisted by Mr. Hard, and by Mr. Wm. S. Perkins, another student from Middlebury, and preparing for the ministry. This service I have ever thought was of very great benefit to the parish, and particularly to the young people.

While I was living at Mr. Ellsworth's an incident occured which was at the time more serious than amusing. The servant Mrs. Ellsworth had, was a great, strapping girl, about twenty years of age, and weighing nearer two hundred than one hundred pounds. As the maid of all work she was in all parts of the house. One morning Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth left home to be absent till the following day. Biddy and I were to take care of things. An hour or two after they left I came out of my room into the hall, and was going out of the front door. As I passed along I saw the girl sitting on one of the steps of the hall stairs. I wondered what she was there for, but went out without stopping. Some fifteen minutes after, I returned, and there she sat, bolt upright, and staring at nothing. I thought it strange,

but passed on into my room. My uncomfortable feelings increased, and I went again into the hall. There was no change in her position, and so I determined to find out what was the matter. At first I spoke to her, called her name. No answer. I called louder. No word or motion in response. Things were looking serious. I went nearer, asked if she was sick. The same steady stare into vacancy. I became bold, courageous outside, but pretty shaky within. Finally I put my hand on her shoulder, at first gently; but no motion. I shook her; still motionless. Then I shook her harder, and called loudly, yes, fairly shouted. And that was all the good it did. In my desperation I seized her arm and began to lift it. To my horror it was perfectly rigid! By this time my hair began to stand on end. I was becoming, to say the least, somewhat excited. I broke away and rushed into the street and began to call for help. Fortunately the nearest neighbor happened to be standing near his house, and hearing my cry hastened to the rescue. I told him in a word what the matter was, and we returned to the house. On going up to the girl and taking her arm, she all of a sudden sprang to her feet, and sent both of us flying down the steps in a hurry. I tried to hold on to her, but one moment I was up in the air and the next I was spinning about in the hall. She had gone off into the most awful convulsions I had ever witnessed or heard of. In the meantime my friend was doing all he could to hold her. There seemed to be danger that she would dash her brains out against the walls, or break her limbs. But our united strength was nothing to hers, and so all we could do was to keep her from doing herself injury. Then came a little lull in her violence, and we succeeded in getting her into a room just off from the hall, and tried to lay her down on

a bed. But almost instantly she was straight up on her feet, and I found myself in the neighborhood of the ceiling, and my friend was sprawling on the floor. She knocked the bed to pieces, upset the chairs, overturned the table, and nearly put an end to me. My friend was much older, stronger, and tougher than I was, and did not suffer quite so much. This state of things continued for two hours and more. Our clothes were badly torn, everything in the room was upside down, and we looked like three frights. Just as our strength gave out and we were ready to give up in despair, she came out of the paroxysms, and was gentle as a lamb. She seemed to be dreadfully mortified, and sorry for the trouble she had caused. Instead of stopping to talk, I went for the nearest doctor as fast as I could run. When he came and examined the case, he said nothing ailed her except an attack of hysterics. This was my first experience in hysterics; the doctor called this nothing. I wondered what he called something. So much was I knocked to pieces by this performance that I had quite a serious attack of illness, and my nervous system was so shattered that I did not recover for months.

While I was in Arlington I had two new experiences in the way of school keeping. The first was in a district in the northern part of Arlington and was in the summer season. I was in my eighteenth year, and my scholars ranged from twenty-five down to five. I taught all the way from the a, b, c, up to Latin. My oldest scholar was a young man studying for the ministry in the Baptist Church. The next oldest was a young woman, studying to become the wife, not of the Baptist preacher, but of a farmer. At this time I had a serious illness which came near putting an end to my earthly career.

It was a severe and sudden attack of pleurisy. Fortunately, or more properly I should say, providentially, I was staying at the time in the family of Mr. Nathaniel Canfield. Both Mr. Canfield and his wife were excellent nurses, and they devoted themselves untiringly night and day to me. And to this devotion, I believe, I owed under God, the preservation of my life. Among the remedies they applied was the hottest bath I ever experienced. This was the way of it. They heated in the fire a large stone, about as hot as fire could make it. They then bound a large quantity of hemlock boughs around it and enclosed all in a flannel blanket, and then dipped it in water. All this they placed close to my side in bed, and then covered me up with blanket and quilt about a foot deep. Very soon I was in a most violent perspiration, which continued all night and far into the following morning. The prescription was admirable, and did its work completely. This illness led to a life-long friendship which has been a great pleasure to me ever since. I came to have a most sincere respect and affection for both Mr. and Mrs. Canfield. Mr. Canfield died rather early in life, and his death was mourned by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Canfield was a remarkable woman and lived to be over eighty. It was my sad privilege to attend her funeral many years after her husband's death. At this time I formed the acquaintance of all their family, but more particularly of Eli H. Canfield, then a boy about eight years of age, afterwards the well known Rev. E. H. Canfield, D.D., for a time the rector of St. Peter's Church, New York, afterwards the rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, and the successor of Dr. Stone; and of his older brother, Zadok Canfield, an active, most intelligent and influen tial man, in Vermont.

My second experience in school keeping was in the west district of Arlington, usually called "down the river." This was during the winter, when my school was large. Here I formed many pleasant and valuable acquaintances. Nothing remarkable happened during the winter, unless it was a somewhat famous exhibition which took place. In the adjoining district, my Baptist pupil and friend had charge of the school, and we arranged to have our schools unite in a public exhibition. The project created quite a buzz of excitement. It was to consist of dialogues, declamations, composition, music, and an address. For about a month it was the town talk. When the evening came, an immense congregation assembled, crowding to its utmost quite a large church. The people came from a distance of ten and fifteen miles. It devolved on me to preside, and make the closing address, which I did with becoming dignity. It was all a great success, and gave much satisfaction. The young teacher as I was called, became quite a somebody. But to clip my wings a little, a good old Baptist man took me to task for indulging in so much worldliness. However he was alone in his glory.

During my life in Arlington I had the advantage for many months of the instructions of the Rev. Dr. Coit, the rector of the church. He heard my recitations in Latin, and superintended my reading, and was of the greatest service to me. Dr. Coit married a sister of Mr. Hard and was the father of the distinguished Dr. Coit of St. Paul's school at Concord. My second winter in Arlington was spent in the village. I lived in the family of Mr. Simeon Cole, an uncle of Mr. Hard and of Mr. Coit. Several other young men and women, all attending the academy, lived at Mr. Cole's. In this family I received every possible kindness. Among the

young women boarding there and pursuing her studies at the academy, was one who the year before had been employed as help in my mother's family. She was now studying Latin, and reciting her Virgil, as a member of my class. I mention this for the purpose of stating that at that day there was little or no distinction in the social relations of the community. It was as respectable for a young woman or a young man to hire out, as it was to be a school teacher, or to be employed in any other way. At the house of the wealthiest family in Arlington I have met at a party the young women and young men employed by the same family as hired help either in the house or on the farm, and that too, on a perfect equality. Persons so employed were never called servants, but "help."

The circumstance which decided my future course was this. One day at the academy there fell into my hands a little leaflet, entitled, "The Star in the West," after the style of Buchanan's "Star in the East." It was an earnest appeal by Bishop Philander Chase of Ohio, in behalf of Kenyon College, then just commenced. The bishop wanted both men and means. I read this appeal over and over, and finally determined, God willing, to go to Ohio. Some tried to dissuade me. My parents did not; they rather admired the pluck of their boy. Accordingly, I made my arrangements to start for Ohio as soon as I could.

I left home on the twentieth of April, 1829, and proceeded by stage to Albany. At that city I purchased my stage ticket for Buffalo, and commenced my long, wearisome, if not perilous journey. As the frost was coming out of the ground, the roads were excessively bad, and our progress slower than usual. We were due in Buffalo on Saturday evening, but it soon became evi-

dent that we would fall much behind time, and this would involve the question of traveling on Sunday. I had never done such a thing, and was not sure it would be right. If I stopped over I would lose my seat, and run the risk of not obtaining one the following day. There would also be danger of not being able to make the connection at Buffalo with the stage going out. I finally looked upon it as a case of necessity, and kept on my journey. The result was not very satisfactory. We traveled all day Sunday, reaching Buffalo in the evening, just late enough to miss the western connection. As there was but one stage a day, I had to remain in Buffalo all day Monday, leaving there Monday evening, twenty-four hours after our arrival. Now I have never quite settled the question of conscience which arose at that time, but ever since I have been very particular about Sunday traveling. From Buffalo to Cleveland the roads were horrible. Our route was near the shore of Lake Erie, and passed through the famous Cattaraugus Swamp, which, at that season of the year was almost impassable. We had often to get out and walk, and not infrequently help in extricating the stage and horses from mud holes which seemed well nigh bottomless. By some mistake I purchased tickets at Cleveland for Mount Vernon, Ohio, by way of Norwalk. This took me far out of my course, and made it necessary to spend my second Sunday in that town. Fortunately I there met Mr. Sherlock A. Bronson, who afterwards joined me at Kenyon College, and became my life-long friend. On Monday morning I started again, and after a tedious journey of one hundred miles, I reached Gambier on the morning of the fifth of May. Thus it will be seen that the entire journey from Manchester was by stage; and that the time consumed was a little more than fourteen days!

Surely this was enough to make the traveler of that day quite famous. At any rate I was ready to stop, and for a long time rest from my travels.

The journey had been much more expensive than was expected, and on reaching Gambier Hill I found myself in possession of a limited wardrobe, all in one small trunk, and of the surprising sum of five dollars in cold cash!

III.

LIFE IN GAMBIER, OHIO.

With such an outfit I commenced my career in connection with Kenyon College. And now one word as to Gambier, the seat of the college, and its surroundings. When Bishop Chase was made Bishop of Ohio, he was settled in Worthington, Ohio, a few miles north of Columbus. He had established a school there, and had made some progress in his efforts in behalf of education. His visit to England resulted in awakening a deep interest in his work. Funds were freely given. The result was, the bishop purchased eight thousand acres of wild land in Knox County, about five miles east of Mount Vernon, which is very near the center of the state. He named the portion set apart for his institutions, Gambier, in honor of Lord Gambier, an English friend. The college was named Kenyon, after Lord Kenyon. The chapel was called Ross Chapel, in honor of Lady Ross, whose husband was killed, I think, in our war with England, in 1812. The printing press was called the Ackland Press, in honor of Lady Ackland. And subsequently the divinity hall was called Bexley, in honor of Lord Bexley. Some of the streets, that is, streets on paper, bore honored names. When I reached Gambier none of these buildings were erected. The foundations of the first college building were laid,

and workmen were engaged in erecting it, but the native forest covered the place. It was a beautiful location, about two hundred feet above the river, then called Owl Creek, afterwards Vernon River, and now I believe it has assumed its original Indian name Ko-Kosing. At the time Bishop Chase purchased this tract of land, the only inhabitants were quite a number of white people called "squatters" and a variety of wild animals, such as wolves, deer, coons, squirrels, and rattlesnakes. A few temporary houses, called "slab-houses," had been put up to accommodate the teachers and the students till the college building should be completed.

On arriving in Gambier I reported myself to Dr. Sparrow, a young, delicate, very spare, and very tall man. His appearance impressed me very much, he received me with much kindness, asked about my parents and former life, and what my purposes were. I answered his questions frankly and modestly. He then asked what letters of introduction I had brought? This question stumped me not a little. Letters of introduction! Till then it had never entered my innocent head that I would need anything of the kind. I told him with considerable embarrassment that I had no letters, never thought I should want any. He seemed a good deal amused, but taking in the situation, he asked about my pastor and teacher. He knew Mr. Bronson, my pastor, and was apparently satisfied. He then inquired as to the condition of my finances. And I told him about my keeping school during the previous winter, how much money I received, and how much I had on starting upon my journey, what the journey had cost me, and how much I had left.

My statement seemed to interest him, for his counte-

nance brightened up as I proceeded, and when I closed by announcing my financial condition to be, out of debt and with five dollars on hand, he smiled out loud. No doubt he thought all the while he had caught a decidedly green specimen, and really that was about the truth of the matter. I knew I had made my way in the world, so far, and had faith to believe that I could continue to do it. And on that conviction I relied. As I look back upon it all I am rather amazed at the downright simplicity of my confidence. And yet it was just the simple truth that carried me through a most critical period of my life. But for this I should probably never have been heard of in Ohio or anywhere else.

At the close of our conversation Dr. Sparrow arose and said he would take me to Mr. Denison, who would arrange for my room. Mr. Denison was a nephew of Bishop Chase. On our way to his room we saw from the upper story of one of the slab houses a pair of feet and legs sticking out some distance through a crack in the board. On reaching this room, we found the legs belonged to a young man by the name of Weatherby, who was lying on the floor studying his lesson. Dr. Sparrow asked him what he was lying in that position for? He answered, "I am trying to get my feet warm in the sun." We found Mr. Denison and four or five others, among them Dudley Chase, a son of Bishop Chase. When I was introduced and the object of our call was stated, Mr. Denison said the best thing he could do for me was to put a cot in his room, and have me move there. There would then be only six of us, and so it was arranged. And I then and there became a student of Kenyon College, and commenced my studies.

As it is not my purpose to write a connected biog-

raphy of my life at Gambier and in Ohio, but rather to speak of events and persons, I shall pay no particular attention to dates, or the order of events. I never had any special memory for dates. While events made a deep impression, I could not often tell when they occurred. For instance, I knew I was born in 1810, at least I was told so, and I knew that General Washington died in 1799, eleven years before I was born, and yet for years, I verily thought I remembered when he died, and all about the funeral. The explanation was, my father had preserved the papers of that day, dressed in deep mourning, which gave full accounts of the General's death, and of the funeral, and while I was yet a child he showed me these papers many times, and told me all about the death and funeral. This made such an impression on me, that I came to think I was alive at the time. To this day I can see the deep black lines, and the scenes of that sad occasion.

Very many events in my life in Ohio made a lasting impression on my mind, but without the aid of others I could not tell when they occurred. What the cause of this defect has been, I do not know, I only know the fact.

From May to September I was busily engaged in my studies. Not very long after my arrival I changed my room for one in another house. On my taking possession of my new quarters, an incident occurred of rather an amusing character. I mention it, however, as an illustration of the state of things at the institution at that early day. Mrs. Chase had among other onerous duties the care of furnishing all the rooms for students as they arrived. My new room had nothing but bare walls, not an article of bedding, or any furniture of any kind. I left word for Mrs. Chase, that I had taken pos

session of my room, and she promised to send some bedding that evening, but added, that she had no cot or bedstead. Nothing daunted by this, I set to work, and made two saw-rests, or, as they were more commonly called saw-horses. On these I put a green oak slab, fresh from the saw mill, and then waited for my bedding. When evening came, I found myself without any lamp or candle. Fortunately, there was a moon, so I was not quite in total darkness. I sat down on my slab bedstead, and took a good think over the past, about mother, father, and other members of the family. There was the least bit of sadness in my reverie, but it didn't do me any harm. Sometime after nine o'clock a little bundle of bedding came, and by the light of the moon I set to work to make up my bed. But my parcel contained nothing but a sheet,—and such a sheet! I tried to spread it out on the slab, but it wouldn't spread at all. I changed it from end to end; this did no good. I pulled at it, turned it over, and fussed for half an hour or so, wondering why they had sewed two sheets together. All was of no use, and so I concluded to wait till morning, particularly as the moon had gone down and I was in total darkness. As it was warm weather there was no danger of freezing. I extemporized a pillow out of a stick of wood, and folding my coat, laid it on the stick, and then with the rest of my clothing on I laid myself down on the plank to get what rest I could find.

Somehow I didn't find "nature's sweet restorer" very sweet that night. After a little while the side I was lying on began to ache; I turned over, and soon the other side ached; and then on my back, and this ached worse than both sides put together. Before long I became a kind of perpetual motion, rolling back and forth

at regular but very short intervals. One thing made me very thankful, and that was it was at the very season when the days are the longest and nights the shortest. I longed for the morning, and didn't think I could ever again wish it was evening. I hadn't a particle of sympathy with the man Solomon describes as saying, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." I could and would have kicked that man if he had been about that night. The next morning I was up with the birds, not singing my carols, but rubbing my aching sides and back. On examining my sheet by day-light I found it was no sheet at all, but one of those long rolling towels sometimes found at country taverns, on which the travelers wipe their hands and faces. No wonder I had such a time in trying to make it spread out.

During the day I returned the article to Mrs. Chase, and soon there came back ample apologies, and a pair of narrow sheets, with the promise of other articles as soon as possible. In the course of a week I had an apology for a table, one chair, a stove, a tin wash-basin, a pitcher, and a cup. But for six weeks I had no other bedstead than my board or slab, and this, as it began to season, began also to twist and warp itself into a beautifully undulating surface, affording me an almost endless variety of position and posture. I contented myself with my wooden pillow and narrow sheets for a long time; I say narrow, for each one was about a foot and a half wide,—certainly narrower "than that a man could wrap himself in them." But I was young, ambitious, and didn't mind such trifles.

I suppose it was this kind of experience that has made me throughout my life comparatively independent of personal comforts. I know how to enjoy com

forts as well as anybody, but the want of them has never made me discontented or unhappy. If I may say a word to my young friends it is, Never allow comforts or habits to become your masters. If you do they will certainly hamper and cramp you all your days. Many a noble nature has been dwarfed for life, and has fallen far short of the great end of its being, by permitting secondary things to gain the ascendency. Study the lives of such great men as Peter the Great, Charles the Twelfth, and Napoleon the First. They were great men, and great commanders, but never greater than in their command of themselves.

During the eight weeks' vacation which followed the summer term I remained in Gambier, spending each morning in study and in miscellaneous reading. Among the books read was "Moore's Life of Byron," which made a deep and sad impression. Byron was certainly a wonderfully gifted man, a bundle of contradictions, and in many ways a wretched failure. My afternoons were spent in long tramps through the woods, and in hunting. My companions were for the most part Edward Phelps, from Woodbury, Connecticut, and William Blodgett of Ohio. They were classmates.

In the autumn, the large college building having been completed, I removed my quarters from one of the slab houses to the stately stone building which had been erected. My room-mates were John L. Minor of Columbus, afterwards Judge Minor of Cincinnati, and Hezekiah G. Wells of Steubenville, Ohio, afterwards Judge Wells of Kalamazoo, Michigan. One of my classmates was Mr. Lancelot B. Minor of Virginia, afterwards a missionary to Africa. The straightforward, honest, and unaffected piety of this man won the admiration and respect of all who knew him. I remember well how

much I was impressed once by his perfect simplicity. It was at one of the public exercises of our class. We had to deliver original essays or orations. A large audience assembled in a new building not then finished, and open to the roof. A band was present, and helped give interest to the exercises. One after another delivered his speech, and received the plaudits of the audience. Minor was sitting by my side and I saw he was very nervous. When he was called I tried to encourage him by a word or two. He went quickly upon the stage, bowed to the faculty, and then to the audience and commenced. Just at that moment a gust of wind and hail came down upon us. The wind blew, and the rain and hail rattled upon the roof at such a rate that not a syllable of what Minor was saying could be heard. There he stood gesticulating at a great rate, but his voice was utterly drowned by the noise outside. He tore through his speech at railroad speed, and both speech and shower ended together.

When the hail stopped, he made his bow and rushed down to his seat. Seizing my hand, he said,—

"O, Dyer, how good the Lord has been! I never should have gotten through had He not sent that wind and hail." And then looking at me with his peculiar smile, he added, "Didn't I go it though? It was a race for life."

To him the storm was a real relief, and he felt truly grateful. How differently most young men would have felt.

Mr. Minor was one of the truest, and best men I ever knew. He was one of three or four brothers who spent some years at Kenyon College. I may here remark that about this time there were from thirty to forty students at the institution from Virginia and Maryland alone.

There was also a considerable number from Kentucky, Mississippi, and Louisiana, making the number from the North and the South about equal. In that day the slavery question was much in the public mind and made a broad distinction between the North and the South, particularly in Congress and among politicians, but it did not interfere with church or social relations.

The leaders of public opinion such as Calhoun, Clay, Mangam, Berrian, Randolph, and Benton, in the South, and Adams, Webster, Seward, Giddings, Phillips, and Garrison, and others, in the North, were beginning to sound the notes of warning, and to prepare for the terrible conflict, or as Mr. Seward styled it "the irrepressible conflict," which followed in later years.

As my college life was much the same as that of all college students, I need not dwell upon it, but will only mention some things which occurred, and which made their mark on my memory. Personally, I was never engaged in any of the "tricks," and "scrapes," in which students, for some unexplained reason, are prone to indulge. I will speak of the only two occasions when I came near violating the rules of the college, or of propriety.

Our professor of mathematics was an Irishman, very recently from the old country. He and his young wife occupied a room on the ground floor, under our room. They were in the first story, and we in the third. One evening Minor, Wells, and myself were busy with our studies, when Wells started up and said,—

"Come, boys, let us have some fun."

"What shall it be?" said Minor.

"Let us go down and serenade old McElroy."

Now McElroy was the name of the professor of mathematics, and he was a very young man to be a professor;

but it is the fashion, I believe, of all students to call the professors "old" something.

"Agreed," said Minor.

They both turned to me and said, "Dyer, you must help."

"But," said I, "what shall we serenade with? We have no instruments."

"Haven't we our pocket-combs?" said Wells.

"Oh, yes," I responded.

And so out came our combs, and we soon had the paper ready, and had rather a mild rehearsal. Then putting on our caps and pulling them down over our faces as far as we could, and buttoning our coats up to the chin, we descended quietly to the lower floor and stood by the door of the professor's room. Wells was the leader of the band. We first breathed gently on the combs to see if all was right, and then at a given signal we filled our lungs and gave a tremendous blast, which produced a remarkable combination of sounds. We stood and blew until we heard the professor's feet coming rapidly to the door. One blast more and we put for the upper regions as fast as our legs could carry us. Wells being very tall, he strode up two steps at a time, and was soon far ahead of Minor and myself. On reaching our room we found Wells in his bunk with cap and boots on, but snoring most vigorously. Minor threw off his cap and coat, and was rattling away at his wash-basin, evidently getting ready to retire. My cap was in a corner, and I was at my table poring over my mathematics. Soon there was a gentle rap at the door, but of course no one heard it; then it was repeated, but we made no response; then a louder knock came. This aroused me from my deep study, and I listlessly said, "Come in." The door opened, and in walked the professor. By this time Wells was snoring louder than

ever, and Minor was swashing the water in his basin with an extraordinary amount of racket. In the blandest possible manner, with a genuine Irish brogue the professor said, "Good evening, gentlemen." I started up, apparently half dazed, and replied, "Good evening. Will you please be seated?"

It was evident from his manner that he thought he had made a mistake, and had come to the wrong room. He soon arose, saying, "Gentlemen, you must excuse me for disturbing you, but I did hear some very strange noises, and I thought they fled up to this hall; but I must be mistaken, and so I bid you good evening." As he turned to go out he spied Wells in his bunk with cap and boots on, and with a blanket partly covering him. He stopped, looked awhile, and then said, "What remarkable habits you have in this country of going to bed with boots and cap on. I never saw the like of it in my country." And then, apologizing again for intruding on us, and bidding us another good evening, descended to his own quarters. Whether he ever found out anything more about this extemporized serenade I never knew.

Now this was nothing but the freak of three college students. No disrespect was intended. On the contrary, we were very fond of the professor. The other occasion when I came near being called to account was this. Saturday afternoon was a kind of half-holiday, when the students had a great deal of liberty. It became quite a custom to go off into some of the settlements a few miles from the college and get a good dinner, or meal, at the farm houses. A moderate price was charged, and the fare was very tempting, particularly to college boys who boarded at the college commons. On one occasion I joined one or two others in

one of these expeditions. Our dinner was so good, and so long, that we failed to get back in season for evening prayers, and of course were marked as absent. On Monday morning the whole college had an exercise in the Greek Testament with Dr. Sparrow, our president. At the close of this exercise the doctor was accustomed to call attention to all delinquencies, and ask for excuses. It so happened that on this occasion he called the names of my companions before he called mine, and the wicked sinners instead of stating the case as it was, said they were "with Mr. Dyer." This seemed satisfactory to the president, but it threw upon me the responsibility of stating the facts, and this I was prepared to do; but for some unaccountable reason my name was never reached and I had nothing to say.

To be sure the other two culprits had a good laugh over it afterwards, and said they would always invite me. But one escape of the kind was enough for me.

I may as well in this connection, mention some other college freaks, not that I participated in them, but as showing what kind of life we led in those days. In the crowded state of the college all available room was utilized. The lower story of the college building was on one side about half way below the ground. In this story were the large dining hall and kitchen, with various other rooms used for storage, etc. These store rooms were furnished for the temporary use of students. There came a young man from the country, and for the want of something better he was put in one of these half under ground rooms. The mischievous fellows saw their opportunity and resolved to have some fun. Under the pretence of politeness two or three of them called on the new-comer, and improved the opportunity of examining the room. the location of the bed, door, and

window. Their sharp eyes discovered that the window let down from the top, and they measured as well as they could the distance from the top of the window to the bed, etc.

Their plan was soon formed. There was a water-cart belonging to the college with hose attached to it. When the night came for operations, they had this water-cart filled at the spring, and put where it would be convenient for use. Sometime after midnight, they collected their forces, and drew the cart carefully up as near the window as they could. They then fastened one end of the hose to the hogshead of water, and put the other end over the top of the window which had been let down, pointing it directly at the middle of the bed. All this was done as silently as possible, so as not to disturb the innocent sleeper. Then the water was let on, and a stream about as large as one's arm went pouring into the bed. As the weather was warm and the covering light, the body of the sleeper got the full benefit of it.

The poor, unfortunate victim, suddenly awakened from his slumber, started up in bewildered amazement and began to scream,—

"What's that? what's that?"

The voice indicating about where the mouth was, the stream was turned to that point. And then followed a terrible time of coughing, choking, and screeching. In desperation, the fellow sprang out of bed and rushed about the room with the stream after him. Finding no escape he began to beg for mercy. Soon the water stopped, and a grave, severe voice asked if he would do so again.

The answer came quick, "No, never. Don't drown me, and I will be good."

"See you don't," responded the grave voice, "or a worse evil than this will come upon you."

With this the dialogue ceased, and the performance ended. The unfortunate youth was so frightened that he kept silent for a long time, fearing that "worse evil."

Another country boy had a good sized pig projected over the top of his window on to the top of his bed. A terrible fright and uproar followed. The boy screamed, cried fire, and murder. The pig tore about and screamed too. The fellows who had played the trick rushed to the room, burst open the door, and asked, "What under the heavens is the matter?"

There was the student, standing on top of his bed, trembling all over, while the pig was trying to hide behind the washstand. After expelling the pig the fellows administered a severe reprimand to the youth for causing such a disturbance. He took it all meekly, promising, if they would say nothing about it, he wouldn't make another such uproar.

Another kind of prank was played off on a raw Englishman. By some means, immediately upon his arrival he fell into the hands of some of these wild fellows, who, seeing he was very verdant, resolved upon fun. He was told that every room was full, and that he must sleep in one of the barns for a time. This he was willing to do, and one of them took him to his quarters. Before parting, he was informed that a faculty meeting would be held that evening at a certain room, and that he must appear there with his letters, etc., and that in the meantime he was to have no intercourse with others.

Now this faculty was a bogus concern, made up of five or six persons representing the real faculty. At the appointed time they were all assembled and seated about the room. The president was a tall, slender fel-

low, and with spectacles on his nose represented Dr. Sparrow An usher went for the new student, and on their way to the room he gave due instructions as to how he was to demean himself before the faculty. Now this rascally usher was no usher at all, but only one of the leaders in the mischief.

When they entered the room what does the student do but fall down on his knees, and there remain till the president bid him arise. He then commenced with "My Lord," and went on giving his name, the name of his parents, where he was born, how old he was, what he had been doing, and what he had come to this country for, and so on, and then handed his letters to the president. He was then asked some questions, after which he was told to repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and then answered some questions in arithmetic, geography, etc. An hour and more being thus spent, the president made a very solemn address, telling him what a glorious land this was, the blessed land of liberty, and how he must behave himself, and beware of evil companions, etc., etc. He was then handed the rules and regulations of the institution, and told to commit them all to memory, and be ready to recite them when next called before the faculty.

After this he was dismissed, and making many salaams retired. He was never invited to meet the gentlemen again.

On another occasion this same sham body met a very different case. A student from the country came, and he was ordered to meet the faculty. In some way he had been informed of the tricks which had been played upon others, and was on his guard. He obeyed the summons, and reported as directed. They went

through with their questions, and when they had finished he was told he might go. But instead of going, he turned on them, and in great wrath denounced them as a set of miserable rascals and blackguards, and drawing at the same time a pistol, he pointed it directly at the president, and threatened to shoot him if he didn't apologize immediately. This unexpected turn of affairs so frightened the would-be professors, that, as their president was stammering out some kind of apology, they disappeared as rapidly as possible. This effectually put an end to such kind of fooling.

During my stay in Gambier there were two periods of more than ordinary religious interest. There seemed to be no special cause for these awakenings. Our services had been of the usual kind. But about mid-winter on each occasion, a prevailing seriousness manifested itself. This seriousness increased day by day until it attracted attention throughout the institution. By the direction of Bishop Chase and Dr. Sparrow, informal meetings were commenced in the different halls of the college buildings; recitation rooms and the rooms of students were used for the purpose. An hour in the evening was fixed on, and without any formal notice it was understood among all the students that any one was at liberty to attend. Some of the older students were requested to take charge of the services. Though not one of the older, I was appointed by the bishop to take one of the rooms. At first but few came, but the number steadily increased, until the room became very much crowded, and the interest was deep and all-pervading. The exercises were very brief and very simple. Prayers, hymns, the Word of God, with a few remarks by the person conducting the service, made up the whole of it. We never allowed the meeting to continue beyond the

appointed time; this was a wise arrangement, for closing the exercise at the moment of its greatest interest made all more ready to come again.

For weeks and weeks these extra informal meetings were held. Among those who had charge of these services I remember well Mr. J. P. B. Wilmer, afterwards Bishop of Louisiana, and Alvah Guion, afterwards an honored, and most useful clergyman of our Church. There were others, but I am not sure as to their names.

In our interviews with the young men who came to talk with us, we had many, and strange experiences. As it might seem like trespassing on sacred ground, I think it best not to put these experiences on record.

A large number of students became decidedly religious, and many turned their attention to the ministry. At the request of the bishop some three or four of us took charge of classes for Confirmation. Some may think this very strange and unchurchly. But it must be remembered that we were in peculiar circumstances, and therefore many allowances should be made. These periods or seasons of religious interest were at that day called "revivals." And so they were. In all my life since, I have witnessed nothing like them. So great was the interest at one time that all the college exercises were suspended for one or two days. To us then, there was nothing strange in this, but how strange it would seem now to have Yale or Harvard suspend all lectures and recitations for one and two days solely on account of a deep religious feeling prevailing! I have always been glad and thankful that I was permitted to see and pass through such seasons, and I should not be sorry to see something of the kind again.

Feeling most deeply my unfitness to discharge the duties imposed upon me I was driven, as it were, to go

to God and ask wisdom and strength from Him. This by degrees established a habit of recognizing God in all the affairs of life, great and small. And to this habit I owe much. If it be true that our Creator takes cognizance of human affairs, even in their minuteness, which we are assured is the case, then may we not with the utmost propriety go to Him with all our interests and ask Him to guide and help us? From how many mistakes and blunders, and from how many troubles and sorrows should we be saved, if we would only put the will and wisdom of God before our own will and wisdom!

Early in my life at Gambier it was proposed that something should be done for the outlying neighborhoods around the college. These neighborhoods were made up of new settlers, coming from all parts of the east, and some of the southern states, and were almost entirely destitute of religious privileges. Being for the most part poor, their first efforts were directed to providing shelter and food for their families. Their habitations were usually log cabins, with one, two, or three rooms, according to their necessities. As soon as they were made habitable, the next thing to be done was to cut down the timber, and clear up some land, that there might be a crop of grain and vegetables as soon as possible. The families which had settled on the college domain were "squatters," and miserably poor, and they were mostly Roman Catholics. Such was the character of the population around us, and among whom we were called to minister.

After exploration, the neighborhoods were numbered and named. Certain of the students were appointed by the bishop and faculty to take charge of these several fields. It fell to my lot to go to a neighborhood about

six miles from the college. The road, or rather path to this place was through an almost unbroken forest. As we were obliged to be back in season for afternoon services at the college chapel, it was necessary to start early in the morning, and do our work in the forenoon.

Mrs. Chase, very thoughtfully and kindly, had a six o'clock breakfast prepared for such of us as were thus engaged. It took me nearly two hours to walk to my post. I remember well my first service. It was a pleasant Sunday morning in May, the walk through the great forest was delightful and most inspiriting. Birds, squirrels, partridges, pigeons, and an occasional deer, with rattlesnakes thrown in, made up quite a variety of animal life. As I neared the log building in which we were to meet I was surprised to see several horses hitched to the trees, and a good many men in hunting shirts standing about. Coming up, I said, "Good morning," and then tried to get into the house, but this was packed full of women and children. Instantly my heart went down into my shoes, and I wondered what I should do; I had not dreamed of any such collection of people, and for a moment was dazed and bewildered. But no time was to be lost. I managed to get a standing place just inside the door, and then, taking from my pocket a hymn book, I read a hymn, and asked that some one would start a tune as soon as I should give out the hymn again, two lines at a time. It was a critical moment. I remembered my efforts in leading at a former time and was filled with dread, but as coolly as possible proceeded to give the hymn out the second time.

Fortunately, the lively gabble of the numerous babies present, and the attempts of the anxious mothers to hush them, prevented that awful silence which is sometimes so distressing. Still, I began to redden up, but then some

woman, bless the women, they always come to the rescue, piped up a treble voice, twenty feet it seemed to me above the pitch; but she didn't mind it a bit, nor did any of the rest of us, but all went ahead, shaking and quavering in a frightfully reedy manner. I struck in with my thorough-bass, and before we were through with the first verse there was a full chorus of voices on every imaginable key, and keeping all sorts of time. But it mattered not; noise was the thing, and of that we had an abundance.

After this we had a short prayer, then another hymn, after which I read a portion of scripture, making comments as I went along. In a word, I did the best I could under the circumstances, and with such a motley group. It was thought to be a Sunday school, but such an one as I never saw before. My oldest scholar, by actual measurement, was over eighty years of age, while my youngest was about six months, and of such there were a good many. Now my school ranged all the way from one extreme to the other, and I had to adopt the rubric of "common sense," and do what I could.

As soon as I became a little acquainted with the families I found them very kind, and well disposed to make the best use they could of their privileges. I spent many Saturday afternoons in visiting throughout the neighborhood, but did not find a single family or person acquainted with the Episcopal Church. The nearest I came to it was that of one individual who, on a visit to Pittsburgh, went to an Episcopal service as a great curiosity. On returning to the college each Sunday, after my missionary expedition, I always found in my room a plate with two biscuits, and a piece of apple, or peach pie, or a piece of plain cake. This was my dinner.

In this neighborhood I continued to labor for several

years. The results briefly were: a parish was formed, a large number of baptisms—infants and adults—took place, several candidates were presented for confirmation, and quite a number were added to the communion. After a while our full and regular services were introduced. During a portion of the time I of course was in orders.

Two or three incidents in this connection may be worth mentioning. Among those who were attracted by the novelty of our services was a rough and powerful backwoodsman. He cared nothing for religion, but thought he would go and see what the "boy preacher," as he called me, had to say and do. Something that occurred awakened his interest, and so he came again and again, and then again. This was a great surprise to his neighbors. He had hitherto been a derider of religion and a leader in evil ways. One day after service he said to a neighbor, "I liked very well all the boy said, but I didn't like those sassy forms," meaning our services. After I was ordained, I baptized this man, his wife, and six or seven children, and they were confirmed and became communicants.

When we were about organizing a parish, all the men of the neighborhood assembled, and we proceeded with our work. There was some hesitation about a name. Several were mentioned and talked over; finally, an old Baptist man over eighty, my oldest scholar, proposed that we should call the Church Providence, for said he, "Providence has sent it to us." The thought was a good one, but we finally called it Trinity.

After I had been carrying on the enterprise for two years or more, two of the leading men of that region wished to be baptized, and by immersion. This was something of a trial to me, but I at once complied with

their request. The baptism took place on a beautiful afternoon in the summer time, and a great throng of people from the region round about assembled. The banks of the creek were lined for a long distance with spectators. The scene was impressive and solemn. It seemed to touch every heart. I was sustained through it all, but very glad when the service ended. The first confirmation held was an intensely interesting occasion. It took place after Bishop McIlvaine went to Ohio. A new frame building was in process of erection; and, extemporizing something like a chancel out of rough boards, we arranged as well as we could to have the services there. The bishop had never been into the neighborhood before, and I was a little curious and a good deal anxious to see how he would manage with such rude accommodations. But he did admirably. We did our robing out behind a big oak tree, and then made our way through the crowd in a procession of two. The sermon was a grand one.

The candidates presented a most touching and interesting spectacle. There were old men and women trembling with age, others in the prime of life, and others just entering upon manhood and womanhood, parents with their children, all ready and prepared to take upon themselves the solemn vows of a Christian profession. While standing before the chancel the hymn beginning with, "Witness, ye men and angels now" was sung with great effect. The address of the bishop was admirable, and the whole service, morning prayer, confirmation, and communion, was deeply interesting and impressive. Nothing of the kind had ever been witnessed before by them, and much was it talked about. One other incident. One day while at dinner, I was called to the door to see some persons who had

asked for me. On going out I was surprised to find some of the people from this neighborhood. At first they seemed embarrassed, but soon managed to make known their errand, which was to tell me that they wished to do something for me who had done so much for them, and they thought the best thing they could do was to present me with a few young sheep. At first I was dumbfounded, for I didn't know what to do with the sheep, but I thanked them all the same for their kindness. Now this was an act of genuine kindness, and proved to be a valuable present. A friend took the sheep and offered to give me half the wool and half the increase. Some time after, I had quite a large and profitable flock of sheep.

Such was the kind of missionary work I was called to perform while a student, and during my early ministry. Of the Sunday schools, or missions, such as I had, there were some sixteen in different neighborhoods, from two to eight miles distant from the college.

Once a year these schools and missions had a grand meeting at the college chapel. The occasion was of the greatest interest, and drew together a great assembly from the regions round about. During one season a malignant fever broke out among the "squatters" along the banks of the river. These people were very poor and very ignorant. A few of us devoted such time as we could in ministering to them. We had to act as doctors, nurses, and advisers and helpers in every way. Though nominally Roman Catholics, they were really nothing, and gladly and thankfully accepted our services. We took turns in watching with the sick at night. Often was I with the dying, and did what I could to comfort their last hours. They were ready enough to hear of Jesus and His great salvation, and

there was every reason to believe that not a few found in Him what their souls longed for.

I mention in this connection another kind of mission work which some of us performed. The American Sunday School Union, located in Philadelphia, had commenced the practice of employing young men, students of divinity and others, to act in behalf of the society in visiting the newer portions of the country, and in organizing Sunday schools where there were no churches, and few or no religious privileges. Bishop Chase, always quick to avail himself of any advantages which might present themselves, thought he saw in this agency something which he could use in Ohio. He opened a correspondence with the society, and the result was that a number of the students of his college were commissioned to act as Sunday school missionaries under the supervision of the bishop. Of the number were Alvah Guion, J. P. B. Wilmer, afterwards Bishop Wilmer, and myself. We spent one or more of the long vacations in this work. My field was in the eastern part of the state, in Belmont and two other adjoining counties. I visited all the settlements, established schools, had lay reading when Episcopalians could be gathered, in a word, did all kinds of work which a layman could do. We all felt the agency was an admirable one, and one which could be used to advantage by all Christian bodies.

It was on my return from one of these missionary excursions, that circumstances occurred which very materially changed my relations to the college, as well as the current of my life. I had remained in the eastern part of the state a month after the winter term of the college had commenced. This I had done with the approval of the bishop. I reached the college quite late in the evening, and was scarcely settled in my room when

the bishop called. He told me of a singular state of affairs. The junior part of the institution had been practically separated from the college students, and placed under the care of a young man from the east, a graduate of one of our older colleges. He was socially well connected and came to the bishop with the highest recommendations. Both the bishop and the faculty congratulated themselves on this acquisition to the corps of instructors. But with all his acquirements and accomplishments he was evidently not suited to the place to which he had been appointed. The bishop gave me a most graphic and racy account of what had taken place.

To sum up all in a few words. A commodious and properly furnished room had been prepared as a study hall for the younger students. "On the arrival of this gentleman," the bishop said, "I took him to the hall, and in a most flattering speech introduced him to the boys." He told them what great advantages they would have under such an accomplished teacher, etc. Now any one knowing Bishop Chase, would understand with what peculiar grace he would do such a thing. The boys listened with becoming respect, but they determined to find out for themselves what sort of stuff this new teacher was made of.

The bishop said things went on tolerably well for a week or two, when the youngsters concluded they would have more fun than study. And so they commenced operations. At one time, as the teacher was sitting on the platform, and the boys at their desks, a peculiar kind of humming, like the sound of bumble bees, would commence, apparently nowhere, and extend everywhere in the room. The boys appeared to be unusually studious, each one looking intently on his book. The teacher

became fidgety, shooting his eyes first one way, then another, to find out where the sound came from, but discovered nothing. He was then decidedly fussy, changing his position all the time. Finally, whacking his ruler down on the table, he burst forth in great wrath. It all availed nothing, except to make himself miserable and the boys happy. Then again, they would go through a similar process, by whistling, which, like the buzzing, came from everywhere and nowhere.

All this the bishop related with much gusto and many a peculiar twinkle of the eye. But the climax was to come. Adjoining the study hall was a store-room, and in this store-room, among other articles, were several barrels of choice beans. This store-room was kept locked, and was only entered by the person who had charge of it. "And," said the bishop, "would you believe it, those rascally boys, by the use of a stolen key, got into this room in the night and carried off quantities of these beans. Then, locking the door, went to their dormitories and there distributed the beans among the boys. The next day they amused themselves by firing beans at the teacher's head."

For several days and nights this process went on, until, as the bishop said, the scamps had fired away two barrels of these good beans. "When told of it," the bishop added, "I went to the hall to give the lads a sound scolding and find out who had been engaged in the miserable business. But when I got there I found the boys so orderly and studious, that I didn't know what to say or do, and the truth is I didn't do much of anything, except to make up my mind that a change in the teacher must be made. And that very night the teacher disappeared, leaving no hint as to whither he had fled. And now," said the bishop, "the boys are all in an uproar. The

teacher disappeared two nights since, and, Mr. Dyer, you must help me. I have consulted Dr. Sparrow, and we are agreed that you must take the vacant place." This astounded me. I remonstrated. I protested. I was too young, too inexperienced, and beside it would break up all my plans, interfere with my studies, and be a great loss anyway. The bishop listened attentively to all I had to say and was evidently impressed by it, for he at once changed his manner and asked this service of me as a personal favor, promising that as soon as possible I should be relieved. To this request I gave a most reluctant consent. The bishop thanked me cordially, and left my room. And what a night I had! I did nothing but tumble about, and think and wonder what I should do with such a tumultuous and obstreperous set of youngsters!

At chapel prayers the next morning, the bishop announced that the preparatory department would resume its exercises that day under Mr. Dyer, and that the students must be at their places in the study hall at nine o'clock. Just as the clock was striking nine, I walked into the hall and took my place on the platform beside the table. There I stood with a ruler in my hand waiting for the bell to stop ringing. The moment it stopped I rapped to order.

Quite a number of the boys were at their desks, but I saw through a side window about twenty of the fellows marching two and two to the door. As they entered, led on by a young student from Philadelphia, I saw mischief was in the wind. But I neither moved nor said anything, and yet was ready for any emergency. The leader cried out, "Forward march," and forward they came toward the platform, each one having a kind of walking stick in his hand. As they reached the front

of the platform, the leader called out, "Shoulder arms!" and up went their sticks like so many muskets.

As quick as lightning I sprang from the platform, and seizing the ringleader by the collar brought my ruler down on him with tremendous force, thundering out at the same instant, "Ground arms!" In less than no time he was on his knees, begging for mercy. I gave him one or two cuffs, he all the time bawling at the top of his lungs. The rebellion was ended. And as I looked up I was surprised to find all the forces of the rebellion dispersed, and their leader and myself the sole possessors of the field. The wooden arms all along the passage way showed which way the foe had fled. My one prisoner slunk away as quickly as he could to his seat. And thus the "great bean rebellion" was brought to a close, and I was left in peaceable possession of all parts of the government. I spent no time in haranguing the fellows, but set them and kept them hard at work.

From this time on all my duties were very arduous. I spent six hours a day at the study hall, superintending the studies of the various classes, and hearing recitations, and at night read up in my college studies, thus keeping along with my class. I expected from week to week to be relieved, but somehow Bishop Chase never seemed to find the right person to take my place, though he was always going to do it. And so it came to pass, that for the eight following years, until I left Ohio, I was constantly engaged in teaching, and for full half that time I was a college, or theological student.

It was deemed best that I should become a member of the faculty. I objected to this for various reasons, but my objections were overruled, and for several years I occupied the anomalous and uncomfortable position

of being a student and one of the faculty at the same time.

A large frame building was put up to accommodate, temporarily, the preparatory department. In this building I had my rooms, and here I heard the recitations of classes preparing to enter college.

I remember one grand class of fifteen young men, many of them older than I was, who recited Latin and Greek to me. The recitation was at six o'clock in the morning, a rather severe ordeal, particularly in the winter season. Chapel prayers came immediately after, and then breakfast. The experience I then acquired satisfied me that the whole arrangement was unnecessary and unwise. It was bad for health, and created a distaste for study, and particularly for the chapel services. I am happy to believe that this barbaric custom has pretty much disappeared from our colleges and universities.

The junior department became so large that a division took place, and I subsequently removed to Milnor Hall, a handsome new brick building which had been erected with special reference to this part of the institution. Here I remained until my removal from Ohio.

My experience in connection with the government of the college was very similar I presume to that of all who have been thus engaged. College pranks and scrapes were more than semi-occasional, and gave a good deal of annoyance. I will mention one or two incidents.

While the junior department was still at the temporary frame building I have spoken of, usually called "The Seventy-four," so named, I presume, from its resemblance to a large ship house, and where Mr. Sherman Finch, afterwards Judge Finch of Ohio, and Mr. David Fuller, afterwards a lawyer, were associated with me as

teachers, a case of discipline arose in which I became incidentally involved.

There came to the institution a young man who had high ideas of his own consequence, but very vague notions of obedience and general propriety. He was particularly under the charge of Mr. Finch, and so disobedient and insolent did he become, that Mr. Finch determined to punish him. So, near the close of the study hours one day and while all the preparatory students were present, Mr. Finch directed the young man to come to the platform where he and Mr. Fuller were sitting, but he refused to go. He was called the second and the third time. Mr. Finch then arose, and walked down towards the young man. In the meantime I had come into the hall, and learning what was going on, I slipped up within a short distance of the student. When Mr. Finch came up to him he bade him hold out his hand. Instead of doing this he sprang to his feet and drew a pistol. I was closely watching every motion, for I knew he was a desperate character. The moment I saw the pistol I bounded upon him, wrested the pistol from his hand, and sent him sprawling over the chairs on to the floor. I then left him to receive a tremendous whipping from Mr. Finch. The only funny thing about it was, to see Mr. Fuller, a short, fat man, on the platform, throwing up his hands and shouting "Murder." After this pistols were at a discount.

On another occasion, among the offending students was Edwin M. Stanton, afterwards the renowned Secretary of War, in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. Stanton was young, bright, and ever ready for fun and frolic. On one occasion he wished to make a night excursion some miles into the country, and he wanted a horse to ride. But there was no livery stable, and no horse to be hired

Now Bishop Chase had a splendid animal, named "Cincinnatus." He cherished this horse as the apple of his eye, and any abuse of him would be sure to call down the bishop's wrath upon the offender. But Stanton, not having the fear of this wrath before his eyes, ventured to go in the evening to the stable, saddle the horse, and ride off on his expedition.

As the bishop was a very early riser, it was necessary that the horse should be back in his place at an early hour. But no sooner did the bishop see the animal than it was plain to him that he had been badly used. He suspected what had taken place, and set about discovering the offending party or parties. In some way he soon got upon the right track, and was not long in finding the culprit. The case was immediately brought before the faculty, and the guilty ones, for at least two others were involved, were arraigned. The real offence in the eyes of the bishop was the abuse of his noble horse. He cared very little about the other things, but the taking of his horse and abusing him in such a way kindled up a fiery indignation, and he was in favor of the severest kind of punishment. Anything short of hanging would hardly suffice.

As I knew Stanton better than any of the faculty, and was sure it was one of his impulsive and thoughtless freaks, I said what I could in extenuation of his fault. Without delay, I saw some of his particular friends, and begged them to go to Stanton and urge him to see the bishop at once, and make a full apology. This plan succeeded, and he went. Now Stanton was a fellow of good heart, and full of feeling. He went to the bishop, made a clean breast of it, acknowledged his error, and asked forgiveness.

The bishop's wrath was soon all gone. His own big

heart was touched, and he had nothing but pity and sympathy for the youth. He spoke to him tenderly of his widowed mother, and of the life that was before him. It was not long before both were in tears and parted good friends. Stanton never forgot the part I took in this matter, as may appear farther on in these reminiscences.

There was another occasion when Stanton figured in a strangely ludicrous performance. One of the tutors had rendered himself very unpopular among the students. He had been guilty, as they thought, of some very dishonorable conduct. In some way he had acted a double part, and betrayed their confidence, and they were determined to be revenged on him, and this is what they did. At that time the students and tutors boarded together at the college commons. To preserve order at the meals the members of the faculty took turns in sitting on a small elevated platform about the center of the hall. No other duty devolved on this person than to sit there during the meal and see that everything was conducted in a proper manner. The students had fixed on the evening meal, which occurred about six o'clock, as the time when they would give expression to their sentiments. It happened to be my turn to preside at the table. At that time it was dark before six. On reaching the hall I found everything in usual order. I was in ignorance of what was coming. Soon after I took my seat, Stanton came to me and said in a low voice, "Mr. Dyer, there will be some disturbance here to-night. I have no time to explain, but it will have no reference to you, and I hope you will sit still." With this warning, I did sit still and watch events. Nearly every student was in his seat, and I noticed that the servants were uncommonly busy in bringing in articles of food, particularly bread, and also that the supplies dis-

appeared with wonderful rapidity, but there was nothing to indicate what the fellows intended to do. Now it so happened that this particular tutor sat at the extreme end of the hall, and that the only exit was about the middle of the hall. There he sat in blissful ignorance on this memorable occasion. About the middle of the meal, at a given signal the whole body of the students arose, and from one end of the hall to the other there was the cry of "Huxford!" "Huxford!" "The traitor!" "The rascal!" "Give it to him!" "Let him have it!" and in an instant the air was full of missiles of every description flying towards poor Huxford's head. Loaves of bread, half loaves, balls of bread, pancakes, lumps of butter, cups, saucers, tea and water were cast at him and covered him from head to foot. For an instant he was utterly bewildered, and then, bounding up, he made for the door in double quick time, and what a gauntlet he did run! He had to make his way between two very long tables. As he started, some one cried, "Put out the lights," and out they went, and we were in total darkness. And now commenced an indescribable scene of confusion. They hooted, they groaned, they crowed, they cackled, and they howled. All this time the poor tutor was making for the door, but the cuffs, the kicks and the blows nearly stunned him. He finally reached the door and took to his heels, followed by more than a hundred fellows shouting and screaming like so many demons let loose. He didn't stop till he was miles away in the country, and soon after disappeared altogether. What became of him we never knew.

In this affair Mr. Stanton was a leader. He was determined that the offender should be punished, law or no law, and was willing to suffer the consequences.

This was a marked trait in Mr. Stanton's character,

and no doubt had much to do in shaping his future career. His innate sense of justice made him restive under the restraints of the forms of law.

When the affair came before the faculty, I took the ground that while we might condemn the conduct of the students as much as we pleased, yet under the circumstances the less we did the better. Mr. Stanton and others had made me acquainted with all the facts, and I did not wonder at their being so stirred up, and at the outbreak. The matter was before us for a long time, but was finally dropped as too complicated to be settled by us; and so it was left to settle itself. And this, after all, is the best way of settling a great many things which occur in life.

It was during my connection with the institutions at Gambier that the difficulties which had been growing up between the bishop and the college authorities, culminated in the resignation and withdrawal of the bishop from the diocese, and the subsequent election and consecration of Bishop McIlvaine. I might write pages upon this subject and relate many incidents of interest which occurred, but why should I do it? Nearly all the actors are dead and gone, and the many exciting and unpleasant scenes which occurred during that stormy period may as well be buried in oblivion.

Bishop Chase resigned at the convention of 1831, and Dr. McIlvaine was elected as his successor. As this resignation raised a new question in our Church, and as the General Convention did not meet till the following year, no steps were taken to secure Dr. McIlvaine's consecration. This period of interregnum was full of excitement and strife. But I will not dwell on it. At the following convention in Ohio I was surprised, and greatly disturbed by being elected its sec-

retary. The painful part was that the opposing candidate was one of the professors. Had I known in season what was in contemplation I should have upset the plan, but I did not, and I was elected, much to my amazement and distress.

This was my first active connection with ecclesiastical affairs. I was still a student, and not ordained. At this convention it was deemed prudent to proceed to a second election. This was to satisfy a party who wished to recall Bishop Chase, and partly to avoid any technical difficulties which might be raised to the previous election of Dr. McIlvaine. Dr. McIlvaine was re-elected by a decided majority, and it devolved on me, as secretary, to go to Brooklyn with the necessary papers and documents and lay them before the bishop elect. On my way to New York I spent some time in Philadelphia, where I made the acquaintance and saw a good deal of that saintly man, the Rev. Dr. Bedell, of St. Andrew's Church. I saw him several times, and heard him preach. Everything about him as a man, a pastor, and a preacher impressed me very much.

While in Philadelphia I saw for the first time the venerable and venerated Bishop White. He was truly apostolic in appearance, and seemed to belong to a past age, if not another world. His presence was not as commanding as that of Bishop Griswold, and yet it inspired the deepest respect.

An incident occurred while I was in Philadelphia which disturbed me a good deal more than it hurt me. I heard a clergyman preach in St. Andrew's Church, a perfect stranger to me, and was astonished afterwards to hear a gentleman say, "That man is very much like Dr. McIlvaine, both in manner, and as to the matter of his sermons." I felt like knocking the man down, and

said to myself, Is it possible that we are to have *such* a man as the bishop of Ohio! I was indignant, and from that time on was in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

I hurried my journey to New York with anything but pleasant feelings. On reaching the city, I took plenty of time in finding proper quarters in which to stay. I didn't hurry a bit over to Brooklyn to deliver my letters, but called on Dr. Milnor, from whom I received much kindness. Sunday morning came, and I did not feel at all like going over to St. Ann's to church, and so I attended St. George's in the morning. After dinner I plucked up courage, and went across the river, and made my way slowly up to St. Ann's. On arriving there I asked the sexton who was going to officiate; he said the rector, and I then went up into the gallery and took a seat as retired as possible. I didn't know a soul, and did not care to know anybody. I noticed, however, that the church rapidly filled up, and before the service commenced, it seemed to be full in every part. But I remembered that man in Philadelphia had a crowded church, and I remembered, O, how vividly! that he was very much like Dr. McIlvaine, and so I bit my lips and waited. Promptly at the moment, not five minutes after, as some preachers do, the rector commenced the service. The appearance of the man, his manner, the tones of his voice, arrested my attention, and I said, He can't be like that man in Philadelphia. He read the entire service himself, and before he was half through I began to feel better, and to hold up my head a little. When he ascended the pulpit, I thought what a noble appearance, erect, tall and commanding, and when he announced his text in a full, sonorous and sympathetic voice, I took courage. The words were, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?"

and there was a solemnity and impressiveness which commanded the profoundest silence, and thrilled me through and through. My fears were taking to their heels, and in less than five minutes they were all gone, and for the rest of the time I had a glorious treat and feast. When the service closed I went downstairs carrying my head as high as anybody, and pretty considerably proud of the choice we had made for our bishop. But didn't I bless that man in Philadelphia who had given me such a scare!

I saw Dr. McIlvaine after the service and arranged for calling on him the next day. Thus commenced my acquaintance with one of the great men of our Church, and one of the greatest preachers of this, or any age.

In the autumn of 1832, I was married to Almira Douglass, the second daughter of Mr. Archibald Douglass, of Gambier. Mr. Douglass, a Scotch gentleman, had been for some years the superintendent of the general business affairs on the college domain.

The same year I was ordained deacon by Bishop McIlvaine, and the following year was admitted to priest's orders.

During our vacation I made excursions through various parts of Ohio, visiting all the cities, and many of the towns in the state, and making many acquaintances. I also made two visits to the East, one in company with Dr. Sparrow, and one by myself. I mention some of the students who were at Gambier the same time I was, and who afterwards became distinguished. Among them were my two room-mates, J. L. Minor, afterwards Judge Minor of Cincinnati, H. G. Wells, afterwards Judge Wells of Michigan., J. P. B. Wilmer, for many years the honored and beloved Bishop of Louisiana, Rollin C. Hurd, late Judge in Ohio, Winter Davis, a

distinguished member of Congress, B. B. Minor, Professor of Law in the University of Virginia, Rev. S. A. Bronson, D.D., for some time President of Kenyon College, David Davis, Judge of the United States Supreme Court, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Stanley Matthews, Justice of the Supreme Court, R. B. Hayes, General in the army, Governor of Ohio, and President of the United States.

Beside these and the members of the faculty, I became well acquainted with Mr. N. W. Putnam, who married a sister of my wife, and who long had charge of the college store, Dr. Wing, the treasurer of the college, T. G. Odiorne, one of the college agents, as well as others.

While living at Milnor Hall our firstborn son, James Milnor, died in his sixth year. We laid him to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Gambier, where now sleep the mortal remains of several members of our family. I do not think I was ever so deeply attached to any place as I was to Gambier, for ten years and a half I lived and labored there, and laid the foundations of all that followed.

Circumstances occurred which made me think it would be better for me to go to some other field of labor, and accordingly, in the spring of 1840, I resigned my connection with the institution, and removed to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania.

IV.

LIFE IN PITTSBURGH.

I LEFT Ohio in the month of April, 1840, and moved to Pittsburgh with my family. On reaching the city we took immediate possession of the buildings which had been secured for us. These had been erected for, and occupied by, a Ladies' Seminary. They were beautifully situated, just out of the city, on one of the neighboring hills, and were well adapted to the purposes for which they had been secured. Here, on the first of May, I opened a classical school for boys. I received six boys into my family. The others were day scholars.

The Rev. Dr. Andrews, the rector of St. Andrew's Church, and the Rev. Dr. Upfold, rector of Trinity, had most kindly interested themselves in my behalf, consequently I had a sufficiently large school from the beginning.

Our location was admirable, and beautiful too, commanding a full view of the two cities, Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers and their junction, forming the Ohio, as well as of the surrounding hills, but it had some strangely picturesque features, which were not altogether pleasant or desirable. Both cities were largely engaged in iron manufacture. There were numerous and immense rolling mills, foundries, nail factories, and other establish-

ments of various kinds. In these, as well as in the private houses, bituminous coal was used as fuel. The consequence was from every chimney volumes of smoke were continually pouring forth, and covering every object with the blackness of darkness, so that at times from the hills around, neither street, or house, or river, or spire could be seen. Often in the morning when all was clear and bright with us, we could see nothing of either city. There was nothing to indicate that there were cities there, except the roar, and confused noises of the manifold industries going on beneath the cloud. Of course the smoke and soot defiled everything they touched, and Pittsburgh came to have the reputation of being the blackest, and dirtiest place in this country. But there were great counterbalancing advantages. The people were industrious, thrifty and prosperous, consequently they were contented and happy. I do not think I have ever known a community more strongly attached to their homes and their place of residence, than that of this city. It took us sometime to acquire the habit of puffing away the smoke, in our breathing, as we walked the streets, and of keeping our hands from touching things. In going up and downstairs, one soon learns not to touch the railing, and so generally one keeps his hands to himself. And yet, with all this soot and dirt, we were struck by the fact that so many of the ladies dressed in white, or light colors.

With all the drawbacks, we soon became thoroughly interested in everything about us. The people were exceedingly sociable, and kind. The school was a success and more than a success, and we were very happy in our new relations. My varied occupations and experiences in Ohio served a good purpose, for I could do almost anything, teach one branch about as well as

another, and deal with pupils of all sorts and ages. I knew pretty well what boys and young men were made of, and was careful to have as few rules as possible. It is astonishing how prone school and college fellows are to get around, over, or under rules. When there are few or no rules, they act like other boys or young men, but the moment a rule is put forth, they become its sworn enemy, and think it virtuous to fight it. But school life is an old thing, and no one will care to hear about it. And so I proceed to other things.

After three successful years my school was brought to rather an abrupt termination. But one thing occurred during this period, which deserves certainly a passing notice. Sometime before leaving Ohio it had become evident that troubles were growing up somewhat similar to those which had occurred in Bishop Chase's day. There was a conflict between the bishop and the college authorities. I foresaw what would take place, and left. I had had enough of such things. The year after I left Gambier these troubles culminated, and the result was an almost entire change in the management of the institution. Some of the professors were removed, and some resigned. Among the latter was Dr. Sparrow. He was invited to the Virginia Seminary and went. For some reason the change did not work well. Disaffection sprang up, students fell off, and confidence was fast waning. One day I was surprised to receive a letter from Bishop McIlvaine, in which he said he wished to see me, and if convenient to my family he would be glad to spend a few days with me. I responded at once, by giving him a cordial invitation to come. He came. We talked, and in our talks the object of the visit was made to appear. No matter what the bishop said or how he said it. He earnestly desired to

secure the return of Dr. Sparrow to Gambier. He bore himself through all our talks like the noble man he was. Mistakes had been made, he took his full share of responsibility. And now he was anxious and ready to do all he could to bring back Dr. Sparrow, and thus repair as far as practicable the injury which had been done to the institution. I entered fully into the bishop's idea, and measures were taken to bring about the desired result. While they were not successful, I can say in full knowledge of the facts, that nothing could have been more complimentary to Dr. Sparrow. No testimony to his matchless worth as an instructor, or the devotion to him as a man, could have been stronger than was borne by the clergy and people of Ohio. And I may add, nothing could have been more Christian, more self-sacrificing, and more noble, than was the bearing and conduct of Bishop McIlvaine through it all. I say this much in justice to all the parties concerned. I might say much more, but the mantle of silence, like that of charity, covers a multitude of things which may as well be unknown.

V.

UNIVERSITY LIFE.

After my school had been in successful operation for about three years, I was most unexpectedly elected to a professorship in the Western University of Pennsylvania. This institution had been some years in existence, and was very similar in organization and object to the Pennsylvania University located in Philadelphia. Pittsburgh was the center of a large and powerful Presbyterian influence. The original settlers were from Scotland and the north of Ireland, and they brought with them not only their principles, but their prejudices. They were Covenanters, pure and simple, Seceders, Independents, Cumberland Presbyterians, and Old and New School Presbyterians, beside other sects, whose names I have forgotten. This institution had for a long time been in the hands of these bodies, and here their young men had been largely educated. Dr. Black and Dr. Bruce were leaders in their respective denominations, and both were connected with the university. Why it was, or how it was, that the board of trustees elected me as professor I do not know. But they did even more. In the same year they elected Mr. Daniel Stone to one of the chairs. Mr. Stone had had a flourishing school for boys for several years, in Allegheny, and he and I had become well acquainted and intimate

friends. We found we had much in common, particularly in educational matters. We both accepted the chairs to which we had been elected. Dr. Black had retired, and Dr. Bruce had been made Principal.

In the reorganization which took place, the general discipline of the institution and some classes in Greek were assigned to me, and the department of Latin was given to Prof. Stone. Dr. Bruce had charge of metaphysics and moral philosophy. Here again I found my Ohio training and experience of great value. I had now to deal with college students alone, and I found myself as much at home with them as with any others. I was a little nervous about my Greek, for Dr. Bruce, a famous Greek scholar, had held the position for years, and now, as the head of the institution he might be not only a capable, but a severe critic. But I had a noble class, made up of a dozen or so of capital students. I adopted my own method of teaching, and the results were very satisfactory. The examinations at the close of the year were quite largely attended. The members of the faculty, and many of the trustees and other friends, were present. I stated to the examiners what the young men had read, and asked them to designate what portion of the work should be taken up for their examination. The fellows did splendidly, and I was proud of them. Two things contributed largely to the result. I had taught the students to study their lessons word by word, requiring that they should thoroughly master each word, whether simple, or compound, and give its exact meaning, both as an independent word, and in its connection with other words in the sentence and paragraph. Under this system they became literally exact in their translations. But I taught them also, after mastering the words of the author, to put the meaning of the

sentences into the best English they could command. In this way they came to understand the structure of the Greek language, and also the relations of our English words to the original Greek. This awakened a real love, and even enthusiasm, in the study of the language. The effect of the examination upon those present was remarkable, and they were loud in their commendations. In all departments of the university the progress was satisfactory.

At the end of the first year Dr. Bruce resigned as Principal. He was growing old, and having the charge, as pastor, of a large congregation, he felt that the labors and responsibilities were too great for his declining health. In the minds of not a few there was an impression that more or less of jealousy had sprung up, and that he did not feel very comfortable. How this may have been I do not know, but between the Doctor and myself the utmost good will continued. He always treated me with great kindness, and I know I tried to show him in all proper ways that respect which I really felt, and which his great worth and exalted character justly merited. We continued good friends till his death, which occurred about two years later.

The resignation of Dr. Bruce was accepted by the trustees, and I was unanimously elected to take his place. And here let me say that this was wholly unexpected by me. Immediately upon the close of the examinations I left with my family to spend the vacation in Ohio. While at Gambier, I received a letter from the President of the board of trustees, announcing their action. This was the first notice I had had of Dr. Bruce's intention to resign. The subject, therefore, had not been in my mind at all, nobody had intimated that such a thing might occur; consequently my elec

tion was a real surprise. Nor was this all; the letter of the President of the board was addressed to me as a D.D. This capped the climax, and made me feel exceedingly foolish. There I was, at Gambier, where everybody knew me, and had known me, as Dyer, the boy, the student, and a little of everything else, and really not much of anything; and now to be addressed as Doctor was a little too much. My modesty completely collapsed, and I made myself as scarce as possible.

About the time of my election as head of the university, Trinity College, Hartford, conferred on me the degree of D.D. Of all these things I had been kept in profound ignorance, and they came like an avalanche on me while in Ohio. Does any one ask how I felt? I answer, as I answered a similar question asked by a judge in Pennsylvania, I felt "smaller than nothing." Instead of being elated, I wanted to hide myself from the sight of everybody. That's the way I felt, and there was no fun in it.

This visit to Gambier awakened many memories. I was back on my old tramping ground. There, years before, I had arrived as a youth, green from the Green Mountains, all inexperienced in the ways of the world, with not a solitary personal friend or acquaintance within nearly a thousand miles, with a scanty wardrobe, all in a small trunk, and with five dollars in my pocket, and with such an outfit I had started life anew. The world was before me, and single handed and alone I was to hack my way through it as best I could. But I was not alone, for God was with me.

All this past came vividly back to me as I went about in Gambier. I rejoiced in all the improvements I saw, was delighted with the growth of the many trees my

own hands had planted; but a deep sadness came over me. With all this outward improvement there was evident decay within. Dr. Sparrow was gone, and with him much of the glory of the institution. The old professors were gone, and in their places new faces were seen. The number of the students had greatly diminished, and scarcely any of the old enthusiasm remained. The change was great, and its marks were deep. I say all this, not to criticise what had taken place, but simply to explain the feelings I had. After seeing our relatives and old friends, and visiting the graveyard where were sleeping our precious dead, we were not sorry to retrace our steps to our new home in the smoky, dirty, and much loved Pittsburgh. But I had to settle the question of accepting or declining my appointment as the Principal, or as it was subsequently called, *Chancellor*, of the university. After a good deal of hesitation, I did as I had done on several previous occasions. Having had nothing to do with my appointment, and not having sought any promotion, being perfectly satisfied with what I had, and having been unanimously put in the place, I accepted it, and went to work accordingly.

Upon assuming the office of principal my first efforts were to bring a little more of system into the administration of the institution. The professors and teachers were called together, and the duties and responsibilities of each were agreed upon. A good spirit prevailed, and everything was satisfactorily arranged. At the opening of the term a large number of students reported themselves, and we commenced under favorable auspices. The few drones and ciphers, who were more ambitious to be known as university students than to do hard work, soon fell out by the way, and disappeared. All departments moved on in harmony, and we had the sat-

isfaction of seeing a good and steady progress in the several classes. I had charge of the department of moral and intellectual philosophy. Once a week I met all the university students, and employed two hours in hearing papers read, and in discussions carried on by the older students upon some subject, or subjects, previously given out. This exercise became very popular, and was always well attended. It called out whatever of knowledge, talent, or skill, the young men possessed, and awakened a high and laudable ambition.

Nothing of special interest or importance occurred during the year. The examinations were most satisfactory. The Commencement took place in one of the largest churches of the city, and a great crowd attended. This was a new experience to me. I had often attended commencements, but only as a spectator. Now I had to preside, and to feel all the nervous anxieties, both for the young men and for myself,—and these were not a few. The graduates did famously well. Their speeches were brief, bright, and to the point. The audience was enthusiastic. It devolved on me to confer the degrees, and in my academic robe, and in the Latin tongue, I performed the duty with becoming dignity. Thus ended my first year as the President of the institution.

I will now mention one or two things which occurred, and which illustrated others which I did not much admire. At a meeting of the trustees some days before the commencement, the subject of honorary degrees came under consideration, and I was asked to name any party or parties upon whom I would like to have the degree of D.D. or LL.D. conferred. I answered at once, that I had no names to present. This created considerable surprise, and I was told that they were in

the habit of bestowing these degrees quite liberally among their friends. In the course of the conversation it came out that they intended at this coming commencement to confer the degree of D.D., on two clergymen in Scotland, and on several in this country, and that of LL.D., on several laymen. I at once took positive and strong grounds against it, maintaining that it made degrees so cheap as to be of no worth, and also that it deeply injured the character of the institution, making it a mere factory for producing unmeaning and undeserved appendages. My frank and unexpected utterances stirred up the Scotch blood about me, and provoked a lively discussion. I would not yield; and I told the trustees if they proceeded to carry out their programme, they must do it upon their own responsibility; and as representing the faculty, I would have nothing to do with it. A compromise was made, and the degree of D.D. was conferred on some unknown clergyman in Scotland, and that of LL.D. on one of the Pennsylvania judges.

I was surprised, and mortified, that such loose notions could be held by respectable men upon such a matter; but this was the first and the last conflict we ever had. Another revelation came to me in this connection. I learned that there was a kind of system of barter and sale prevailing among certain institutions. For instance, two propositions from two colleges came to me, that they would confer on me the degree of LL.D., if I would secure the degree of D.D. for certain parties named. This fairly made my blood boil; and I answered promptly and sharply, denouncing all such proceedings. And still another revelation more painful than the others. Several parties wrote me asking that I would have certain degrees conferred on them! Yes, on

themselves! This was too much. In my simplicity it had never occurred to me that any man could be so self-conceited, and so devoid of self-respect, as to ask such a thing for himself! It seemed to me there must be an insufferable egotism, and a monstrous conceit, before any one could even propose such a matter to himself. But I have found human nature not only deceitful and wicked, but very queer. Thank God, I was not brought up with any such ideas. On the contrary, I was taught to respect myself, and thus secure the respect of others.

During the following year the faculty was greatly strengthened by the election of Mr. Lemuel Stephens as the professor of chemistry. Mr. Stephens had but recently returned from Germany, where he had spent considerable time, after graduating at Harvard, in perfecting himself in several branches of natural science. Beside being a most accomplished and genial man, he had great magnetic power in dealing with young men. Mr. Rütter was added to the instructors in the preparatory department. Subsequently, Mr. James Thompson of Ithaca, New York, was placed at the head of that department. An accomplished German, whose name escapes me, had charge of modern languages. Our corps of instructors was quite large, and made up a most attractive society.

During my third year in the university we met with a great loss by the death of Professor Stone. Many circumstances had bound him very closely to me, and I felt his loss most deeply. It devolved on me to deliver a memorial address upon his life and character, which was published.

I will mention some other incidents which served to mark and diversify my life in Pittsburgh. One of the leading editors of the city suggested to me, one day

that I might render some service to the community by writing for his and other papers, particularly upon matters of education, public morals, and practical religion. After thinking over the suggestion for a few days, I proposed that we should form a club of four or five persons, carefully selected, and agree upon some plan on which our articles should have something like unity of purpose. The suggestion was adopted, and I think five persons were selected as members. No other name was given to this association but that of "The Club." We agreed to keep the membership a profound secret, and what was better, we succeeded in doing so. We met at each other's houses and arranged our plans and modes of procedure, and also listened to and criticised the papers which were presented. We resolved that in the leading journal of the city a paper should appear every Saturday, bearing the title of "Club Papers." The first paper gave a humorous account of the origin of the club, of the persons and professions of its members, and of the purposes for which it was organized. This paper was exceedingly clever, full of force and sparkling wit, and somewhat in the style of the old philosophers. It attracted much attention; and any amount of curious guessing and speculation was indulged in as to the persons engaged in the enterprise. Numerous communications were addressed to the editor, asking for information; but he, being a member of the club, knew how to keep dark. As paper after paper appeared, the curiosity and interest increased. Many articles appeared in the same journal, complimenting, and criticising the papers of the club, and desiring to enter into discussions upon some of the topics presented. A club paper appeared, alluding to this fact, but assuming the lofty ground that the sayings and doings of the club were not to be

treated as subjects of controversy and criticism, but as the oracles of a knowledge and a wisdom never to be questioned. This brought down a storm of abuse, but that made no impression upon their high mightinesses. They were too high up to be disturbed by any such fury and folly. It was not long before these papers appeared in other journals, and applications came from many quarters from parties who wished to join the club. But no other response was made than a figurative waive of the hand, as much as to say, no one of the sons of men should presume to ask such a favor. During the continuance of the club, which was two or three years, a great variety of topics was treated, and probably some good was done. At any rate a good deal of amusement was had.

Another club was formed consisting of about twenty members, composed almost entirely of professional men, —judges, lawyers, clergymen, and physicians. This club had social and literary objects in view. We met at each other's houses, and it was not long before the supper was the principal thing discussed. Here I became acquainted with the leading members of the Pittsburgh bar; among them Judges Baldwin and Greer, both of whom became subsequently distinguished members of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Judge Lowrie afterwards Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Judge Lowrie became one of my warmest and best friends. For some reason this club did not continue long, nor did it accomplish much except to eat its suppers.

Another club of a very different character was formed, and continued long after I left Pittsburgh. At its organization I was made its president, and continued as such till I left the city. This association consisted of about twenty members, ladies and gentlemen in nearly equal

proportions, usually more ladies than gentlemen. Our meetings were at the houses of the ladies. It was dubbed "The Excelsior," and became, unintentionally I think, quite an exclusive body. No one could become a member except by a unanimous vote. Our exercises consisted of paper discussions, conversations upon various subjects of interest, and a rather sumptuous repast. I remember we came to the conclusion that the ladies were inclined to try and outdo each other in the elegance of their entertainments, and so to check the evil we appointed a committee to report a bill of fare, within which they were to confine themselves. This proved to be a wise action, for the suppers were fast becoming formidable, both as to expense and the time consumed.

This club accomplished very much good. It brought rather representative young men and women together, creating a delightful social intercourse, and promoting a healthy and growing interest in intellectual pursuits. I was connected with this association two or three years, and for a long time after I left kept up a correspondence with many of its members.

Some four years before I left Pittsburgh I established a Bible class, or rather, the class was established by a number of ladies and gentlemen, and I was asked to take charge of it. It was held on every Sunday evening in the lecture room of St. Andrew's Church. The members of this class were grown people, many of them quite elderly, and belonging to the various religious bodies of the two cities.

It consisted of more than one hundred persons, about an equal proportion of men and women. Our plan was to take up one of the books of the Bible and go through it. We confined ourselves entirely to the text, going on verse by verse. I distinctly urged upon them to let

the Bible speak for itself, to dismiss as far as possible any theories they might have formed, and listen to the Word of God alone. The result of this was a remarkable interest. We did not come together as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Quakers, or anything else, but simply as honest seekers after the truth. Of this class many lawyers, merchants, and other business men were members. Edwin M. Stanton, afterwards Secretary of War, and Colonel Samuel Black, who distinguished himself in the Mexican war, were members. I continued this class till I left Pittsburgh, closing with an address, which was published.

On one occasion, during a pouring rain, I was called from my study to see a woman in the kitchen. On going downstairs I found a shabbily dressed person, as wet as she could be, without any bonnet on, but with an apology of what might have been a shawl in a former period, on her head. Altogether, she was about as forlorn an object in appearance as I had ever seen. I said to her, "Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?" I thought, as a matter of course, that she wanted food or money, probably both, and was taken all aback when she said in rather a cheerful voice,—

"I have come to see if I can get you to marry me."

"Marry you!" I exclaimed. "To whom? To what?"

"To my man," she responded.

"Who is he? When do you want to be married?"

"Now," she meekly replied.

"But where is your man? I don't see anybody here."

"He is out in the street."

"What, in this pouring rain?"

"Yes, he is waiting outside."

"Go call him. Bring him in," I said.

Out she went, and in a few moments she returned,

leading a man, soaking wet, and certainly in appearance a very good match for herself.

I thought to myself, this is indeed a jolly couple. After asking a good many questions, I was satisfied that it was as well to marry them; and so, taking them into another room, I married them in the presence of the servants, and sent them forth as man and wife, with all their brilliant prospects before them. Less than a year after, this same woman sent for me to bury her husband, who had died suddenly. As to their married career I never knew much, but presume it was neither wonderful nor very eventful.

One day, returning home from the University, I had quite an encounter with a ruffian. It was in the winter, and the ground was covered with snow. As I lived out of town, and on a hill, there was a good deal of coasting near my residence. On this occasion, as I came near my house I discovered a contest between a young man and two boys. They all had hold of a very pretty, coasting sled. The two boys were pulling one way and the young man another. As I came up, I found the boys crying lustily, but holding on to the sled. The moment they saw me they called out, amid their sobs, "Please sir, help us. This man is trying to take away our sled. Won't you stop him?" I stopped very quickly, and asked in a sharp, decisive tone, "Is this your sled, sir?" He stammered out something in a surly manner. I called out again in a still more determined way. "Is this your sled? If not let go at once." He looked daggers at me, and asked, "Who are you?" I said, "No matter; but let go that sled." With that he said, "We'll see," and at once drew a pistol from his side pocket. Quicker than I can tell it, I seized his collar with one hand and his anrle with the other, and before he knew

it he was dangling in the air. The pistol dropped from his hand, and he found himself pretty nearly helpless. With one foot up in the air about where his head should have been, he could do little else than squirm about.

I told the boys to pick up the pistol and take it to my house. I then let the fellow know that struggling was of no use, and that he must go with me to my house. To this he earnestly objected; but I told him there was nothing else to be done, and that he could go willingly or unwillingly, just as he pleased. He then began to beg. In the meantime I had set him upon his feet, but with my right hand firmly fixed in his collar just under his ear. As he begged, I shook him to let him know who was the master of the situation, and with each shake I sent him rather rapidly forward. It was evidently all a new experience to him, and he hardly knew what to make of it. On reaching the house I took him to my study, locked the door, took out the key, and told him to stand right before me. I sat down and made him tell me his name, his father's name, where he lived, and what was his employment. On getting this information I called my man servant and gave him a note, and told him to go to the house of this man, just as quickly as possible. I then talked with the young man, and learned what I could of his career, the usual sad story of bad habits and bad companionship. It was astonishing to see what a change came over his manner. He became subdued, and really showed that he was not altogether lost. In a short time the servant returned with the father of the young man. He was evidently deeply affected. I gave him an account of what had occurred, and asked the young man to say whether my account was correct. He replied that it was. I then asked him to state what his intentions

were with regard to the sled. He said he wanted a sled but had no money to buy one, and seeing those two boys with a very nice sled, he thought he would take it from them, and charge them with having stolen it from him. I then asked what he intended to do with his pistol. He replied he thought he could frighten me with it. The father of this young man I found to be a mechanic, and apparently a very worthy man. He thanked me, over and over, for the course I had pursued. I told him I had no other motive than a desire to teach his son a good lesson, a lesson I hoped he would never forget. I retained the pistol and dismissed them, saying, "If this young man now turns around and commences a new and a better life, he will be thankful for what has occurred."

I never saw him afterwards, but heard he had mended his ways and become a respectable person.

I was once baptizing a child, and on reaching the part of the service where the minister asks the sponsors to name the child, I noticed that the mother, who was presenting the child, hesitated. After waiting awhile, I repeated the words "Name this child," in a louder tone, supposing she had not understood me. In a moment she was all in a flutter, and in a hurried, frightened tone, blurted out, "Call it your own name." Now as I didn't know whether *it* meant a *he* or a *she*, I was in a quandary; but seeing how scared the woman was, I gave the child my whole name, Christian and surname, and went on. After the service, I asked the woman why she acted so; she said she was so frightened that she forgot everything, and could not for her life remember the name they had agreed on for the child, and when I said, the second time, "Name this child," she thought she would fly out of her skin, and in her desperation she told

me to give it my own name. I told her to be sure to train up the child in a way that would not disgrace his name. I subsequently learned that the name agreed on was William Henry Harrison. This circumstance made me particular ever after to get the name of a child before commencing the service, for it is embarrassing to be brought suddenly to a point where either *he* or *she* must be used, and not know which. I have on more than one occasion noticed that the minister had to get over the difficulty, with a hacking cough, which meant anything that was needed. Prevention, however, is better than such a cure.

While officiating at St. Paul's Chapel several rather funny things occurred. I mention one or two. On a beautiful afternoon in June, the chapel was full, and I had just commenced the service. The principal aisle of the chapel came from the front door straight up to the chancel. For some reason the register which connected with the furnace had been taken out, and its place had been supplied by a circular piece of board. This board had warped a trifle, and therefore was not very firm or safe. As I was proceeding with the service, a very dignified and precise gentleman came in. He was over six feet high, wore gold spectacles, carried a cane, and held his head very erect. He walked, with hat and cane in hand, very deliberately up the aisle. When he came to where this round board was, he stepped on it, and instantly it flew out, and down went this tall man, hat and cane flying, and he disappearing to his very chin. There was his head, with the gold glasses, looking right at me. I had a fearful coughing spell, and as I couldn't find my handkerchief, I had to stuff a portion of the surplice in my mouth. While I was coughing, up came one of his arms, and then the other, and with the help

of two or three persons he emerged from the hole, and deliberately picking up his hat and cane he marched out in the same stately manner he had entered. I was troubled with many coughing spells all through the service, and even in the sermon, it was surprising how that cough did hang on.

On another occasion, in the same chapel, we had quite a scene. It was winter, and in addition to the furnace a large stove was used for heating purposes. It was placed precisely over the register where the tall man had disappeared. As bituminous coal was used, a great deal of gas was generated. On the occasion I speak of, the service was ended, and I was in the midst of my sermon. The congregation was exceptionally still and attentive, and I was going on very earnestly in my discourse when there came an instantaneous explosion of gas in the stove. Flames, smoke, and ashes, came out of every joint and opening, and filled the room. Men, women, and children jumped from their seats, and over the backs of their pews. They went pell-mell, like so many frightened sheep. Almost in no time the house was empty, and looking out of the side windows, I could see the people running at full speed for a long distance off. I sat down and laughed heartily at the comicality of the scene. In about twenty minutes all had returned, but I thought it best to consider the service as closed. I was not in good preaching trim.

While in Pittsburgh I made many excursions of a semi-missionary character. These were to congregations in Blairsville, Kittaning, Freeport, Brownsville, Uniontown, Washington, and other places. In some of these towns I made some valuable acquaintances, particularly in Washington, Brownsville, and Uniontown. Among these acquaintances I may mention the Bowmans, the

Sweitzers, the Hoggs, the Stocktons, and others. I also often preached in Minersville for the Presbyterian minister, who was in feeble health, and whose people I knew very well. I remember preaching there on the occasion of the public fast proclaimed after the death of General Harrison, which occurred about a month after his inauguration as President of the United States.

This was on the fourteenth day of May, 1841. On my way out to Minersville, I remember how I was impressed by seeing all the young and fresh leaves of the trees dead and withered. A heavy frost, a most unusual thing for that season of the year, had prevailed over that part of the country, and done great damage. The day was a very sad one. The churches were filled with heart-felt mourners. Only a few months before, the whole country was wild with excitement over his election, and now the darkness of death had taken its place. Such are the extremes of human affairs.

I also preached on several occasions for Dr. Riddle, in the Third Presbyterian Church. Some wondered why I did these things, and I wondered why they wondered, and there left it. I felt that it was right, and that was enough.

It was while in Pittsburgh that I first met the Rt. Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, D.D, at first the assistant bishop, and afterwards the bishop of the diocese. I always found him a kind, and courteous gentleman, and deeply regretted the sad scenes through which he passed in the closing years of his life. A little incident occurred during one of his visits to Pittsburgh which amused me not a little. A good, worthy, brother clergyman in one of the river parishes near Pittsburgh was fond of prayer meetings, and persisted in having them, though some of his brethren protested against it as an irregular pro-

ceeding. A sort of plan was adopted to entrap the bishop into expressing his opinion. After a service in one of the city churches, the bishop and clergy of the neighborhood met for some conference and as a kind of reunion. At the proper time, the rector of one of the large churches introduced the matter by asking the bishop if he did not think that these irregular services did more harm than good. After expatiating somewhat, and after others had made some rather noncommittal remarks, the bishop, in his own peculiar manner, said he was glad to see his brethren and hear of their good works, etc. And as to the different modes of doing things, he would only say that every one should make himself as useful as possible, in whatever way he worked. This ended the matter, and we heard no more criticisms about prayer meetings. Bishop Onderdonk was a very wise man.

Considerable talk was occasioned by the course I pursued with reference to a petition which was circulated for signers, asking the Legislature to pass a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits except under very special circumstances. I refused to sign the petition, and assigned my reasons for doing so, supposing I should hear no more about it, for it did not seem to me of much consequence whether I signed it or not. Some other people thought differently, among them a Scotch Presbyterian minister, who thought I ought to be rebuked for my conduct. As an individual I could do as I pleased, but as the Principal of the university, I should be expected to set a better example. The result of the agitation was, a public meeting was called at the Third Presbyterian Church, one of the largest buildings in the city. Public notice was given of the meeting, and it was freely circulated about that I was to be

attacked. Some friends of mine, among them Dr. Riddle, the pastor of the church, informed me of what was intended, and suggested that I should be prepared, assuring me that I should have an opportunity of replying to any attack that might be made. I went to the church at the appointed hour, and to my amazement found the building perfectly packed above and below.

On being recognized by the person presiding, I was invited to a seat on the platform. In due time my clerical brother made his speech, in which he arraigned me pretty strongly for the course I had pursued. He made no allusion to the reasons I had assigned for not signing the petition, but condemned my action on the score of example. That, in it, I had put myself against the moral sense of the better portion of the community, and had given my influence in favor of intemperance and immorality. He spoke very well, but was too much excited to weigh his words, or make much of an argument. His speech was too declamatory, and too denunciative. When he was through, I was asked to say what I had to say. I commenced very deliberately by saying that a petition had been presented to me which I was asked to sign. Here the petition was read. That, as a citizen, I admitted fully the right of petition, but, as a citizen, I also claimed the right of not signing a petition unless I approved of it and of the object sought. This statement made a decided impression. I went on, and said that I was, and had always been, a temperance man, and that I was thoroughly in sympathy with all reasonable and proper efforts to promote temperance among the people. For this I had labored, and should continue to labor. But believing the petition asked the Legislature to do what it could not properly do, I, as a good citizen, could not sign it. That, in doing so, I

should be asking that honorable body to do what I would not do myself. In all this, I said, I acted upon my individual responsibility as a citizen and as a man, and not as the Principal of the University.

This called down the house. I went on. I have been taught, from my youth up, that every man who would be a free man and not a slave, must have his own opinion, and must stand or fall by it. If the authorities of the University were displeased with my course, and deemed it of sufficient importance to take action, I would not stand in their way. But I would never surrender my rights as a citizen to act upon all civil and political questions according to my judgment and my conscience. This brought down the house again, with a vengeance. When the meeting was about to adjourn, the interest had become so great that it was resolved to have another meeting the following week. In the meantime the city was full of excitement and talk. Many leading men volunteered to render me any aid in their power, but I declined to be a party to any plans or arrangements for keeping up the excitement. I said I would be present at the meeting, and would speak, or not, as there should seem to be occasion.

The meeting took place. The crowd was very great. My assailant was in very bad humor, and did not do himself or his cause any credit. When I was asked to speak, I said that on the former occasion I had confined myself to a vindication of my right as a citizen to sign or not to sign a given petition. And that now I would give two or three of the reasons why I did not think the petition pointed out the wisest and best mode of accomplishing the end proposed.

I then proceeded to give these reasons. It was evident enough the audience was with me, and my opponent was

so much displeased that he declined to go on. Some lawyers then took up the matter, and continued the discussion for an hour or more. The excitement soon died out, and I heard no more of the petition or of its advocates. I may here say that I have always been slow to sign petitions to instruct legislators in the line of their duty. If their oath of office, and the responsibilities resting on them as the representatives of the people, were not enough to call forth their best efforts for wise legislation, I did not think petitions would accomplish it.

It was during my residence in Pittsburgh that the great fire occurred which destroyed so much property. In the course of a few hours more than nine hundred buildings were burnt. Nearly all the great warehouses on the Monongahela river, where the steamers landed their freight, were utterly consumed. The University buildings were burned to the ground. The Monongahela Bridge was destroyed, and a large number of wholesale grocery establishments, dry-goods stores, and whole blocks of residences were swept away. All efforts to stay the progress of the flames were utterly useless. The conflagration moved on until there was nothing more in its course to consume. The loss to the city was immense. Nothing of the kind had ever occurred there before. Next to the great fire in New York this was the largest that had then taken place in this country.

Occurring as it did, in May, it interrupted the studies of the University for some time. We succeeded, however, in securing temporary quarters until new buildings could be erected. This was the first great fire that I had witnessed, and I can't say I have been very anxious to see another.

While residing at Laceyville I had quite a number of stray weddings. I say stray, because the parties did not

seem to belong anywhere. On one occasion a Scotchman and his woman came to be made one. As they knew nothing of our service, I had a good deal of difficulty, and some amusement in getting them through the ceremony. They did not repeat at all well after me, and I had to go back and bring them along the best way I could. Finally I reached the conclusion, and pronounced them man and wife. But then they did not know what to do with themselves, and so I asked them if they wouldn't sit down, which they readily did. As the marriage took place in my parlor, and in the presence of my family, I thought it might limber up matters a little to get them to talking. This effort was only moderately successful. After awhile the newly made bride started up and asked me if I couldn't furnish them some refreshments. I said, certainly, and very soon cake and lemonade were brought in, and they made themselves very much at home with both. When this was over the bride started up again, and said to her husband, "Come, it is time we were going," and off they went. It never occurred to either of them that any fee was customary on such occasions. No doubt they thought the honor of marrying them was fee enough, and that refreshments should be thrown in.

Upon the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk it devolved on the convention to elect a successor. This was the first convention I attended in the diocese. There was great interest felt, and not a little excitement. Dr. Tyng was the candidate of the Low Church party, and Dr. Bowman of the High Churchmen. Caucuses were held, and plans were formed for conducting the campaign. Two ballots were had, but without an election. Dr. Tyng had a decided majority of the lay vote, but lacked two or three in the clerical vote. When the result of

the second ballot was announced, Dr. Tyng immediately arose, and in his sharp, positive way said that Dr. Tyng was no longer a candidate; his name was withdrawn. With that he took his hat and walked quickly down the aisle toward the door. As he passed where I was sitting, he remarked to me, "My mind is made up: I go to New York." This meant that he would accept the call he had received to succeed Dr. Milnor as the rector of St. George's Church.

On the next day, Dr. Alonzo Potter, of Union College, was put in nomination in the place of Dr. Tyng. A short recess was had, during which the fitness of Dr. Potter for the position was discussed. The result was, Dr. Potter was elected by a decided majority of both orders. No doubt it was a wise choice.

Dr. Potter accepted, and was consecrated in September, 1845. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance during the same year. He made a grand and useful bishop, commanding the respect of all parties, and of Christians of all names. I can never forget one occasion when he appeared to great advantage. It was at a national convention of the friends of education held in Philadelphia. There were over three hundred delegates present, representatives from all parts of the country, among them Horace Mann of Massachusetts, and Dr. Barnas Sears, the successor of Dr. Wayland as President of Brown University of Providence.

Expectation was on tip-toe. Here were the three most distinguished educators in the country, Mann, Sears, and Potter. Mann was by far the best known. He was called to preside, and certainly his opening address surpassed all anticipations, great as they were. It was exceedingly able, and wonderfully brilliant. The great audience that heard it was wild with rapturous ap-

plause. I trembled in my shoes for my favorite, for I didn't see how anybody could get ahead of such a man.

The convention lasted three days. During the first day Mr. Mann had everything his own way. On the second day Dr. Sears began to loom up, and at its close he was along side of Mr. Mann. Dr. Potter had barely made any impression. But on the last day he displayed his matchless power as an adjuster and harmonizer of different plans and views. He carried every measure he proposed, and before the close he held the first place in the minds of all. We were proud of our bishop, and carried our heads pretty high.

I remained in Pittsburgh about nine years and a half. Owing to the many afflictions through which I passed, and my incessant labors, I made up my mind that I must make an entire change of scene and of labor. My health was seriously broken, and I did not think I could ever rally again without such a change.

In 1844, my wife, after a protracted illness of more than a year, was taken to her rest. She left two daughters and one son. Our eldest born died in Gambier. The following year I married Miss Angeline Douglass. Three weeks after our marriage she was stricken down with a mortal disease, and in a few days was taken away. My family was broken up, the children sent to their relatives, and I made my home with Professor and Mrs. Stephens, from whom I received many and great kindnesses, and to whom I shall ever feel under the greatest obligations. In February, 1849, I left Pittsburgh and went to Philadelphia to live. I there entered upon a new era in my life.

VI.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

While shattered in health, and considering what I should do, I received an invitation from the American Sunday School Union, located in Philadelphia, to undertake some service in behalf of that society. Two motives influenced me to accept the invitation. The first was, I thought I could make myself useful in this new field of labor, and the second was, I felt that the change, and the kind of labor proposed, would be beneficial to my health.

Among the objections made by friends and others, I will allude only to the following. It was thought, and said, that to leave a position such as I had occupied, and take the one offered, would be a kind of coming down, or lowering myself in public estimation. Another objection was, that as an Episcopal clergyman I could not consistently engage in the service of a society that was made up of various Christian bodies. I respected the parties making these objections, and did not act without due reflection. As to the first, that did not give me much concern. I had been brought up with the idea that to do good anywhere, and in any proper way, was thoroughly honorable and respectable, and I had a sovereign contempt for the distinctions which so many are disposed to make in this respect. With such

convictions, I did not have much care or concern as to what might be thought of my course. I did not trouble myself to inquire whether I should be regarded as going up a ladder, or down a ladder. Others might amuse themselves in that way if they saw fit. I could not afford it; and I am profoundly thankful, at this day, that I was not ensnared by any such miserable temptations. How many stumble over this rock, and dash out what little brains they may have!

As to the other objection I could not see it. Why would it be any more inconsistent for me, an Episcopal clergyman, to be connected with and labor in the service of the American Sunday School Union, a society made up of various Christian people, than for me, an Episcopal clergyman, to be connected with and labor in the service of a university professedly undenominational in its character? I was not called upon or required to give up any of my rights or privileges or prerogatives. On the contrary, I went everywhere and I acted everywhere as an Episcopal clergyman. So much for the consistency of the thing. But there was another moving motive with me,—my experience in Ohio, when, acting with Mr. Wilmer and Mr. Guion, as missionaries of the American Sunday School Union, I saw as they did, and as Bishop Chase did, at whose instance we had been appointed, how effective and useful this particular agency could be made, particularly in the newer portions of our country.

With such views and feelings, I entered upon this new field of labor. As I do not purpose giving any regular account of my work, I shall pay but little attention to order or dates, but speak of things and events according to the importance and interest connected with them.

On reaching Philadelphia I made my home with my brother-in-law, the Rev. James Bonnar, assistant minister at St. James' Church, of which Dr. Morton was the rector. Those who were solicitous about my churchmanship, must have taken comfort from the fact that I went to live with one who was among the highest of the high. I was not afraid to live there, nor was he afraid to have me there, though he had a family of children growing up. During all my stay with this interesting family I received nothing but unremitting kindness; we never had a church quarrel, and parted and ever continued the best of friends.

The day after I arrived in Philadelphia I received a note from Bishop Potter, asking me if I would kindly act as an examiner of a candidate for deacon's orders, and inviting me to dine with him the next day. This, I thought, was a pretty good set off in my Sunday School Union work. The bishop evidently did not doubt my orthodoxy, or my churchmanship. I complied with his request. I found the candidate had been a Methodist clergyman, and so I plied him with questions which ought to have brought out clear views upon some important points; but instead of that, he was much confused. The bishop came to the rescue, however, and we managed to get through somehow. The next day I presented the candidate for ordination.

I soon formed my plan of operations, which was, to visit several cities, see the clergy, and ascertain in what way I could best promote the general objects of the society. My first visit was to Boston. On my way I stopped over one night in New York, and saw some of the clergy. I then proceeded the next day to Boston. As the journey from New York to Boston was through a country I had never before seen, I was all eyes and ears

to see and hear as much as possible. I fairly broke away from my native timidity, and asked the conductors and others any number of questions. As a full born Yankee, this was my privilege. Every village and town was full of interest to me, and I saw as much as possible of them as the train passed through.

We reached Boston after dark, and in a drizzling rain. As soon as I had registered my name at the hotel, I asked the clerk if he had a small map of the city. He replied he had, and at once handed me one they kept in the office. I spread it out, and asked him to point out the place on it where the hotel was located, and then asked which way, and how far the Common was from the hotel. He gave me as definite information as the crooked streets of that crooked city would allow, and then, map in hand, I started to find this famous historical spot. But oh, how dark it was! Just enough lamps to make the darkness visible! And how crooked the streets were! Every few rods I came to what seemed to be the end of all things; but after peering about awhile, I discovered a twist and a turn, and went on, trying all the while to keep something like the general direction I was to pursue. By dint of perseverance, and after catechising everybody and everything I met, I finally reached the place I sought.

At the first view my heart went down many degrees. Is this, I said to myself, the great Boston Common? The place I had read about and thought about all my days! The place where my great ancestress was hung for her religious faith, and where so many other wonderful things had happened! Impossible! I exclaimed. There was a high picket fence, beyond the fence a few dim, straggling lights, and all else was a dismal gloom of darkness. By keeping along the fence I circumlocu

tioned the whole affair, and made my way back to the hotel a good deal disappointed and chopfallen.

The next morning being clear and bright, I made another visit, and was well repaid for the trouble. Not only were my unfavorable impressions removed, I saw the beauty and wonderfully attractive features of the park, and was not surprised at the pride with which the people regarded it. In itself, with its grand old trees, its fountain, and its shady walks, it is very picturesque. And then, again, there are its surroundings,—the State House, and the many mansions of its princely merchants and others; and besides and over all, its many and most interesting historical associations. Well may Bostonians be proud of their Common.

While in Boston I saw Bishop Eastburn, Dr. A. H. Vinton, and many others of the clergy and laity, and was most kindly received by all. I visited many of the principal places of interest in and around the city.

As it was my first visit to the "Hub," I was anxious to see everything, and I improved every moment. I saw Faneuil Hall, and thought of all the scenes enacted in that sacred temple; and almost heard the clarion notes of the Adamses, the Otises, the Quincys, and the Dexters, as they aroused the enthusiasm, and called forth the energies of the people; and I could not but feel what an inspiration and blessing such an historical center must be to any community.

I went to Copp's Hill Cemetery, saw the graves of the Mathers, the Cottons, the Winslows, and others of the great ecclesiastical warriors. There they lie, side by side in perfect peace and quietness; and yet what stirring times they made while among the living! Of course I visited Bunker's and Breed's Hills; saw the great monu-

ment, which some one has aptly styled "The great exclamation point in our history."

I tried to take in all that these hills and the monument called up. The battles, the persons of Warren, of Prescott, of Putman and others, and at a later day, the vast assemblies, the matchless orator, the President and Cabinet; and more than all, the presence of the renowned, the revered, and idolized Lafayette. I need not say how these things affected me.

At Cambridge I saw the valuable buildings of the university, the library, where the librarian told me he had a work of mine; and sure enough, he showed it to me,—an address I delivered while in Pittsburgh, which was published. But nothing satisfied me till I reached and fairly stood by the old elm tree, under the shadow of which General Washington took formal command of the American armies. The sword of revolt had been previously unsheathed, but here, almost in sight of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, the solemnities of the great drama were formally opened, upon the assuming of the command of all the American forces by the Commander in Chief. I do not wonder that tree is preserved with the utmost care, and that the ground round about is regarded as "holy ground."

While in Boston I heard Bishop Eastburn, Dr. Vinton and others preach, and was greatly impressed by their manner and the matter of their sermons. To me, Dr. Vinton appeared as a prince among preachers, as well as among men. His sermons were characterized by great breadth of thought, comprehensiveness of spirit, and were thoroughly evangelical.

Among the acquaintances I made was that of Simon Greenleaf, the distinguished professor of law at Harvard. He received me most cordially, and we had much

conversation as to the state of religion generally,—the position of our church, the effect of the spirit of speculation, then so rife in and around Boston, upon our common faith, and the duty of all good men to do what they could to stay the progress of infidelity. When I explained the object of my visit to Boston, he entered into the matter most earnestly, and said he would gladly render any assistance in his power in promoting the ends I had in view. Seldom, if ever, have I met with a layman so intelligent and so deeply interested in all matters of practical as well as personal religion. My intercourse with him was most refreshing in every respect.

The results of this visit to Boston were most satisfactory. Arrangements were made with many of the clergy that I should, in the autumn, lay the claims of the society I represented before their people.

As I was so near Plymouth Rock, the shrine of the Pilgrims, I felt it would be wrong to return to Philadelphia without visiting this consecrated spot, so I made a flying visit to the place. I there met Mr. Burton, a near connection of my old friend, Professor Stephens, who kindly took me in charge. He led me first to Pilgrim Hall, a grand collection of old relics, such as chairs, platters, swords, embroidery, etc., all brought over in the Mayflower, and once the property of the Carvers, the Brewsters, the Standishes, and others.

We went thence to the Office of Records, and what parchments met our eyes! The deeds, covenants, letters, signatures, etc., more than two hundred years old! Then to quiet our minds we went to the graveyard, where we saw such curious head-stones, with their almost funny inscriptions. And then we started for the place of all

places, to see the thing of all things, the veritable "Plymouth Rock."

All our lives we had read about this rock. We knew Mrs. Hemans by heart; indeed, we had been very much brought up on this rock, and we were in a flurry of excitement, expecting great things. But we were more dashed by the disappointment than any rocks were by Mrs. Heman's waves. There was no "rock-bound coast" at all. Nothing but a sandy, pebbly beach, with waves about an inch high. After looking about awhile our guide brought us to a moderate sized stone, built into the wharf so as hardly to be seen, and this, with great solemnity, he pronounced to be the veritable rock on which the pilgrims planted their feet when first they landed on our shores.

Of course, we felt the inspiration of the occasion, and reverently bowed our heads. But the fun of the thing was, the stone was so small that not more than one man and a half could have stood on it at a time. On the whole, our patriotism was a good deal kindled up, and we resolved, there and then, to be Americans through and through, and forever and ever! At least, one of us did. We were told that about one half of the stone or rock had been removed to Pilgrim Hall for safe keeping. This was well, for it would indeed be a sad calamity to the country and the world, should the "sacred institution" of "Plymouth Rock," by any means disappear. It would be the destruction of nearly half of our literature.

After some other unimportant explorations we bade our kind friends good-bye, and returned to Boston. A day or two later I returned to Philadelphia by way of Providence, stopping in that city long enough to call on Bishop Henshaw, Dr. Crocker, and one or two others.

and hunt up a few localities and objects of historical interest. As Rhode Island was the home of my ancestors I felt more than an ordinary interest in its affairs; but having only a few hours, I could make but the briefest stay at any one point. In due time I reached my home, where I found many letters and much to engage my attention.

As early as practicable I placed my two daughters at the Retreat, a girls' school, then recently established by Bishop Potter, near the city, and under the care of Miss Spafford. My little son still remained with some friends in Pittsburgh. Soon after this I spent a few days in New York, as the guest of Dr. Tyng. While there I made many acquaintances, among them, Dr. Anthon of St. Marks, Dr. Balch of St. Bartholomew's, Dr. Whitehouse of St. Thomas', Dr. Bedell of The Ascension, Dr. Cutler of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, Dr. Canfield of St. Peter's, New York, and others. By all these I was kindly received, and asked to preach in behalf of the society in their pulpits.

During these days I saw much of Dr. Tyng, and was greatly impressed by his administrative abilities. He was both methodical, and yet very rapid, in action. The new St. George's had but recently been opened, and he was intensely engaged in building up a comparatively new congregation. It was easy to see many of the sources of his wonderful power. Beside his remarkable gift as a preacher, he was very accessible, full of sympathy, and ready everywhere and on all occasions to lend a helping hand. These and other traits endeared him to his people, both to the young and the old. The children were amazingly fond of him, for when they were with him he was one of them, and in ministering among the sick and sorrowing he had few equals.

It was also easy to see why he might be disliked by those opposed to him. While generous in all his instincts, he was fearless, and at times, fearfully scathing in his denunciations of what he deemed wrong. He was certainly a foe to be dreaded, and often to be feared. Nor was this all. He had that kind of independence which often embarrassed his friends. As, for instance, when the "Carey Ordination" produced such a sensation, and called forth such torrents of criticism, he stood by, and commended Bishop Onderdonk for his course. He was a great friend and powerful advocate of the Bible, Tract, and Sunday School Union Societies. When Bishop Alonzo Potter, in one of his charges criticised, in what was regarded at the time as an unfriendly way, Union Publishing Societies, Dr. Tyng promptly and sharply answered him in a brief pamphlet. The answer was so satisfactory to the friends of such societies, that they circulated the pamphlet in large quantities.

Dr. Tyng having been suddenly called to Philadelphia by the death of his father-in-law, at his request I took his services, the following Sunday, at the new St. George's. Never before had I officiated in a church of such vast proportions, and I was not a little nervous. I managed, however, to survive the severe ordeal, and still live to write about it.

The history of the erection of this stately edifice is quite interesting, in that it was the means of bringing into public notice a young and hitherto unknown German architect by the name of Eidlitz. One of the peculiarities of the interior of the building was, that there should be large wide galleries around two sides and one end of the immense audience room, and yet there should be no pillars to support these galleries. Much to the surprise of many architects and others, Mr. Eidlitz ac-

complished this feat by the use of large and strong elbows, which not only made the galleries perfectly safe, but added largely to the beauty and impressiveness of the whole. It was a complete success, and gave to the young and modest architect a name and a fame.

While in the city I improved the opportunity of visiting various localities of which I had often read, but never seen, such as the Battery, Bowling Green, Whitehall, Paulus Hook, Richmond Hill, Greenwood, the Bowery, Trinity Church, Chelsea, the old Pear Tree, Murray Hill, Yorkville, Harlem, and other places. Yorkville and Harlem were then far out of town, and could only be reached by stages, which left the city every hour. Murray Hill was a pretty country place.

In one of my rambles I came to a church which attracted my attention, and on asking a little urchin what it was, he promptly replied "O, that's the Puseyite Church." This took me rather aback. He certainly didn't look like a theologian or an ecclesiastic; and I wondered how he had picked up the name, and what meaning he attached to it.

Some time in April of this year, 1849, I preached, in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, my first sermon in behalf of the Sunday School Union. The church was full, many of the managers of the society were present, and I was nervous. The audience was attentive, but how much interested they were I do not know. No collection was taken up, though quite a number of contributions were handed in. After service I went home with Mr. Ashhurst, and as we were sitting in the parlor one of his little boys came in, and almost immediately climbed up into my lap, and commenced talking to me. After a little, he said, "I went to church to-day and heard you preach." I said, "Well, how did you like

the sermon?" He responded, with the utmost simplicity, "I thought it was pretty good, but very long." With that his mother started up, quite horrified, saying, "O my son, you should not speak so." I quickly replied, "The boy is right; it was long, too long, and I will make it shorter." The truth was, I tried to put too much in it. It was my first sermon, and I felt I must in a measure exhaust the subject. Many preachers make this mistake, and exhaust the hearers before they do the subject.

From this time on I was very busy, preaching in the different churches in Philadelphia, and attending to other duties connected with my work. On one Sunday I took the entire service for Dr. Neville at St. Phillip's. I visited and addressed a large Sunday school in charge of Mr. Samuel Allibone, read service, and preached twice. After service I was called to visit a sick lady; found her near her end; had such services as I could. Her husband was present, but appeared to be feeble, though apparently not sick. A few hours after I left, both died, and in the absence of Dr. Neville I attended and officiated at the funeral. They were both buried in the same grave.

Here I may as well say, that during my stay in Philadelphia I was ready to render such assistance to my brethren as my other duties and engagements would allow. The consequence was, I was incessantly employed on Sundays as well as on week-days. For three months I had charge of the Church of the Mediator, holding week-day services, and Sundays when I could, and preparing quite a large class for confirmation. I also rendered such aid as I could in the establishment of Christ Church, Germantown, and the mission at Maylandville, West Philadelphia, which eventually be-

came a parish. I officiated often in many other churches, and made valuable acquaintances.

Among these intimate friends were Dr. C. D. Cooper, Dr. D. S. Miller, Dr. Goddard, Dr. S. A. Clark, Dr. Vaughan, Mr. Fowle, Mr. Maxwell, Dr. Newton, Dr. Suddards, N. Sayre Harris; and of the laity, Mr. L. R. Ashhurst, F. W. Porter, F. Packard, Francis Wharton, John Bohlen, Lemuel Coffin, John and Edward Biddle. With these the most pleasant relations were kept up as long as I remained in the city, and after my removal.

On one occasion I had a portion of a Sunday afternoon free, and went to hear the Rev. Dr. Addison Alexander, one of the famous professors at Princeton. His sermon was exceedingly able, but his manner was tame to the last degree, and his voice soporifically monotonous. The only earnestness was in the thought. On two or three occasions one arm went out at a right angle to his body, and there remained stationary for a time, and then fell down by his side again. What induced or provoked this extraordinary physical effort I could not divine. There was no change of voice or posture, no motion of his hands or body. Indeed there was nothing but a rigid arm stuck straight out, pointing at nothing, and then falling down.

But in spite of all this, the sermon was most able and excellent, and I was very glad to hear it. Had there been an electric battery behind the speaker, its discharge would have added immensely to the effect.

In the month of May I went to New York to attend the anniversaries of some of our general societies. At that day, "anniversary week" was a great occasion, and drew crowds of people from all parts of the country. The place where most of the great anniversaries were held was the Broadway Tabernacle, located on Broad-

way, not very far from the City Hall. I need not describe these meetings. It is enough to say that the audiences were immense, filling every inch of space in the large building, and the speakers, for the most part, were noted men, both of the clergy and laity. Curiosity to see and hear these men, as well as interest in the objects presented, drew these crowds.

At the anniversary of the American Tract Society, an incident occurred which occasioned both amusement and offence. Bishop Meade of Virginia, happened to be in the city, and was invited to make one of the addresses. When the time came for him to speak, Dr. Tyng was asked to introduce him to the audience, which he did, in a very graceful manner. His remarks were about as follows. "I have, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, the pleasure of introducing to you a real, bonafide, live bishop. No sham, no pretended, but a genuine bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Meade of Virginia."

The introduction was received, as it was intended, as a little innocent playfulness, and called forth shouts of laughter and applause from the great audience. The bishop's speech was brief and good. At the close of the meeting, as the audience was leaving, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman came across the platform to where Dr. Tyng and I were standing, and in a most excited manner charged the doctor with having violated all propriety, and having insulted a large portion of the audience by the way he had introduced Bishop Meade.

Dr. Tyng stood perfectly calm and motionless. When his offended brother was through, he quietly replied, "Didn't you see it was all in the spirit of playfulness?" and then, taking my arm, said, "Let us go." As we walked away he remarked, "It is too bad. Dr. —— is

a noble fellow, but somehow he doesn't know how to take a joke."

The next day the American Bible Society held its anniversary. Another immense crowd. The officers, managers, and invited guests walked from the society building in Nassau Street in procession to the Tabernacle. Chancellor Frelinghuysen, the president of the society, took the chair, and opened the services by reading a portion of the Scriptures. This mode of commencing was borrowed from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

I had been asked to make one of the addresses, and sat with fear and trembling through all the introductory exercises, expecting to be much scared. But somehow, when I was announced, I was as cool and collected as possible, and stepping forward, made my bow, and went on as though I had been used to such things all my life. I spoke with ease, and apparently to the satisfaction of the audience, for when I closed they clapped a good deal. As I took my seat Dr. Tyng caught my hand, and shaking it vigorously, said, "Capital! capital!" I don't know how capital it was, but I *do* know it was short, and I guess this was why they clapped. Governor Bradish, Dr. Cox, Dr. Bacon of New Haven, and Dr. Poor of Ceylon, made addresses.

In the evening I attended the anniversary of the American Temperance Union. Chancellor Walworth presided. Among the speakers were Dr. Hewit of Bridgeport, and the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, President Van Buren's attorney general, I think. Dr. Hewit was remarkable for his logic, and the massive weight of his arguments. Mr. Butler was fluent, graceful, and very pleasing. Upon one or two points he and the doctor had a few tilts, friendly yet earnest. I thought

Dr. Hewit had rather the best of the argument. They were however both good-natured, and all passed off well.

This night was rendered memorable by the fearful riot which occurred at the Astor Place Opera House.

The riot was occasioned by the appearance of Macready, the celebrated English actor, between whom and Mr. Edwin Forrest, an American actor, a misunderstanding had arisen. Very soon the riot assumed such proportions, and was so threatening, that the police lost all control, and were powerless.

In this emergency the authorities called on the military for aid. Almost immediately the famous Seventh Regiment appeared on the scene. Little time was lost in parleying with the rioters. The command was given to fire, and at the first discharge more than twenty men were shot down and killed, while many more were wounded. This put an end to the riot, and the crowd rapidly dispersed.

The whole affair was the result of a most malignant spirit of jealousy on the part of Mr. Forrest and some of his followers. Mr. Macready had done nothing to merit any such treatment, but had borne himself in a way to command the respect of the whole community. The citizens were terribly excited, and headed by Chancellor Kent, seconded by Washington Irving, W. C. Bryant, and others, they were quick to give expression to their indignation at the dastardly conduct of Mr. Forrest and his band of ruffians. Mr. Forrest found it convenient and prudent to take himself out of the way of an outraged community. The next morning I visited the scene of the riot. All was quiet there, but on every hand were the sad evidences of the dreadful work of the preceding evening.

On returning to Philadelphia I attended the diocesan convention, and heard Bishop Alonzo Potter's first charge. It was a noble one, and bore decided and unmistakable testimony against certain extreme notions and practices which appeared among some of the clergy, and in a few of the parishes. Bishop Potter was a tower of strength, and his opinions carried immense weight among the laity. Though called a Low churchman, he had a truly catholic spirit, and advocated and illustrated a true progressive conservatism. There was not much of partizanship, and nothing of fossil remains about him. He had an invincible love of liberty, and did what he could to secure it to friend and foe.

At this time occurred the anniversary of the American Sunday School Union. As this was the only national society located in Philadelphia, it was very much of a pet among the people, and its annual meetings drew large crowds.

I was asked to make an address, and was limited to ten minutes. At the proper time, I performed my task in just exactly nine minutes and a half, and was considerably clapped, not for the brilliancy of my address, but for its exceeding brevity.

Immediately after this I made a journey to Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond. This was my first visit south, and was full of interest. In Baltimore I was the guest of Dr. H. V. D. Johns, brother of Bishop Johns. As it was at the time of the diocesan convention of Maryland, I met a large number of clergy and laity, and made arrangements for presenting the claims of the Sunday School Union at a future day. Dr. Johns very kindly introduced me to some of his leading laymen. He also drove me about the city to the various points

and objects of interest. I preached, and made several addresses while in Baltimore.

From Baltimore I proceeded to Washington, making but a brief stay there, and went to the seminary, where I met my dear old friend, Dr. Sparrow, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Packard, Dr. May, and several of the students. On our way down the Potomac we passed Mount Vernon. As the bell tolled, all the passengers gathered on deck, and stood with uncovered heads, as we moved slowly by the place where once lived, and now rest, the mortal remains of him "who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,"—George Washington.

I stopped over a day at Fredericksburgh, and was most hospitably entertained by Dr. McGuire, the rector of the parish. While there the doctor took me to see the house where General Washington's mother lived and died. I saw the velvet coat which the General wore at his inauguration, and a pair of mourning shoe buckles which he wore after his mother's death.

I found Fredericksburgh an old, historic place, full of interest, and with a very aristocratic population.

From Fredericksburgh I went by rail to Richmond. While in Richmond I was the guest of the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, in whose charming family I spent several days. I met Bishop Johns, who then resided in Richmond, and most of the clergy, beside several of the laity. I visited St. John's Church, then in charge of the Rev. Mr. Kepler, and what memories this visit awakened. From my earliest youth I had read about the great meetings and doings in that church, little dreaming that my eyes would ever behold the walls, and my feet would stand within the precincts of that hallowed place! It seemed as though I could see the manly form, and

hear the thundering notes of the matchless Henry, as by tone and gesture, and burning words, he aroused his countrymen, and fired their hearts for "liberty or death!" The emotions of that one hour more than repaid for all the fatigues of that long journey.

The church edifice is very plain, and unpretending, and but for its associations would not be worth crossing the street to see.

As the cholera was prevailing in the city I did not spend much time in visiting the various objects of interest. I met several of the citizens, and some strangers from other places. I preached in the Monumental Church, also in St. James'.

On leaving Richmond I made a flying trip to Philadelphia, and after attending to some business matters there, I returned to Baltimore, that I might meet an engagement I had made to preach for and spend a few days with my old Gambier friend, the Rev. Dr. Morsell, rector of the church at West River, Maryland.

I will here copy somewhat from notes which I made during that visit. I had never seen plantation life in the old days of slavery before the war, and I wish to give my impressions just as they were made at the time.

Sunday, June 24. I preached for Mr. Morsell. The church is a very old building, erected in colonial times. The bricks were brought from England. The congregation was quite large, made up, for the most part, of planters and their families. In this region are some of the finest plantations in the state.

Mr. Morsell took me to call and take tea with the family of Mr. Hall, one of his parishoners. Mr. Hall owns a plantation of twelve hundred acres and eighty slaves. The land is worth from $40 to $50 per acre, and

the slaves, of all ages, about $400 each, making a sum total of capital for land and slaves of $86,000. The improvements, stock, and farming utensils, increased this to over $90,000. From his farm he usually realizes each year seventy hogsheads of tobacco, worth $30 each, and about two thousand bushels of wheat; making a total product of something over $4,000 per annum. The corn, hay, oats, etc., are consumed on the farm. From this income he has to pay the taxes, make repairs, feed, clothe, and procure medical attendance for his slaves. When all these expenses are met there remains but a very moderate sum for the support of his own family.

Mr. Hall talked to me very freely about the condition of the country, and of the South in particular. He expressed the opinion that slave labor was much more expensive than white labor, for, he said, one white man will do as much work as three slaves. He considered slavery a prodigious evil, and hoped the day would come when some Moses would be raised up to lead these people out of bondage.

June 26, 1849. Mr. Morsell and myself started in the morning and drove seven miles to see the plantation of Governor Mercer. The mansion is located in the midst of a beautiful park of one hundred acres. There were some two hundred deer feeding in the park. From the front door of the mansion there is a delightful and extensive view up and down the Chesapeake Bay. The estate is now owned by Colonel Mercer's widow. It was here that Miss Margaret Mercer commenced her school, which became afterwards so famous, and which was finally removed to Virginia.

From this plantation we rode to Mrs. Maxcy's, widow of Virgil Maxcy, formerly our minister to Belgium, but

who lost his life by the explosion on the ill-fated warship Princeton.

The house is very old. Much of the furniture came from Europe, some of it more than two hundred years old. Among other treasures they have two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We returned home in the cool of the evening, after a very enjoyable day.

The next day we visited several other plantations, among them that of Mr. Thomas, a leading gentleman of the neighborhood and of the state. We reached Mr. Thomas's just about tea time. Of course we had to take tea. To have declined would have been a breach of all custom, and of all etiquette. It was a delightful afternoon and as we sat there, some fifteen neighbors, with parties from Baltimore visiting them, drove up, not all at once, but two or three at a time. These also took tea. Now this was real Maryland hospitality, the same as one meets with in Virginia. Their houses are never full, and everybody is welcome. This could not be, had they not a superabundance of servants of all kinds. You can hardly go in any direction that you will not stumble on pickaninnies of all shapes and sizes. There is some one always at hand to hold a horse, to brush the dust off, to bring a glass of water; indeed to do anything needed to be done. The house is full of women, and all out doors is full of men and boys.

In one sense, life is easy with these planters, but in another it is very hard. All these serving people have to be fed, and clothed, and cared for. In many respects they are exceedingly helpless and dependent. In sickness they need constant attention, and at all times they have to be looked after as so many children. The heaviest burdens fall on the mistress of the household. She superintends the making and giving out of clothing,

and of stores of all kinds, and as she is generally at home, wants and complaints of every description come to her for settlement.

This visit of many days convinced me more than ever of the evils of slavery as a social system, and at the same time awakened in me the deepest sympathy for slave-holders. Of one thing I am convinced, if we were placed in their situation we would not do any better, if as well, as they do. I am thankful to the Lord that he appointed me to be born up among the mountains, rocks, and frosts of old Vermont, instead of down amid the smiling scenes of the Sunny South. I would rather visit there than to live and be visited there.

On leaving West River I went to Annapolis, and after spending a few hours in that silent, lonely and finished city, I proceeded to Georgetown, where I spent Sunday, preaching in Christ, and St. John's Churches. The next day I went to Baltimore, dined with Dr. Johns, where I met his brother, Bishop Johns, from whom I received an important proposition with regard to my future work. The same evening I returned to Philadelphia.

It was now July, and the weather was very warm, and I spent the following six or eight weeks in visiting places out of the city. I first went to Troy, where I had promised to preach for my old friend the Rev. Dr. Lounsberry, then rector of St. John's Church. I preached in St. John's, and St Paul's, and attended a five o'clock choral service at the Holy Cross.

I met in Troy the Rev. Dr. Lee, rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, afterwards Bishop of Iowa. We left Troy together, he going to his home in Rochester, and I to visit friends in western New York.

Just before reaching Auburn we came upon three cows feeding upon the track. The engineer blew the

whistle, and two of the cows ran off out of the way. The other persisted in keeping by the track. The engine, tender, baggage, and one other car passed her; but then she gave a bound and came in between the car we were in and the one before it. Our car was thrown off the track, while all the others, before and behind, kept on the track. As the speed of the train was very considerable, the passengers in our car had a lively time. The car did not tip over, but in going rapidly over the ties it bounced us up and down at a fearful rate.

Dr. Lee and myself were pretty well forward, and our seat was immediately under the lamp. It chanced that in our movements up and down my head came in contact with the lamp and broke it to pieces. My stovepipe hat protected me so that I was not cut by the glass, but such an anointing a poor fellow never had. The oil was neither fresh nor sweet, but it was abundant. It streamed down all over my hat and duster. Dr. Lee, who was fully six feet high and weighed more than two hundred pounds, had his fun in striking at one moment the top of the car with his head, and the next, coming down with prodigious force upon the seat. His hat was mashed into every variety of shape, and driven down over his eyes, presenting such a ludicrous appearance that I burst out into a roar of laughter. With that he said to me in a kind of agonized voice, "Dyer, how can you laugh? Don't you know we are going right into eternity?" This speech might have sobered me, but just then I caught sight of a man a little forward of us on the other side of the car. He was alone on the seat. Somehow he had slipped off, and was holding with one hand to the arm of the seat, and with the other to the cushion. As he went up and down his hat tumbled off, his coat tail came over his shoulders, his hair stuck out

every way, his mouth was tight shut, but his teeth were visible from side to side, and his countenance expressed the utmost determination to hold on. I couldn't help saying to Lee, "See that man; see him hold on." It was perfectly irresistible. I had to laugh, no matter where we were going. As soon as the train stopped a little, this man stood up, holding the arm of the seat which had been wrenched off, in one hand, and the cushion which he had pulled off, in the other. Turning to me, still convulsed with laughter, he said, "Didn't I hold on?" By this time Dr. Lee had got his hat off his eyes; and looking at me and seeing my oily condition, and then around the car and taking in the dilapidated state of affairs, he also went off into a fit of laughter.

As soon as the train was stopped, we went out to see where we were, and what was the condition of affairs. We found that our car and one other were badly broken. The rest of the train kept on the track. Nobody was hurt, but a good many were terribly scared. One man, standing at the end of our car outside of the door, supposing there was to be a fearful smash up, gave a random leap, but fortunately he landed flat upon his back in a big mud puddle, and was not hurt at all, except in his feelings. His coat and pantaloons, and my hat and duster were the deeply injured parties.

After a little delay we proceeded on our journey. On reaching Geneva I left the train, and the next morning took the steamer and went twenty miles up the beautiful Seneca Lake to Ovid, a village most pleasantly situated.

In this quiet and beautiful country retreat I spent several days, enjoying the society of friends and a much needed rest.

Among the points of interest visited were Taghanick Falls, and the falls at Lodi. Considering the make of the country, and the fact that the strip of land between the two lakes, the Seneca and the Cayuga, is only about eight miles wide, it is wonderful that there should be two such falls so near together, and one on a stream emptying into the Cayuga lake, the other on a stream emptying into Seneca lake. Both streams are small.

At the Taghanick Falls the water comes over a smooth, shelving rock, and falls without any break two hundred feet. On either side the rocks rise boldly, and almost perpendicularly, to a great height above and below the falls, and the bank being covered by lofty pines whose branches extend nearly across the chasm, the effect to persons standing at the foot of the falls in the ravine, is wonderfully picturesque and impressive. The Lodi Falls are about one hundred and fifty feet high, but not perpendicular. The scenery around them, however, is most attractive.

On leaving this beautiful lake country, I returned to Philadelphia by way of New York, where I spent a day. After reaching Philadelphia I visited West Chester, preached for the Sunday School Union in Mr. Clemson's church, and met quite a number of his people. In September of this year I made another visit to Troy, where a series of services which extended through several days occurred.

Bishop Whittingham, who was at the time performing episcopal services in the diocese, was present. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and hearing him preach and make addresses on several occasions. In all his bearing I found him courteous and kind. Dr. Tyng was also present, and preached and made addresses. On one occasion the throng was so great the church

was not half large enough to contain them. The doctor preached a sermon of surpassing power and eloquence.

I also met and made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Twing, then rector of the church in Lansingburgh, and subsequently the well known secretary of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions. Dr Lee of Rochester was also there. The people were very courteous and hospitable, and I made many valuable acquaintances.

Returning to New York in company with Dr. Tyng, I spent several days in transacting business in connection with my work. Preached in St. George's in the morning of Sunday, went to Brooklyn in the afternoon, heard Dr. Stone for the first time, in Christ Church.

The sermon was simply magnificent. At first, I was attracted, and almost amused by his peculiar manner, but soon forgot all about his manner, and was supremely engrossed by the matter of his sermon. I was introduced to him, and was charmed by his somewhat singular and simple ways. He entered warmly into my work, and arranged for a Sunday when I should preach for him.

It was here that I first met, and made the acquaintance of my life-long friend, Mr. J. A. Perry. At the time Mr. Perry was a vestryman and an active member of Christ Church. Soon after he removed to Bay Ridge, where in after years I spent much time with him in his beautiful home, and surrounded by his charming family.

While in New York I went out to Rahway, N. J., to see my old friend Dr. Peet. I received priest's orders in Dr. Peet's church in Chillicothe, Ohio.

On my way out, about a mile before reaching Rahway, our train was thrown off the track, or as they now say, was derailed. Several cars were badly broken

up, nobody was killed or badly hurt, though my head was nearly snapped off by the sudden stopping of the cars.

I took my satchel and umbrella, and made the rest of the journey on foot.

The New York diocesan convention took place at this time. Great excitement prevailed. It was after the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk. There was a powerful party in favor of his restoration, while another powerful party was opposed to it. The debates were able, and intensely earnest. Sometimes they degenerated into angry personalities. But, under the circumstances, they were as correct and dignified as could have been expected. The excitement was at fever heat, and the ebullitions of passion were rather human than wicked. I heard many able addresses. Perhaps the ablest, certainly the two most telling speeches, were made by Mr. John C. Spencer and Judge William Jay. Mr. Spencer was in bad health, feeble, and voice very husky; but his power of will seemed to overcome every obstacle. The house was so packed, and so many were standing in the aisles, that it was impossible for any considerable number to see the speakers.

In the midst of Mr. Spencer's speech, a voice called out, "Go to the platform that we may see you." Instead of doing this, he first got upon the seat of the pew he occupied, but still not being high enough, with the help of his friends he mounted upon the top of the pew, and in that position concluded his exceedingly able, and at times impassioned address. It was easy to see what a lion was in that sick and suffering body, and also that that lion was thoroughly aroused, and at times lashed almost to fury. The speech evidently produced a great effect.

He was followed by Judge Jay, and the contrast between the two men was most marked, and even wonderful. Judge Jay occupied a position at the head of one of the aisles where he was very well seen by the audience. There he stood, a slender, frail figure, with hair and face as white as the driven snow, his manner grave and dignified; his words were well chosen, and delivered in a calm and earnest voice which commanded the deepest silence. His name, character, and high social position inspired confidence and enlisted the sympathy of the audience. He closed his rather short address in a very telling manner.

Taking up a law book, he deliberately opened it, saying as he did so, "I will now read what the law of our state says with regard to the qualifications exacted from every man and woman, who aspires to be a teacher in one of her public-schools." He then read the law, in slow and measured tones, and closing the book he added, "According to the terms of that law, the man whom you would call back and again place over this diocese as its chief pastor and teacher, could not be appointed as a teacher in the humblest of the schools of our state."

The effect was prodigious. For some time there was not a sound or a movement. The fate of the suspended bishop was settled. All attempts to have him restored were unavailing.

After the close of the convention I went to Providence to meet some engagements there, and in some other places in Rhode Island. At St. Michael's, Bristol, I attended a service which was established by Bishop Griswold, and was called a "prayer meeting." I was much affected by being present at and taking part in this informal service where that great and sainted man so long labored, and where he was so eminently useful.

It seemed like a sacred place, and I was delighted to find that his name and memory were so warmly cherished by the whole community. Here he lived many years, and did a great work both as a pastor and a bishop. Few men have made a deeper mark upon the character and history of our Church than Bishop Griswold. I was not therefore surprised to hear the sainted Bishop Burgess of Maine, say, "I have known no greater character in our history than that of Bishop Griswold, and I make it a constant study, and with ever increasing reverence."

Bishop George Burgess resembled Bishop Griswold in more points than any of our bishops I have known. I visited the old burying ground, and there saw the graves of his first wife, and of his seven children, side by side. On the stone placed at his wife's grave were the words, "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me." There they sleep in sweet repose waiting their summons to the skies.

From Bristol I returned to Philadelphia. The day after reaching Philadelphia I attended the National Education Convention, assembled in that city, which I have already mentioned. I spent a portion of one Sunday with my old friend Dr. Wilmer, at St. Mark's, and we had a most delightful time. One of his oddities occurred during the service. We were sitting in the chancel, and while the organ was playing a prelude he pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. It was carefully folded, and appeared very nice. On opening it he discovered several holes. He then spread it out, and holding it up with his two hands so that its condition could be fully seen, he said, in an undertone to me,

"Dyer, this is rather holy, isn't it?" I thought the same, but said nothing.

Many anecdotes were told me, illustrating his absent-mindedness. I mention one. While the black gown was still in use at St. Mark's, he was officiating on a Sunday morning, and when the time came for changing his robes he went into the robing-room and put on the gown. Something diverted his attention, and he forgot what he was about. The organ played the prelude, the hymn was sung, and no preacher appeared. After waiting some time one of the wardens went into the robing-room, but the doctor was not there. He looked about awhile, and finding nothing, returned into the church and dismissed the congregation. The members of his family, with several others, hastened to his residence, and there they found him sitting quietly in his study, with his gown on, and apparently all unconscious that he had not finished the service. My experience with him while at college prepared me to believe almost anything in the way of eccentricities which might be reported of him, but he was a noble and gifted man.

A somewhat annoying incident occurred about this time. The Rev. Mr. Arnett, a clergyman of our Church, had been employed by the Sunday School Union to assist me in my work. One day a brother clergyman called and invited both of us to dine with him. We accepted, and the day and the hour were agreed upon. At the appointed time Mr Arnett and myself left my office and proceeded to meet our engagement We had to go about three miles On arriving at our friend's house we discovered at once that something was amiss. We were received with great and even repulsive coolness. What it meant we didn't know Soon the ladies appeared, and dinner was announced After we had

been seated a few moments the brother said, "Gentlemen, if you had come yesterday, when you agreed to come, you would have had a much better dinner. As it is, you must be content with what you can get." Of course we were thunderstruck, and responded as quietly as possible, that we deeply regretted the mistake, but that we both understood him alike, and made memoranda accordingly, and hardly knew how to explain the misunderstanding. Without meeting us half way or even part way, he charged the mistake on us. Seeing that any further conversation would not help the matter, and that the ladies were excessively disturbed, I struck off upon other subjects, and did what I could to make matters agreeable.

As soon as it would do, we took our leave and went home. On reaching my office we became certain that the mistake was not ours. Now it so happened that the wife of our friend knew his liability to make mistakes of this kind, and as we did not appear the day before, fearing there might be some mistake, she had an excellent dinner for us; and had her husband said nothing, we should never have suspected that there was any misunderstanding, or that we had suffered any loss in our dinner.

On another occasion I had a still more painful experience with this brother.

I preached for him one Sunday evening. My text was, "By grace are ye saved, through faith," etc. The subject interested me deeply, and I preached earnestly, and to a most attentive congregation. My friend was to give out the concluding hymn, and I was to close with the collect and benediction. Instead of a hymn, he laid off his overcoat and launched forth from the chancel into a most excited harangue against the false teaching

of the sermon. I will not try to depict the scene. It was strangely painful every way. I kept cool, and when he sat down I offered prayer, and for the first, and only time in my life I departed somewhat from the letter of the written collect. The departure was in the line of a little enlargement. The house was very still, and the close under the circumstances was impressively solemn. It had been expected that I would spend the night at this brother's house, but after what had occurred I told him I thought I had better not. He said, with great earnestness, "You must go with me; you must stay at my house; you must do it. If you do not, my wife will be distressed beyond measure. As it is, she will be sick. If you don't go, it will nearly kill her." Knowing how a sensitive woman would feel under such circumstances, I resolved at once to pocket my feelings and go; but I said with much firmness, "There must be no allusion to what has occurred."

The next morning I arose early, and on going into my brother's library I found, on a long table, several commentaries, all opened at the text from which I had preached. I had seen them all before, and understood perfectly what they said. But the incident displayed some of the peculiarities of my friend. I made no allusion to the commentaries, and after breakfast bid him a friendly good morning.

Of course such an affair would be talked about. Many of the brethren called to see me, others wrote; but I kept as quiet as I well could. A few weeks after, Bishop McIlvaine was in the city and preached on Sunday night in St. Andrew's Church. A large number of the clergy were present, I among them, and it so happened that he took up and discussed with his peculiar ability, the nature and office of faith,—the very point in my sermon which

had so disturbed my brother; and he took precisely the view I had endeavored to present. The only difference was, his was the work of a master, while mine was that of a pupil. I quietly told some of the clergy that Bishop McIlvaine had thoroughly endorsed all of my heresy.

In the month of November, 1849, I went again to Boston. It was during this visit that I preached in quite a number of our churches in behalf of the Sunday School Union,—the first time the claims of this society had been presented from the pulpit of any of our churches either in Boston, or Massachusetts, or even in New England, except as I had preached a short time before in two or three churches in Rhode Island. The subject therefore was new to most of our people. On the day I preached in St. Paul's, I learned from a conversation with Dr. Vinton, that during the few preceding weeks the claims of several important objects had been laid before his congregation, and on my expressing surprise that he should ask me to present still another object, he replied that he "desired to have his people made fully acquainted with all good objects, and to this end he wished to have them presented by those who were well acquainted with them." He added, with a good deal of emphasis, "I am not afraid to trust my people with their own money. There is no danger that they will make themselves poor by giving away too much, and especially when they know what they are giving to. I do not believe in the system which prevails in some places of tying up benevolent contributions to certain objects, and excluding all others. No, let the people know what work the Lord is carrying on in all parts of the world, and by all the agencies He employs. And this is the reason why I want you to tell us all about the Sunday School Union."

I was deeply impressed by these broad and comprehensive views, and thought how much wiser and better they were than some others I had heard expressed. On my asking how the offerings were collected, he said, that usually after an object was presented, the members of the congregation were waited on by some one. I suggested that in my case he allow me to say at the close of my sermon, that those who desired to aid the object could send their contributions to their rector, or to me at my lodgings. He laughed at this idea, saying he did not believe I would get much money, for they would hardly take so much trouble. Still, he was willing to have the experiment tried. Well, I preached my sermon, and modestly gave the notice. Immediately Dr. Vinton arose and in a few earnest words expressed his interest, and repeated the notice.

In the afternoon of the same day, I preached in Trinity on the same subject. Bishop Eastburn added his cordial endorsement. Like Dr. Vinton he had small faith that the people would take the trouble to send in contributions.

Now as to the result. Early Monday morning, while Dr. Vinton and his family were at breakfast, who should be announced but Mr. William Appleton, one of Boston's merchant princes. He called to hand in his check. Soon after he was followed by the famous Dr. Warren, with his check. And while still at the table, an envelope was sent in by a widow lady containing one hundred and fifty dollars in bank notes. Then during the morning several hundred dollars were received by the rector, and a considerable amount came to me at my lodgings. Very liberal contributions were also sent in from members of Trinity Church. Both the doctor and the bishop were greatly surprised and pleased at the result. I acted on

the general principle, that if the people were interested, they would gladly take the trouble to express their interest. Not only did I receive most liberal contributions, but many persons called on me to obtain more information, and this led to a more permanent interest in the work. I preached in all our churches in Boston, and in many outside the city.

Thanksgiving occurred while I was there. As it was a New England festival, I took it for granted that it would be generally observed; but to my surprise it was scarcely noticed at all. Some of the churches were open, but the attendance was small.

While in Boston I had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Alonzo Potter deliver his twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute. I thought I had never witnessed anything more perfect in manner and matter than these lectures. The bishop spoke without notes, and made himself perfectly understood by his audience; and he managed to bring each lecture exactly within the hour. It was safe to set one's watch either at the beginning or end of the lecture.

I was greatly amused at one custom which prevailed, and that was, to see the ladies busy with their knitting while the bishop was speaking, but the Yankees are a busy people. If anybody in the world can do two or three things at a time, they can.

It was at this time that all Boston, as well as the whole country, was deeply stirred by the murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster. The high standing and family connections of the parties gave occasion for a most wonderful excitement.

One day I went with my old friend, Professor Stephens, to Concord, where we met the Honorable Samuel Hoar, whom we found a most delightful gentleman of the old

school. We also spent an hour most agreeably with Ralph Waldo Emerson. I was greatly impressed by his easy, winning ways, and amused at his eagerness to learn all he could about western life. Professor Stephens had informed him that I had spent some years in Ohio. I was much pleased with our interview with him.

I improved the opportunities while in Boston of visiting the various public institutions, particularly the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind Asylums, and the School for Idiots, then just started. I also attended public meetings, heard Wendell Phillips several times, Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, and others.

I also heard the wonderful Rufus Choate, in a famous argument in court which lasted for three days. He amazed, amused, and astonished me. It was in the winter. When he commenced, he had his coat buttoned close up to his chin. After speaking awhile, off went one coat; and then he drove ahead for half an hour, and off went another coat. Then, still more earnestly he went on; then he unbuttoned another coat,—but this being the last he kept it on. But such a display of eloquence, wit, and power, I never heard before. He gained his case; but, as I thought, by leading the jury off on such a wild-goose chase that they didn't know where they were.

I enjoyed the hospitalities of many friends in and around Boston, particularly of Bishop Eastburn, Dr. Vinton, Mrs. Gardiner Greene, her son Copley Greene, Mr. James Amory, and others.

On one occasion I had the pleasure and the amusement of hearing Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lecture before the students of the Medical Department of Harvard. Dr. Holmes is a small, and slightly built man, with a pierc-

ing eye, and a head of remarkable length. He had a boyish look, though he must have been about forty. His subject was *Food and Digestion*; and he handled it with a skill and wit which kept the students in a roar of laughter, and as for the outside audience, which consisted of myself, it was fairly beside itself, and nearly tumbled off its seat.

On the 6th of February, 1850, I was united in marriage with Miss Cornelia C. Joy. The ceremony was performed in Trinity Church, Geneva, by the Rev. Wm. H. A. Bissell, D.D., rector of the parish, afterwards Bishop of Vermont. Soon after our marriage we left for Philadelphia. Remaining in Philadelphia a short time, we went to Washington, where I had engagements to preach.

While in Washington, we made many pleasant acquaintances, and heard most of the distinguished statesmen and orators in both Houses of Congress, as well as in the Supreme Court, among them Webster, Clay, Berrian, Butler, Bell, Benton, Foote, Calhoun, Colonel Baker, Preston King, Wilmot, and others.

I was particularly interested in hearing in the Supreme Court my old friend, Edwin M. Stanton, in the somewhat famous Wheeling Bridge case. As the case was one involving very grave constitutional questions, there was a great array of legal talent. I noticed Mr. Webster, Henry Stansbury, Reverdy Johnson, and others. The court-room was crowded, and all the judges were present.

Altogether, it was rather an august assembly before which the comparatively young advocate had to make his argument. Mr. Stanton had a slight lisp, but not enough to detract in the least from the effectiveness of his speaking. He was dignified in manner, and very forcible in his delivery. He would hardly be called an

orator, but he was listened to with great interest by the court and by the lawyers. Mr. Webster sat somewhat in front of him, with his great black eyes gazing steadily at him. On the whole, Mr. Stanton acquitted himself with great credit, and was successful in gaining the case.

After fulfilling my engagements we returned to Philadelphia, where I was constantly engaged in preaching, lecturing, making addresses, and conducting a somewhat extensive correspondence. At the Mediator, where I had had a temporary charge, I presented a class of nineteen to Bishop Potter for confirmation.

In May, 1850, the Rev. Albert Barnes preached the annual sermon before the American Sunday School Union. It was an able, chaste, and effective discourse. During the week following the anniversary of the society took place. The audience was immense. The address of the president, Judge McLean, was brief and excellent. Dr. Park, president of Dickinson College made the second address. The address was good enough, but totally unsuited to such an audience and such an occasion. How often professors make this mistake. The Rev. Dr. Dowling followed in a very racy and taking speech, and then in conclusion, Dr. Bethune, a prince among platform speakers, made a very impressive and appropriate address.

Having heard and read much about the Virginia conventions, and being invited to attend the one to be held in May of this year, I made arrangements to go. Accordingly, I proceeded to Alexandria, and was invited to be the guest of Dr. Williams, a physician of the place, in whose charming family I spent several days. On the day the convention opened, the first service was at six o'clock in the morning. Christ Church was full. The

services were informal. Prayers were offered, usually extempore, by different clergymen, portions of Scripture were read and expounded, hymns were sung, addresses made, very brief, yet very pointed; the whole service lasted a little over an hour. One of the bishops or of the older clergy presided, and closed with a collect and benediction.

These early services were held each morning during the convention, and the interest seemed to increase at each meeting. Breakfast followed this service, and was about as informal as it well could be. Every one was at liberty to go where he pleased for breakfast, or take any friend or friends to the family where he might be stopping. There was a perfectly free access to the tables of all the families entertaining guests, and Alexandria was full and running over with visitors. As the convention is the great religious festival of the diocese, people from all parts of the state flock to it, and everybody expects to be entertained.

At nine o'clock the convention assembled for business. It was most encouraging to see that there was a full representation of the laity, among whom were many of the leading men of the state. After the opening services the two bishops, Bishop Meade and Bishop Johns, made their episcopal reports or addresses. Then followed the business of the convention in its order until eleven o'clock, when a recess took place, and the regular morning service and sermon were had in both churches, Christ and St. Paul's; then business again till about two o'clock, which was the dining hour. The dinner was as informal as the breakfast, every one going where he pleased. There was then an afternoon service of the convention for business. The evenings were devoted to public meetings for

various objects, where addresses were delivered by both clergymen and laymen.

At this particular convention, an important canon touching discipline was to be acted on, and much interest was felt. The discussions were very full and able, often intensely earnest and eloquent. It was my privilege to hear some of the foremost men of the state, and I was greatly impressed by the ability displayed, and the good temper and Christian bearing of all parties.

At the early service on Sunday morning Christ Church was thronged. Bishop Johns presided, and administered confirmation to a large class. At eleven, Whitsun-day services were held in both churches, sermons were preached, and the Holy Communion was administered.

On Sunday evening the services were brought to a close, and were of a most impressive character. Both bishops made addresses, Bishop Johns first. His was most appropriate and effective. Then came a hymn, sung with great volume of voice and deep feeling. After the hymn Bishop Meade arose, and instantly the great audience was hushed to the profoundest silence. His address was simple and tender. Near its close the whole body of the clergy arose, and stood while he addressed a few words to them of parting counsel and encouragement. Soon not only the clergy but all the people were in tears. When he closed, and pronounced the benediction, the audience sang with great spirit and effect Bishop Moore's favorite hymn, "The voice of free grace."

Long was it before the clergy and the people would leave the church. Their parting words to one another were many, and full of sympathy. Such was a "Virginia Convention" as I saw it; and I no longer wondered at

the enthusiastic love and veneration for this sacred institution. But how unlike most diocesan conventions!

From the convention I went to the seminary, and then with the Rev. Mr. Adie to his parish at Leesburgh, where I spent a Sunday and preached twice. Leesburgh is an old Virginia town, and well situated in a fine agricultural district, but as unlike a New England village of similar size as possible.

On the way from Alexandria to Leesburgh we passed through what was called "The Yankee settlement." This is a district occupied entirely by a colony of New Englanders. Their farms are small, from fifty to one hundred acres, occupied and worked by the owners. They had no slaves, but did their own work. Here everything indicated thrift, tidiness, prosperity, and progress. It needed only a glance to see where their settlement commenced and where it ended. Such a sharp contrast between the results of free and slave labor could not but attract much attention.

On leaving Leesburgh I went to Washington, where I spent a day or two in attending upon the sessions of Congress, listening to some of the famous men of the day, and meeting some old friends.

At the funeral of Senator Ellmore of South Carolina, I had a good view of the plain old General Taylor, then the President, and of his Cabinet. I found it difficult to keep my thoughts anywhere near the funeral, for they would run off to Mexico, where old "Zack" as the general was familiarly called, so distinguished himself, and where he made so much fame that the Whigs caught him up and made him the "available," as well as successful candidate of their party. Had the Democrats been a little brighter and quicker, they might just as well have had him as the Whigs, for I don't believe

he cared a copper as to the differences between the two parties.

From Washington Mrs. Dyer and myself made a brief trip to Annapolis. I had previously visited this finished place, but Mrs. Dyer had never been there, and her curiosity could not be satisfied till she had seen the identical spot where General Washington resigned his commission, and became once more a private citizen; and so we made the pilgrimage, and having surveyed that spot from every point of view till we were twice satisfied, we were rather glad to return again to the world of the living and breathing.

And now that I am far enough off to be out of danger, I cannot but express my wonder that the great and prosperous State of Maryland should so tenaciously, and so long, hold on to the tail end of an historical tradition, and keep its seat of government among a few dead relics. What a place for a live government to meet in! Why not go to some churchyard?

From Annapolis we made a journey through Virginia. I preached in many places in behalf of the Sunday School Union, and received much hospitality, which I shall not soon forget.

Among other places, we visited good Bishop Meade at his charming country home, "Mountain View," a farm containing about three hundred acres, beautifully situated, where he spent as much time as he could spare from his arduous duties.

The Fourth of July found us in New York, from which we were glad to escape for a short time to West Point. On leaving there it was necessary to take a small row-boat across the Hudson. After taking our places in the boat the gigantic figure of General Scott appeared. He was bound for the city in the same train as ourselves,

and hurried to our boat. As he stepped in, nearly sinking it with his great weight, there were shrieks from the ladies, but he calmly took his seat and quietly remarked,—"Plenty of fear, but very little danger!" With this assurance things quieted down, and we soon reached the station in safety, and in time.

The same day we went to Newtown, Connecticut, where we were to spend the Sunday and I was to preach.

At that time Newtown was one of the largest and best parishes in the diocese. Dr. Burhans was long its rector; others followed him. Upon becoming vacant the vestry applied to Dr. Potter to recommend some one to them. He very kindly gave them my name, and said what he had to say about me. All this without my knowledge. In due time I received their call to the rectorship, which I acknowledged without delay, neither accepting nor declining, but saying that I was about making a journey into New England and would spend a Sunday with them. The time was accordingly arranged to suit my convenience.

I found a small village, delightfully situated, and commanding extensive views. The church was large, after the style of the congregational meeting house, painted in clear white, with two rows of windows and with a tall spire; thoroughly orthodox in all these respects. Sunday came, a bright and beautiful summer's day, such as New England alone could produce. It being the only church in the place, nearly everybody attended it. As the hour of service approached, it was most interesting to watch the vehicles of every description, and also the people on horseback, and the companies of those walking, men, and women, and children, all making their way to the church. The extensive

sheds around the church afforded ample accommodation for both horses and vehicles.

At the proper time I was escorted to the vestry room. Now this was a simple adjunct to the main building. From it one door opened into the chancel, where the reading desk was, and up a steep flight of steps another door opened directly into the pulpit, which was perched high up over the reading desk, a regular two decker. I put on the surplice and went into the reading desk. The church was full in every part, galleries and all.

At the close of the prayer I returned to the vestry room and put on the black gown, and then ascended the steep, high, and unprotected stairs to the door leading into the pulpit. As this opened outward, I came near tumbling down the stairs before I could get in. In due time I stepped on the little, narrow, and very shaky platform and announced my text, in the meantime holding fast to the edge of the pulpit to keep myself steady.

Everything went on very well, until, warming up with my subject, I incautiously let go my hold on the sides of the pulpit, and began to use my arms and hands pretty freely, when lo, in one of my paroxysms of earnestness I let fly a gesture with both hands; and just when both arms were in the air the under-pinning gave way, the miserable platform overturned, and away I went backwards against the door leading down the steep stairs, which instantly flew open, and I expected to land on my head six or eight feet below; but I threw out both arms, and as the door was narrow, I saved myself from falling, and recovering myself I stepped forward and resumed my discourse. I was not preaching a written sermon, consequently it required something of an effort to gather up my thoughts and go on as though nothing had happened. The people kept per-

fectly quiet, and I was told afterwards that most of them knew nothing of what had really occurred.

I preached again in the afternoon to a very full and attentive audience. After the second service the vestry and others stopped to talk with me. They seemed to be anxious that I should accept their call, and gave me all necessary information about the parish. It had more communicants than any other parish in the state, and many other attractions for a man with a family.

I promised to give them an answer very soon, which I did, by declining the call. And why did I decline? For years all my longings and tastes had been for a parochial life and parochial work. While in Ohio one or two propositions for a parochial settlement came to me. My bishop, Dr. Sparrow, and others advised me not to accept, as I would not thereby increase my usefulness. While in Pittsburgh, two offers of a similar kind came, and my friends, as well as myself, thought I had better decline them. But now a large rural parish, with a support far better than what I was receiving, gave me a call, and still I felt constrained to decline; and why? Among the reasons I will name one or two.

I had been in the service of the Sunday School Union almost a year and a half. The problem had been solved as to the interest large numbers in our Church felt in the work of the society. Many of our bishops and leading clergy had received me and the cause I was advocating, most warmly, and earnestly urged me to continue in its service. I was then on my way to meet Bishop Burgess of Maine and his clergy, in Portland, with reference to the work of the society; and this at the bishop's request, so that I did not think it was a

case where I could consult my own preference, and therefore declined.

The next day we resumed our journey up through the beautiful scenery of the Housatonic. As we reached Springfield we were shocked and saddened by the news of President Taylor's death. After four months of worry and vexation he laid down his great office, and closed his earthly career. At Portland I met Bishop Burgess and his clergy, and addressed them with reference to the mission work of the Sunday School Union. The bishop and others followed with remarks.

One Sunday I preached for the Bishop, and in the afternoon drove to Augusta, where I preached for his brother, the rector of the church. Since then he has been made the Bishop of Quincy, in Illinois. After service he returned with me to Gardiner, where we spent an exceedingly pleasant evening with the bishop. My intercourse with Bishop Burgess inspired me with the profoundest respect for his character and worth as a man, and as a Christian bishop. My visit to Maine will always remain a pleasant memory.

September 17, 1850, was a red-letter day in my calendar, for on the evening of this day I went, with seven thousand others, to hear Jenny Lind; and now, after more than thirty years, it makes the blood tingle through all my veins from head to foot to think of it.

But let me tell my story in a few words. And first, the shape and size of the audience room at Castle Garden, in New York, are such as to thoroughly accommodate, and make a large audience appear at the best advantage. It is something of an amphitheater, and the stage is so situated as to command a full view of every part of the house, and to be easily seen by every one in the audience. The orchestra on this occasion was

very large, and, under Julius Benedict as conductor, was in admirable condition.

I was not able to secure a seat, but obtained standing room in a capital position. The house rapidly filled up in every part, until there was not a vacant seat to be seen. And such an audience! The élite of the city were there; fashion and wealth were fully represented; and so were culture and refinement. Judges, merchants, lawyers, clergymen, and doctors abounded; and so did mechanics, artizans, and laborers of every calling and kind. There were no distinctions made. Grave judges, dry-goods clerks, millionaires and day laborers, sat in close proximity to each other. In fine, every one who was so fortunate as to obtain a ticket had his own seat, and there he sat, the peer of all his neighbors. Even Genin the hatter, who paid an enormous price for the first choice of a seat, had, after all, no better position than thousands of others. Thanks to the architect, one seat throughout the whole house was about as good as another.

Notwithstanding the greatness and variety of the crowd, all were respectably dressed. There was nothing vulgar. Everything indicated that the great assembly had been drawn together to see and hear a modest, refined, noble, Christian woman sing; not act, but sing.

As I looked around and quietly surveyed the vast audience, and saw in the countenances of all so much intelligence and refinement, I confess I felt a glow of pride that I belonged to a country which could furnish such a sight. Indeed, it was about all I could do to keep still and not express my delight. I had to content myself with the feeling that in no other country on the globe could it be possible to present such a spectacle. But I must proceed.

The orchestra deserves some notice. It was composed of picked performers, and was under Julius Benedict, a distinguished composer and conductor of England. Great care had been taken in training it for this special service in connection with the great and matchless songstress of the world. The conductor had acquired a high reputation in Europe and there was much curiosity and a deep interest in this country to see him and hear his orchestra. It was a severe ordeal. He was in a strange land among strangers. The excitement was great. A vast throng was present to hear the famous singer and it was expected that every thing else would be in perfect keeping and equal to the occasion. These expectations were fully realized. All were more than satisfied.

In due time the orchestra was silent, and all was quiet. Just then the doors opened, and the long desired and anxiously looked for Jenny Lind appeared and was presented to the audience. For a few moments all was hushed to a perfect and almost painful silence.

There was a long, steady gaze, and then an indescribable scene followed. The audience sprang to their feet, not a few mounted to their seats; hats, and handkerchiefs, and fans, and programmes were swung and flourished in every direction; hands were clapped, feet were stamped, canes pounded, and every throat and mouth sent forth thunders of applause.

During this ordeal, the "observed of all observers" stood, and modestly courtesied her acknowledgements. For fifteen minutes and more this scene continued. Finally the people sat down, and all was quiet.

Now as to what followed,—the singing. I shall not try to speak of it; let critics do that. I know that it more than met even the most extravagant expectations which

had been formed. As to myself, I couldn't tell whether I was in the body or out of the body, and what was more, I didn't care. I never experienced any such emotions before, and I never expect to experience them again in this world. I was glad and thankful that I had been permitted to hear this matchless singer, and the effect and memory of it have been a life-long pleasure. If such things can be in this world, what may there not be in the world above!

Having taken so much space in describing this event, I must pass rapidly over many things which occurred about the same time.

I preached in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. As I have already said, I was not in the habit of having collections, much preferring that the people should give, or not, just as they felt. On this occasion a large amount was sent in; some contributed fifty dollars, some a hundred, and some a hundred and fifty.

After service I dined with one of the vestry of the church. At the dinner there was a member of Trinity Church, and he expressed much interest in what he had heard, asking me if I would not preach the same sermon in Trinity Church. Our host said it was not probable that the rector of Trinity would be likely to approve of the object. At this our friend seemed surprised, and asked a good many questions. He finally said, "Well, I was much interested, and I think our people would be; at any rate I wish to contribute to the object," and with that he handed to the host a handsome sum in bills.

It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, daughters of Chief Justice John Jay, and sisters of Judge William Jay, and of Peter Augustus Jay, the distinguished lawyers. They kindly

asked me to take tea with them the Sunday I preached in St. Bartholomew's, which was their church. They were much interested in the Sunday school work, and asked many questions. As I arose to leave, Miss Jay said, "Will you please stop a moment? I would like to add a little to what I have already given." With this Mrs. Banyer said, "I must do the same," and withdrew. In a few moments they returned and handed me an envelope. On reaching my room I found in the envelope one hundred dollars, making in all four hundred dollars which I received that day from these two individuals.

I preached during this visit in several of the city churches, and with most encouraging results so far as contributions were concerned.

Early in January, 1851, I left Philadelphia for Richmond, in Virginia, stopping on the way at the Virginia Seminary, and Fredericksburgh, and making addresses in behalf of my work.

I remained in Richmond three weeks. While there I had the opportunity of attending the sessions of the Legislature and of the convention for the revision of the constitution of the state. In the former, nothing of special interest occurred except the election of a United States senator. What surprised me most was the presence and activity of the candidates. It somewhat shocked my sense of modesty and self-respect to see men making themselves so busy in trying to secure their own election. I thought it was making themselves rather cheap, but then I had been brought up on quite a different idea, and that was, that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

In the convention I had the pleasure of hearing some of the notable men of Virginia, among them Henry A. Wise, John M. Botts, Hugh Sheffey, John Janney, Mr.

Summer, and others. Mr. Wise was very brilliant, a natural orator, not always able or sound, but always interesting. Mr. Botts was the abler man. His downright, sledge-hammer way of presenting his ideas carried great force with it. When thoroughly aroused, he rammed one hand down to the bottom of his breeches pocket, while the other went up and down like a pump handle; but the pumping brought forth a volume of earnest thoughts, and clothed with burning words. He was more than a match for any one I heard, in solid, hard sense.

From Richmond, where my labors had been quite successful, I went by steamer down the James River to Norfolk.

As this was my first visit to this part of the state, I was much interested in seeing the places and objects about which I had so often read; but there was much to sadden me. Along the river, on either side, there were continual indications of dilapidation and decay. The old baronial estate once the pride and glory of Virginia, appeared neglected. Jamestown, once of so much historical interest, was in a state of ruins. A remnant of the old church remained, and a few scattered houses.

I was most kindly received by the clergy in Norfolk, and arrangements had been made for me to preach in all the churches and address the Sunday schools. I met the following clergy, Messrs. Jackson, Cummins, Chisholm, and Smith, and was most kindly treated and entertained. While there I made the acquaintance of Captain Saunders, of the United States Ship Pennsylvania, the largest ship in this country, and one of the largest in the world. He kindly sent his boat and took Mr. Cummins and myself to visit his ship. It was a model of neatness and order.

As I went about in Norfolk I could not but feel that it ought to have been the great commercial metropolis of this western world. With the James River emptying there, with a harbor unequaled both as to size and location, and with a climate and surrounding country far superior to New York or Boston, it certainly had the advantage of these, and of all other cities in the east. But slavery stood in the way.

On leaving Norfolk I returned to Richmond by steamer. There were but few passengers, among them, Ex-President John Tyler. Mr. Tyler was very affable and sociable. We soon found ourselves in full conversation upon the various topics of the day, and particularly the condition and prospects of Virginia. He kindly pointed out the various places of interest as we passed along. At several points we came across immense flocks of wild ducks on their feeding grounds. There were thousands upon thousands, literally covering many acres.

From Richmond I proceeded to Washington, taking the little steamer at Acquia Creek. We encountered a fearful storm of wind on the Potomac. For a time it seemed as though we should certainly be wrecked. I met Bishop Meade on the steamer, but we were too busy in trying to keep ourselves somewhere, to have much conversation.

I stopped one day in Washington, and was fortunate in hearing Mr. Clay, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Chase, Mr. Hale and others.

On reaching Philadelphia I was constantly employed in preaching, making addresses, and in correspondence. Attended a meeting at St. Andrew's Church, called by Bishop Potter, to consider and take action with reference to establishing an Episcopal hospital, somewhat

upon the plan of St. Luke's, in New York. There was a very large attendance of the clergy and the laity. Nothing of very special interest occurred, except a rather spirited debate as to the policy which should be adopted in the administration of the hospital. Doctors Howe, Ducachet, and Coleman, and Mr. G. M. Wharton were in favor of making it an exclusively Episcopal institution, in name, teaching, and administration. While others advocated making it an Episcopal hospital under Episcopal administration; but opening its doors to all who should apply, and allowing clergymen of all denominations to visit any of their members who might be patients there. The discussion waxed rather warm, and there was considerable sparring and sharp-shooting. Bishop Potter strongly advocated the more liberal view, the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, in a burst of indignation, declared that if the exclusive view should prevail, an aroused public opinion would so bombard and thunder at their doors, that for self-protection they would hasten to open them. The more liberal policy prevailed by a large majority.

Toward the last of May I visited Staunton, in Virginia, to attend their diocesan convention and meet several engagements which I had previously made. Having already spoken of the convention in Alexandria, I need not stop to dwell upon this in detail. Some incidents connected with this journey may be of interest.

From Winchester to Staunton, about eighty miles I think, we traveled by omnibus over a good turnpike road. We had a pleasant company, among them the Rev. Mr. Cook, Secretary of the Foreign Committee, and his wife, and seldom have I enjoyed a ride more. The weather was delightful, and the country beautiful.

While in Staunton, I was the guest of my old Kenyon

friend, the Rev. R. H. Phillips, in charge of the Virginia Female Seminary. I took this opportunity of visiting the celebrated Weyer's Cave, some seventeen miles from Staunton. It is a wonderful affair extending several miles underground, with its vast rooms and extensive hall, and its innumerable stalactites and stalagmites of every form and description. Our guides had the means of lighting up these rooms and halls, and nothing more brilliant or gorgeous could be imagined. It was a perfect fairy scene. We spent several hours amid these subterranean scenes, and were more than enchanted. Were there any convenient mode of reaching this place thousands of people would visit it annually. As it is, only a few know anything about it.

After the convention I left in the stage coach for Lexington, the seat of the Virginia Military Institute, and of Washington College.

The next day a company of us went out some distance to see the famous Natural Bridge, of which Mr. Jefferson in his *Notes on Virginia* gives such a glowing account. It certainly met our expectations as a grand and imposing affair.

From Lexington I wished to cross over the mountains to Lynchburgh. As there was no public conveyance, I had to improve any opportunity that offered. Fortunately, I came across a tinner who was going with some of his wares to Lynchburg, and immediately arranged with him to take me.

We started, and made our way as fast as we could, till we came to a place where it was necessary to cross the James River. As there was no bridge we had to ford it, but a previous heavy rain had raised it a good deal, and it looked as though we might be carried down stream or be wrecked among the boulders. But after

making the best examination we could, we concluded to make the venture. I prepared myself for any emergency by taking my bag and umbrella in hand, and keeping myself free to jump out, or stay in, as might be best. The old horse was steady, but he was not at all used to such performances, and must needs snort and frisk about a good deal. The bottom of the river was full of large stones, which interfered sadly with our progress, and came near upsetting us several times; but by dint of a good deal of coaxing and vociferating and an occasional switching, we succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, thankful that we had escaped so many perils seen and unseen. I can't say we passed over dry shod, for the water filled the wagon several times, and drove me to the highest part of our seat; but we were safely across, and that was enough.

After crossing the river we drove over a rough road, and through scenery both beautiful and grand.

Quite late in the afternoon we came to the foot of Tobacco Mountain, on the top of which we were to spend the night. The ascent was steep and toilsome. My friend and I got out of the wagon and walked. It was a pleasant evening, and we enjoyed every moment immensely. After an hour or more we reached the summit, but the shadows of the evening had fallen, and shut out the views, so that we lost no time in making our horse and ourselves as comfortable as the limited accommodations of the little bit of an inn would allow. We saw that the horse was well cared for, and then partook of the plain meal which was prepared for ourselves.

I was up betimes in the morning, and was soon out of the house, gazing with wonder and delight upon one of the finest views I ever saw. To the east was lower Vir-

ginia, stretching out interminably, with the James River winding its way among hills and through valleys towards the great ocean. To the north was the Blue Ridge chain of mountains. To the south and southwest were the Otter Peaks. A scene more beautiful, sublime, or enchanting could not be imagined. One look from the top of this mountain more than paid for all the trouble, labors, and perils we had encountered. We remained enjoying this upper air, and these glorious prospects as long as we could.

After breakfast we left for Lynchburgh, reaching there before noon. Here I was to preach for another old Kenyon friend, the Rev. Mr. Kinckle, the rector of the parish.

Lynchburgh is a prosperous town of several thousand inhabitants, and is located in the midst of the best tobacco-growing district in the state.

On Sunday I preached, and addressed the Sunday school. Met the Rev. Mr. Hansom. Removed my lodgings from the poor hotel to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Blackford. Mr. Blackford was formerly our minister to Bogota. Mrs. Blackford was a Miss Minor, sister of Lancelot Minor, my classmate at college, and afterwards a missionary to Africa.

I spent a day in visiting some of the larger tobacco factories, and saw the process of canning it and preparing it for market. The work is performed entirely by negroes. It is quite interesting to see them at their work. There are from twenty to thirty in a room, all under one leader or head man. As they work they sing hymns, and sometimes songs, yet nearly everything they sing is of a religious character.

I received many kindnesses from Mr. Blackford and his family.

On leaving Lynchburgh I went by canal to Scottsville,

and then took the stage for Charlottesville. The stage carried the mail, and as we passed through the different neighborhoods the driver left the letters and papers for each place in boxes nailed on the trees by the roadside.

I spent a day very pleasantly with my friends, also Kenyonites, Prof. Minor and Dr. Davis, now professors in the Virginia University. We visited the college buildings, the library and lecture-rooms, and then rode to Monticello, a dilapidated and desolate place. Visited the tomb of Mr. Jefferson and his family, now in ruins, and went away with feelings of disgust and sadness; disgust, at the shameful neglect everywhere apparent, and sadness, that the author of the immortal Declaration of Independence could be so soon forgotten.

I took tea and spent the evening with the Rev. Mr. Meade, rector of the parish and son of Bishop Meade. From Charlottesville I went by rail to Hanover, where I was to spend a few days and preach for the Rev. Mr. Bowers.

Mr. Bowers took me to see some of the families of his parish, among them the Rev. Mr. Cook. Here we dined and spent the night. I met Mr. Cook and his lovely daughters at Staunton, and came with them in the stage from Staunton to Lexington.

On Sunday I preached for Mr. Bowers. A good congregation. After church rode to Mr. Nelson's, where I dined, and spent the night.

The next day we drove to Mr. Phil Nelson's, where we dined. After dinner we went to Rug Swamp, the residence of Mr. and Miss Page, where we spent the night.

Went in the morning to Miss Page's school, kept one day in the week. Here we found sixty children and forty adults. Made an address. Much pleased with the neatness and good order of the scholars. They walk

from one to six miles to attend the school. Returned tc Mr. Page's to dinner. Met quite a large number of their neighbors. After dinner drove twelve miles to Col Fontaine's, where we spent the night.

The next day we drove to Mr. Lucius Minor's, another old Kenyon friend; thence to Mr. Cook's, where we dined; thence to Lieut. Nolan's, and then back to Mr. Bowers' house, whose guest I was, though for most of the time we were both the guests of his parishioners.

I was very glad to see Miss Ann Rose Page, whose acquaintance I had previously made at her own home. She has a modest place, with perhaps a dozen or more slaves, whom she watches over with the greatest care, and makes herself very useful in the parish. I met Mrs. Pendleton, her sister. "The Slashes," the birthplace of Henry Clay, is close by Mr. Bowers'. I do not know when or where I have ever made a visit so full of interest as this week spent on the plantations and among the old families of Virginia.

On my way home I preached and made addresses in Christ Church and St. Paul's, Alexandria, and also in the chapel at the seminary.

On returning to Philadelphia a proposition was made to me to go to Iowa, and take charge of an important work recently commenced by the Missionary Association for the West. The proposition was an important one, as well as very flattering in its character. I gave to it such consideration as I thought it deserved but declined it.

For two years I had been engaged in my present work, and as it had prospered far beyond what had been anticipated, I felt I could be more useful where I was than by making a change. I neither consulted my preferences nor my ambition in making my decision.

From Philadelphia I proceeded to New York to attend the annual meeting of the Board of Missions. The attendance was discouragingly small, and the spirit of the meetings and debates were so unlike what I had witnessed at the meeting of the American Board, that I felt greatly disheartened. The only debate of any consequence was that upon instructing the Foreign Committee to remove the Constantinople Mission. Bishops Doane, Whittingham, Henshaw, De Lancey, and Alonzo Potter, also Drs. Alexander Vinton, Edward A. Newton, and Judge Huntington, took part in the debate. Much ability, skill, tact, and ingenuity were displayed, but nothing was said or done to enkindle a missionary spirit. I was much interested in listening to such men, but my heart was not touched.

While in the city I attended the commencement of the General Theological Seminary. Bishop Hopkins preached the sermon. Professor Haight expressed his perfect confidence in the soundness of the able prelate's teaching, by sleeping quietly through it all. There were but few graduates and the attendance was small.

At a late hour there was an interesting service in the chapel. The occasion was the presentation to the seminary of the portraits of Professors Wilson and Moore. The address of Professor Turner was exceptionally good.

From New York I went to Providence, Bristol, Newport, Westerly, Warren, Stonington, New London, Norwich, Hartford, Bridgeport, and Southport. Met in my journey some notable characters, among them Charles Sumner, Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Gallaudet, and a company of "Bloomers."

I spent the Fourth of July and celebrated Independence Day in Southport, with my friend Doctor Cornwall. He had his Sunday school out in a pretty grove. After

divers singings, speeches, showers, and much eating, the exercises were brought to a close.

After fulfilling many engagements, I joined my family, and we went to Niagara Falls.

At the Falls we were very busy in visiting the various points and objects of interest, and it was wonderful how many places and things the guides had for one to see, and that every additional place and object was worth just a quarter. One fellow was in a kind of ecstacy of interest in showing us the place where a young lady fell off the rocks and killed herself. He undertook to show us the exact spot, and precisely how the accident occurred. When this was done he insisted upon having his quarter. I laughed at him, telling him he had but half done his work, and when he had finished it I would pay him.

"But this is all."

"Not so," I said. "You must not only catch the bush she caught hold of, but you must tumble off the precipice, just as she did." This rather stumped him, and we parted company.

About the middle of August I started for Newport, where I was to preach. I stopped at the Atlantic. The next morning, after preaching, I met a lady and her daughter at the breakfast table. These ladies sat opposite me at the table. Soon after I had taken my seat they arose, and as they were leaving, the mother handed me a roll of bills, saying as she did so, "We had the pleasure of hearing your sermon yesterday, and were much interested, and desire to make a contribution to the object presented." With that, she and her daughter bowed and withdrew. Who they were I never knew. For the moment I was so much flustered and embarrassed that I could do little else than blush all over, and stammer out something like a "Thank you." I felt, and looked

very awkward. Oh, for more brass! What a help it is at times! But I never had it, and, consequently, the world will never know how many bright and good things I would have said and done, if only I had more of this commodity.

From Newport I made a flying visit to Taunton, Brookline, and Boston, fulfilling several engagements previously made.

Leaving Boston I returned to New York, where I spent some time in meeting engagements in the neighborhood of the city. While there I spent a day with my old friend, Doctor Carpenter Smith. We took a little sail boat and went down Flushing Bay for some fishing; but catching a great deal more wind than fish, we were glad enough to make our way back as fast as possible.

As the time for holding the diocesan convention of New York was near at hand, and a provisional bishop was to be elected, there was much interest and not a little excitement.

A caucus of the Low Church party was held, which I attended. A moderate spirit prevailed. Governor Bradish presided; the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church, was selected as their candidate, though there was a strong feeling in favor of nominating Dr. Alexander Vinton.

When the convention assembled, there was a very large attendance; some seven or eight hundred of the clergy and laity were present; a very imposing body. The Rev. Dr. Creighton presided.

On the second day, at twelve o'clock, the balloting for bishop commenced. Doctor Francis Vinton and Doctor Taylor were the two candidates. On counting the votes it was found that no election had been made. Doctor Vinton had the larger number, but Doctor Taylor received a surprisingly large vote, so large that the more

moderate party was greatly encouraged. The smallness of Doctor Vinton's vote was equally a surprise. The scattering votes were very numerous.

The friends of Doctor Taylor now turned their attention to Doctor Wainwright. They had measured their strength with the other leading party, and were much encouraged.

Another ballot was had; the result was, a decided gain for the moderates. Then there was another ballot. Doctor Wainwright had a decided majority of the laity, and a larger vote of the clergy than Doctor Vinton, but not a majority of the whole.

It was now midnight, and a motion to adjourn was carried.

The next morning the supporters of Doctor Vinton dropped his name, and took up Doctor Creighton. After several ballots Doctor Creighton was elected. A few extreme men were disappointed, but the great body of the clergy and laity were well satisfied, for all who knew Doctor Creighton had the highest respect for him.

This election brought to a close for the time being, a long and bitter controversy, and secured a better state of feeling throughout the diocese.

After the convention I was for a considerable time actively engaged in prosecuting my work in and around New York. I attended several conferences which were held in the interests of evangelical religion. The subject of missions, of seminaries, colleges, schools, and periodicals was taken up and discussed.

On returning to Philadelphia I was invited to attend a series of rather important meetings to be held at West Chester, in Pennsylvania. These meetings were called in the interest of missionary work and Christian education.

While in West Chester I was the guest of Dr. Darlington and his accomplished daughter. Dr. Darlington had become well known as a botanist, and as well versed in many departments of natural science. I found him a most intelligent Christian gentleman, and enjoyed my stay with him very much.

Soon after this I spent several days with the Misses Rutherford at Green Ridge. There I met Bishop Doane, Dr. C. S. Henry, Dr. Southard and others. I also made the acquaintance of Mr. George Bird and his charming family. Mr. Bird was the proprietor of large woolen and cotton mills. I met Mr. Arthur Tappan, the famous silk merchant, so well known as a leading abolitionist, and was surprised to find that he had become a regular attendant of the Episcopal Church.

At this time we made the acquaintance of Baron Von Ottlingen and his brother. They were from Livonia, Russia. As they brought letters from Mrs. Dyer's brother, Professor Joy, then in Europe, we took much pleasure in showing them such attention as we could. We found them very intelligent, and deeply interested in everything connected with our people and country.

In their own country they owned several large estates, on which there were many villages of serfs, which in a sense belonged to the land on which they lived, and were bought and sold with the land.

While taking them about the city, visiting the schools and the institutions, I improved the opportunity in obtaining from them as much information as I could about the manners, customs, and institutions in Russia. We found them exceedingly agreeable and pleasant gentlemen.

About this time quite a commotion was stirred up by the visit of Louis Kossuth. His reception in Philadelphia

was most enthusiastic. Immense crowds flocked to see the man who had so distinguished himself by his patriotic labors in behalf of Hungary, his native country. The wrath of our people had been kindled to fever heat against Austria, for the part she had taken in the dismemberment of Hungary.

I may as well mention now a matter in which I unintentionally figured somewhat, and which, while it was going on, awakened considerable interest.

When Girard College was so far completed as to be ready to receive pupils, it was made necessary for the trustees to elect a president, professors, and other teachers. The board was singularly constituted. Certain officials connected with the city government, and a certain number of citizens, made up the requisite number. All clergymen, and all ecclesiastics, by the terms of the will were absolutely excluded, not only from the corps of instructors, but from the board of management. Of course it was a matter of very general interest and of common conversation, as to what the trustees would do.

One day I was in a book store in Philadelphia, when the two proprietors of the store happened to be present, and entered into conversation with me on the subject. In the course of our talk they asked me if I knew any person fitted for the presidency. After some hesitation I mentioned the name of Professor Lemuel Stephens, with whom I had been intimately associated in the administration of the affairs of the university in Pittsburgh.

I did not go much into particulars, but spoke in a general way. I knew that his opportunities in this country and in Europe, for a very complete education, had been most favorable. I knew that his natural abilities were of a high order, and I knew his fidelity as an instructor, and the love and enthusiasm he awakened

among his pupils. My principal misgiving was as to his ability to maintain a proper discipline.

It appeared afterwards that a brother of these two gentlemen was a trustee, and that they spoke to him of this conversation. The result was, this brother sought an opportunity of conversing with me on the subject, and soon after the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, the president of the board, had an interview, and asked many questions. And then others saw me, and it was not long before I found myself in the midst of a very considerable excitement.

There were two parties in the board, one headed by Mr. William Welsh, and the other by no one in particular. Mr. Welsh took strong ground against Professor Stephens, as a man entirely unknown to them, and from New England. On the other hand, it was contended that all that was known of him was most favorable, etc.

An adjournment was had that further inquiries might be made. When the report reached Pittsburgh that this discussion was going on in Philadelphia, it created much excitement, meetings were held, a very strong document was drawn up and very numerously signed by the professors and students of the university, by the trustees, and by very many of the leading citizens of all professions and callings. This document bore the strongest testimony to Mr. Stephens as a teacher, and as a man.

When this testimonial reached Philadelphia it produced great effect; but to break its force, it was charged upon Professor Stephens that he was a Unitarian, and ought not to be elected. I was then appealed to again, and Mr. Chandler asked me to address a communication to him, as president of the board, which he could use or not, as he saw fit.

I accordingly drew up a paper giving a plain state-

ment of what I knew of Mr. Stephens both as a man and as an instructor of youth, and what I supposed were the qualifications desired in the president of the college. In alluding to the charge that he was a Unitarian, I remarked that I had not hitherto said anything about his religious and church affiliations and associations, for the simple reason, that according to the terms of the will, and the mixed character, in this respect, of the board, I did not think it was in place to do so; but that if any desired to know what were Mr. Stephens' habits and practices in this respect, I would say, that in Pittsburgh he was a regular attendant upon the services of the Episcopal Church.

Mr. Chandler read this letter, and I was told afterwards, it created quite a stir. Among other things, the somewhat celebrated William J. Duane, an eminent lawyer and General Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury, remarked that it was the most correct and sensible view of the whole subject they had had before them.

After many meetings and a good deal of wrangling, a choice was finally made, and William Allen, LL.D., a professor in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, was elected president by a close vote, and Professor Stephens was elected the first, or senior professor.

This affair obtained for me rather an unenviable, and certainly a most unjust reputation, which hung about me for a long time. Those who did not know me personally, seemed to think that I was a consummate wire-puller and manager. How else could I, an almost perfect stranger in Philadelphia, have succeeded in bringing another stranger almost into the presidency of Girard College?

Little did all such persons know how entirely innocent I was. When I first spoke of Professor Stephens as I

did, no thought was in my mind, that he would ever be named to the board for the position; and all along I could not but wonder more and more that the little I said and did seemed to receive so much consideration. The truth is, I never aspired to be a wire-puller, leader, or manager in anything, and most certainly I would not begin with such a concern as Girard College. I sought no such notoriety.

Early in January, 1852, I went to Boston, and remained more than a month, meeting engagements to preach in several churches in the city and in the neighboring towns of Marblehead, Salem, Waltham, Cambridge, Brookline, Dedham, Roxbury, Newton Lower Falls, Lawrence, and perhaps some other places. I made a visit to Taunton, remaining over Sunday, and preaching.

So much had the work increased on my hands, that the board appointed two other clergymen to be associated with me in visiting Episcopal churches, the Rev. Geo. H. Clark and the Rev. Mr. Arnett.

This was a great relief to me. For three years I had been unceasingly occupied in moving about from place to place, visiting the clergy and the laity, and preaching, making addresses, and in extensive and constantly increasing correspondence. The problem as to whether our Church was open to any considerable degree, and ready to hear the claims of such a society as the American Sunday School Union advocated in its pulpits, had been solved; and now nothing was needed but a judicious prosecution of the work.

During this period of some six weeks and more, I did little else than preach, and make addresses in churches and Sunday schools, and keep up my correspondence.

The returns to the treasury of the society were very liberal, far more so than was anticipated. During this

visit to Massachusetts several thousand dollars were received.

I mention one or two incidents. On a very stormy day I drove out in a one-horse sleigh to Newton Lower Falls, to preach. It was a storm of rain and sleet. When I reached the church the rector had commenced the services. I had my horse put up and hastened to the vestry room. There was no time to even get the ice off from my clothes. I put on the gown and went into the pulpit, with ice still hanging on to my garments. I was completely chilled through, and so benumbed that I could hardly move or speak. In this condition I tried to preach. By dint of the severest efforts I managed to get through. I went home and dined with the rector, and tried to get thawed out.

Just as we started to go to the afternoon service we heard the cry of fire, and soon discovered that a building near the church was on fire. To this we hastened, and then worked for two hours and more in carrying buckets of water, climbing ladders, and doing all in our power to check the flames and save furniture. We finally succeeded, after two or three buildings were destroyed, in conquering the fire.

As the congregation were all present, we went into the church, wet as we were, and had a short service, I making an address.

On my way back to the city, in a lonely part of the way, I noticed a man going on foot in the same direction I was going. I saw he was a rough looking customer; and having no other weapon but my whip, I immediately took the reins in my left hand, and with my right hand grasped my whip about the middle, so that I could use the butt, or heavy end if necessary, and then started my horse at a quick pace. As I came up

to the man, he stepped a little to one side; but while passing, he sprang into my sleigh and caught the reins, and about as quick as a flash of lightning I brought the heavy end of my whip down on his pate, which astonished most of his ideas out of him. In his amazement he scrambled off the sleigh as fast as he could; and I started up the horse and was soon out of his reach. He was evidently a good deal upset, and hardly knew what to do with himself; but I did not stop to prolong our acquaintance, and drove rapidly on.

I reached Boston just in season to fulfill an engagement to make an address at St. Paul's Church, on the subject of missions. The storm having ceased, there was a good audience and a pleasant meeting. By the time the meeting was over I was ready to go to my lodgings, and seek some much needed rest. On the whole, it was rather an eventful day.

During this visit I saw a good deal of Mr. Copley Greene and his family, and spent some time with him at his country place near Waltham.

During these weeks I was much with Dr. Vinton, and became more and more impressed by his great and varied talents, and socially, he was one of the most engaging men I have ever met. Nothing delighted him more than after a service to go to his study and have a good long talk.

In February, I returned to Philadelphia, making a short stop in New York. During the rest of February, and the whole of March, I was constantly employed in preaching, making addresses, and in closing up my winter and spring engagements preparatory to a visit to Europe. Both Mrs. Dyer and myself, had thought a good deal on the subject, and a favorable opportunity presenting itself, we decided to improve it. We were not ill or

broken down, but in vigorous health, and the principal motive in going therefore was our own improvement. We wished to see the old world, and gather up such information of all kinds as we could, by visiting different places, seeing objects of interest, and mingling with the people.

VII.

A VISIT TO EUROPE.

April 2, 1852, we went on board of our ship, the Ocean Queen, of the Griswold Line of London Packets, Captain Griswold of Lyme, Connecticut, commanding. There were fifteen cabin passengers, large and small. We had two staterooms, one for our trunks and bags, and the other for ourselves. As soon as practicable we arranged our household affairs preparatory to coming events. We were towed down to Sandy Hook, and there committed to the waves and winds of the great ocean.

With a fair wind we proceeded nobly on our way. When night had shut in upon us, how strange everything was! The noise of the winds and waves, the creaking of the masts, the rolling of the vessel, the sing-song chorus of the sailors, the ship's bells, the tramp of feet on deck, the shifting of sails, and divers other nameless sounds and motions pretty successfully banished sleep from my eyes for the first night.

On Thursday, our fifth day out, I succeeded in making myself in a measure presentable, and in reaching the deck. The effect of the sea air was like magic. I was myself again at once, and had a ravenous appetite. Our ship had made good progress. We were in the Gulf Stream, and nearly a thousand miles from New York.

On the evening of this day we had a rather exciting

time. While sitting in the saloon talking with the captain, he suddenly sprung up, remarking, as he did so, "There must be a thunder storm at hand," and went on deck.

I followed him as fast as I could; but before I could reach the deck, the storm was upon us.

I was met with vivid flashes of lightning and peals of crashing thunder. The captain's voice was heard above the noise and confusion, summoning all hands on deck. To me it seemed like Bedlam let loose. Such hurrying and scurrying, such a din and roar, and such utter confusion I never before experienced. The wind screamed and howled, the sea was in a rage, the vivid lightning revealed its angry foam, and made the blackness of darkness visible. Gust after gust swept through the rigging, and over the deck.

In the midst of the confusion and above the roar of the winds the voice of the captain was heard, "Helm a port! helm a port!" But lo! the helmsman made a mistake and turned the ship in the opposite direction.

In an instant the yards of the maintopsail were snapped asunder, and then there was imminent danger that the mast would be carried away. But the captain and mates flew in every direction, and soon had all things right and the ship under control. It was a moment of thrilling interest, for very much was at stake.

In a few minutes the storm was over, and everything was quiet again.

Thunder storms at sea! Who has not read about them? But who that has seen one would ever like to see another! Some things will do to be seen once, but not twice.

Sunday, April 11, Easter Day. Bright and beautiful

Canvas all spread, and the ship going forward at good speed.

At eleven o'clock we assembled in the cabin, where I read our beautiful service. Nearly all the passengers were church people, and we had full responses and excellent singing. Never does divine service appear more solemn and impressive than when on the great ocean.

From the eighteenth to the twenty-second we had head winds, rainy weather, and an uncomfortable time generally. But we were going to Europe for pleasure, and it was our bounden duty to make the best of everything. I confess, however, it is rather up-hill work to extract pleasure out of the bumps and bruises which a rolling and pitching ship produces, and all the discomforts which such a state of things brings upon a company of poor innocent land's people.

We had a succession of calms, squalls, head winds, floating hither and thither as the current of the ocean might chance to carry us. We were really carried a long distance out of our course. One of the passengers, in rather a surly mood, asked the captain why he was taking us so far out of the way. It was an impertinent, and under the circumstances an insulting question, and I expected to hear a sharp reply, but the captain pleasantly answered, "Just to show you the country."

On Sunday, April 25, we had service at eleven. The day was tolerably fair, but the wind was against us. Saw many vessels.

On Monday and Tuesday nothing in particular occurred except our impatience with head winds. Especially was this the case when a Dutch man-of-war swept by us, while our noble vessel was lying almost motionless. Our admiration for the fine appearance of the steamer could scarcely keep down our feelings of envy;

but we were philosophers, and contented ourselves with the thought that though our ship was slow it was sure.

Scarcely had we gone below on Tuesday evening, when the cheering sound was heard, "Lizard Lights! Lizard Lights!" I was so excited that I knocked things about generally, and nearly jumped out of my skin.

I was up betimes the next morning, and made my way on deck as fast as my feet could carry me; and what a sight met my eyes. The head winds, which had prevailed for a very long time, had kept back all the sailing vessels, so that great numbers were at the mouth of the channel; and now that the wind had changed and was favorable, all these ships from every country and of all sizes, with every sail set, were in full motion, and presented a magnificent spectacle. We counted some three hundred, large and small, and the sight was not a small compensation for the delay.

The next morning as we were leaving Folkestone, about sixty miles above Portsmouth, a "lugger" came alongside and took us and some others, with our luggage, on board. We landed twenty minutes before two o'clock, got our luggage through the Custom House, bought our tickets, and were in the cars for London five minutes after two. This was April 30th.

The distance to London was ninety miles. The country through which we passed seemed like one continuous garden, so highly was it cultivated, We were reminded of our approach to London by the thick cloud of smoke overhanging the city.

We went into the city from the west side, passing over the tops of the houses for a long distance.

How strange it all seemed! Was this indeed London, the great London about which I had heard and read all

my days? The center of the world's commerce, wealth, and power? Yes, this huge, noisy, smutty old place is London, and no mistake!

On reaching the station we drove at once to our lodgings on Jermyn Street, about three miles distant.

May 2. Our first Sunday in England. We went to St. James' Church, near our lodgings. The house was full of plain people. After a little delay the pew opener, a little dried up old woman, gave us a good seat. I noticed they sang a hymn before the Litany, thus making that a distinct service. There were three hymns sung,—and such singing! The organ did tolerably well, but the people sang each one to suit himself.

The sermon was good, plain, and practical. We were greatly amused by the periodical coughing and blowing of noses. This was apparently nothing but a habit, and a bad habit too. There would first be a little hacking, then coughing, growing louder and louder until the whole church was filled by one big cough. This was followed by a tremendous burst of nose blowing. One fellow behind me nearly blew my head off. Any one who has ever heard an Englishman blow his nose can better imagine, than I describe, what must be the effect of a whole congregation doing it at once. I can't say I admire the habit, though it may be the present "Old English."

At three o'clock we went to Westminster Abbey. I can hardly trust myself even to attempt to describe my feelings as we entered that venerable and impressive pile.

The building itself is grand and imposing; in all its parts full of historic interest. And then the monuments all around us! how they did call up England's grand and glorious career! The experiences of this one hour

spent in this great cathedral, fully compensated for our voyage across the Atlantic. While the service, the music, and the sermon were most appropriate and impressive, these were as nothing compared to the inspirations awakened by the place and the associations connected with it. Few places on this earth are more calculated to thrill to their deepest depths, English and American hearts, than Westminster Abbey. And I am deeply thankful that I have been permitted to see it.

On Monday I spent an hour at Exeter Hall, attending the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Saw and heard several of their leading men.

From there I went to one hundred and thirty-eight Piccadilly, the official residence of the American Minister, Mr. Abbot Lawrence. I delivered my letter and was most courteously received. Many offers of assistance, etc. Later in the day we went into Hyde Park, where, after walking about for some time, we saw her majesty, Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and their two children, the Princess Royal and Princess Alice.

In the evening I went to St. Bride's Church, to hear the annual sermon upon the Church Missionary Society. There was a full audience. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Pelham, brother of the Earl of Chichester, preached the sermon. It was able and good, but was two hours long.

The next morning, the Rev. Mr. Faithful and Mr. Knight, called and took me in their carriage to Exeter Hall to attend a breakfast of the Church Missionary Society. Met nearly two hundred clergymen of the Church of England. Chancellor Raikes presided. I was placed by his side. I met the Bishop of Bombay, the venerable Dr. Marsh, also Mr. Gorham and the Rev. Henry Venn, Mr. Auriol, and others. Chancellor Raikes made the principal address.

At 10 A. M. repaired to a committee room, where I was introduced to the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Waldegrave, the Earl of Chichester, Lord Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumley) Sir Harry Inglis, Sir Harry Verney, and very many beside.

We soon went into the great hall, where the anniversary exercises were to take place. The Earl of Chichester presided.

After the annual report was read, the Bishop of Winchester offered the first resolution, and made a capital speech. He aims at no display, but is in downright earnest, and speaks to the point. He was followed by Mr. Calhoun, and Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian ambassador.

To the second resolution I spoke. I expected to be much frightened, but was not. The meeting lasted till nearly four o'clock. The concourse was vast, filling the immense hall to its utmost capacity.

The next day I attended the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided and made a grand speech. He has a fine presence, and speaks with great ease and power. The Bishop of Winchester and Cashel, Earl Roden, Chevalier Bunsen, Lord Teignmouth and others, made addresses.

As the representative of the American Bible Society, I was requested to speak to the second resolution, which I did, very briefly. What I said was very kindly received. I think the audience was particularly pleased with the brevity of my speech. Indeed, they clapped as though they were. After the meeting, I dined at Mr. Auriol's, where I met quite a large company.

On Thursday morning I attended a breakfast of the friends of Sunday schools.

After the breakfast I went to Exeter Hall, to attend

the anniversary of the London City Mission Society. Sir Fowell Buxton, M. P., presided. I was requested to make an address, but declined. Among others, I heard the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. He is a charming speaker.

In the evening I attended the anniversary of the London Sunday School Union. I had been appointed to represent the American Sunday School Union, and had engaged to make an address. The Mayor of Plymouth presided. An immense audience was present; speeches very fair. I was so hoarse that I made but few remarks.

At the close of the meeting, as the audience was retiring, a man stepped up to me and asked if slaveholders belonged to my church. Supposing he meant the Episcopal Church in the United States, I answered "Yes," and passed along on my way out. He called on me to stop; but not feeling bound to comply with his command I kept on my way; whereupon he screamed at the top of his voice, "Dr. Dyer's church is a slave-holding church!" And another person cried out, "And he admits it!" I paid no attention to the unmannerly fellows, though I could not but feel how unlike this, would be the reception of a representative of the London society at a meeting of the American Sunday School Union.

I learned that this was not the first time the same kind of offence had been committed at the meetings of this society. Dr. Tyng experienced something very similar when acting as a representative of the American Sunday School Union.

As this little incident occasioned considerable excitement after we had left the city, I may allude to it again. The next day I attended the breakfast of the Jews' Society.

Met Dr. Marsh, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Villiers, J. Haldane Stewart, Mr. Freemantle, and others.

Dr. Marsh made the address. It was an occasion of great interest. At eleven o'clock, in the Great Hall, the chair was taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury. Lord Hamilton made the first address. Dr. McCall followed. Then came that prince of orators, the Rev. Dr. McNeil, of Liverpool. His form erect, and of noble bearing, hair white, the expression of his countenance intellectual, refined, and benevolent, and his voice and manner inimitable. His speech on this occasion was able and earnest, and marvelously eloquent and impressive.

As soon as he sat down, I left the Hall, for I had heard enough for one day.

On the evening of this day I was invited to dine at the Bishop of Winchester's, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At the proper time I went to the residence of the bishop on St. James Square, a large but unpretentious house. I met several of the bishops and other clergy, the bishop's family, and some ladies. The custom is, on the arrival of the guests, for a servant to lead the way to the drawing room, and at the door to announce in a distinct voice the name of each as he enters.

Our custom of introducing the guests to each other is not common, though the bishop took me to his wife and daughters, and introduced me. He also introduced me to the archbishop and to a Mr. Elliott, a writer of note, and a brother of Miss Charlotte Elliott, the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Just as I am."

At the table a son of the bishop said grace. I was placed the next but one to Mrs. Sumner, the bishop's wife, and next to me sat Mr. Elliott.

I need not describe the dinner. It was appropriate and

complete in all its appointments, lasted two hours and more.

The next morning I mounted a 'bus and rode out four miles to Kilburn Gate, to call on Dr. Johns of Baltimore, who was staying with the Rev. James Bolton and his sisters. Here I spent the morning and dined. It was completely out of town and I enjoyed it very much.

On returning to the city I went to Camberwell to take tea with Mr. Watson, a lawyer who had shown me much politeness. I met his wife, daughters and sons, a large and pleasant family. He was much disturbed by what had occurred at the anniversary of the Sunday School Union, and made many apologies. I found that Mr. Watson and his family were Dissenters, but not in favor of disestablishment.

In the course of our conversation he said, "You will see all sorts of people, and all sorts of Christians as you go about in England; but the highest and the best type of piety that you will meet with, will be in the Church of England. While I do not think the establishment does, or can meet the wants of the whole people, I do think it produces the best specimens of Christian life and character, which are to be found in our country." This was the candid opinion of a most intelligent Christian layman, and certainly my observation would confirm his testimony.

One day we went in company with Mr. Johns and Mr. Bolton to the Golden Cross, where we heard the then famous Henry Melville. He spoke in a monotonous voice, and had about as much motion as a statue, but his sermon was glorious. The spacious building was completely filled with business men. All the standing, as well as sitting room was occupied. After service we

paid our respects to the famous preacher. We found him affable and agreeable.

On Wednesday, May 13th, went to Exeter Hall, to attend the anniversary of the Protestant Association. The Earl of Roden presided and made an address. He was followed by Sir John Hall and Rev. Mr. Nolan.

While the latter was speaking, the Rev. Dr. Cummins, the writer on Prophecy, entered the Hall. Immediately the vast audience was in a tumult of excitement; the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and cheering was universal. At the time, he was perhaps the most popular preacher in London, and was a universal favorite.

In due time Dr. McNeil arose to speak, and then there was another scene. He was greeted with the most tumultuous applause. The doctor is a splendid looking man, and one of the most popular orators in England.

Just at this time the public mind of England was in a state of deep excitement in view of the election about to take place. Religious questions were prominently involved, and hence the feverish feeling throughout the country.

The action of the government with regard to Maynooth College, a Roman Catholic Institution, had thoroughly roused the Protestant feeling of the nation. Among the great leaders of the Protestant cause were Dr. Cummins, and Dr. McNeil.

There is one thing which particularly arrests the attention of an American, in being present at any public gathering of Englishmen, and that is the blunt way they have of expressing their sentiments. They will cheer and hiss persons, and sentiments, without stint. This is all very well except when it violates the proprieties of time and place, and ignores the rights of others;

but it is very hard for a regular John Bull to realize that his opinions and judgments are not absolutely right. It will take any amount of hard knocks to break this notion out of his head; but time and changes will do it.

On our way to the House of Lords we stopped at the Horse Guards, where we fortunately saw the Duke of Wellington. As commander of the guards, he has an office at the building, and usually goes to it between three and four. At this time he came in a one-horse carriage.

As he alighted very near me, I was struck with his venerable appearance. His hair is as white as snow. He was dressed in a plain frock coat and light pantaloons. His step was rather tottering, and his form a good deal bent, indicating age and feebleness.

On reaching the House of Lords we found we were too early, and so we amused ourselves by watching the members of the House of Commons as they entered. A policeman, whose duty it was to be on guard as the members passed in, kindly gave us the names of the more distinguished personages as they went by. Perhaps the most notable persons we saw were D'Israeli, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston.

At 5 P. M., we went to the House of Lords. I presented the ticket given me by our minister, Mr. Lawrence, admitting the whole party, and for the first time was treated with rudeness by an official. He told me my ticket would not admit a lady. I thereupon pointed to the name upon the ticket. He insolently replied that I would find it would not; but he very soon cooled off, evidently feeling he had gone too far; and so after a little delay we were all enabled to enter.

And now what shall I say about this far-famed House of Lords? I hardly know what to say.

There was the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack. There he sat, with his awfully big wig, and clad in his robes of office.

There were also the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Bangor, Oxford, Salisbury, Cashel, and others. There were the Dukes of Cambridge and Argyle. The Earls of Shaftesbury and Roden, and Earl Grey. Lords Malmesbury, Lyndhurst and others. Some sat with their hats on, and some were uncovered; but a more sleepy, or uninteresting body of men to look at I never saw. Quite a number got up, and after hemming and hawing awhile sat down again.

I was terribly disappointed, for I had expected to be nearly awed out of existence by a body of live lords; and then, thinking of a Chatham, I imagined I should be electrified and overpowered by their eloquence. But nothing of the kind. Everything was as tame and dull as it could be.

I couldn't but think of a remark made to me by a lawyer, when I told him I wished very much to see the House of Lords. He very significantly replied, "If you wish to get a good impression, I would advise you to go when it is empty." I was much of the same opinion after what I saw.

As compared with the United States Senate it falls far, very far below it. The appearance of the members is by no means equal to that of the senators; and the speaking bears no comparison; and why shouldn't it be so? Most of the members of the House of Lords came there simply from the accident of birth.

As the eldest sons of their fathers, they succeed their fathers without any reference to character, habits, or attainments; whereas the senators of the United States are picked. No matter what party is in the ascendency

the foremost men are pretty sure to be selected for this position; and then as a rule they are trained speakers, and in the prime of life. I do not believe any legislative body in the world contains more intelligence or ability than the Senate of the United States.

A few days later I went to the House of Commons, where I heard Lord John Russell, Mr. D'Israeli, Lord Palmerston, and others. No important question was under debate, and consequently the speaking was rather commonplace.

The next day we dined with the Rev. Henry Venn, at Islington. Among the guests was Sir James Stephen, a nephew of William Wilberforce, and a professor of history at Cambridge. It was a very pleasant dinner. We found Mr. and Mrs. Venn very agreeable people. Sir James was charming, though he spent most of the time in asking me questions about our country and our leading statesmen, such as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. He was one of the very few Englishmen who seemed to know much about the United States or our people. We found the ignorance upon these matters most intense.

On the following Sunday morning we heard the famous Dr. Cummins preach. His church is an odd affair, and in an out of the way place. Through the kindness of our minister, Mr. Lawrence, I had secured good seats.

Dr. Cummins is a rather small, slender man. He preaches without notes, and with great fluency. His sermon was not great, but very interesting. He draws great crowds.

In the afternoon we went to the Temple Church. The music was exquisite, and the sermon very good.

Monday, May 24, we went to Cambridge. Letters had been given us to Messrs. Clayton, Cooper, and Nicholson.

As Mr. Venn had previously written to Mr. Clayton, he was expecting us, and took us immediately over Caius College, and also to the chapel of Trinity, and the university library. Mr. Cooper then took us through Trinity College. We also visited Emmanuel and Christ Colleges; saw the mulberry tree planted by John Milton, while a student; thence to Pembroke Campus, and King's.

As I was to dine with the fellows and undergraduates of Trinity, we repaired to Mr. Clayton's rooms at a quarter to four P. M. At four Mr. Cooper took us to the hall, sending Mrs. Dyer and her brother into the gallery, and taking me to the table.

As it was the celebration of the Queen's birthday, the first ceremony was drinking the Queen's health from a large bowl, which was passed around, each one taking a sip and saying something. I said, "Washington." The second was dipping one finger in rose water; and the third was singing a chant.

After dinner we visited King's Chapel, the finest in Cambridge.

Immediately after this we returned to the city, and the next morning at five o'clock took the train for Dover. On reaching Dover we went on board a steamer for Ostend.

Our journeyings on the continent included Belgium, Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, and Tyrol. We were greatly interested in the various scenes connected with the life of Martin Luther, and our drive over the Stelvio Pass into Italy, can never be forgotten.

We took a carriage at Munich, and at Prad we commenced ascending the great Stelvio Pass, one of the grandest in Europe. We spent the night at Trafoi, a collection of five or six houses perched high up on the mountain side. As it was raining we were much afraid

that the view of the mountains would be obscured; but on going to my window in the morning what a sight I beheld!

There stood right before me the grand Ortler, lifting his head 13,000 feet heavenward, and clad in perpetual snow. Not a cloud, not even a speck of mist, was to be seen. The rising sun bathed the top in a flood of golden light. As I stood and gazed upon the scene, my whole soul was filled with overpowering emotions! In all directions snow-capped peaks were to be seen, and the whole presented a scene of surpassing splendor. As soon as practicable we started out to complete the ascent, leaving the carriage to follow. We continued our zigzag course for four hours, when we reached the summit at an elevation of 9,000 feet. At the top we found a house of refuge, standing immediately on the line between the Tyrol and Lombardy. We ascended about five hundred feet higher on one side of the road, from which point we had a view of a complete circle of snow-capped mountains.

I never saw anything approaching this scene either in grandeur or sublimity. Very near us, separated only by a narrow, deep chasm, was the great Ortler; and as there had been thunder storms in the valley the day before, and falls of snow on the mountain top, we had the pleasure and excitement of witnessing and hearing many avalanches during our ascent and while resting at the top of the pass.

These snowslides occur quite often in the early summer. They start near the summit of the mountain, and gather force and volume as they descend. At first, a distant rumbling is heard; the sound comes nearer and nearer, as the avalanche comes down, and increases until it is like the roar of thunder.

We gaze with wonder and amazement as these vast bodies of snow and ice descend into the deep and awful chasms below. The sound diminishes until it is lost in an unfathomable abyss.

At the top of the pass we took the carriage and descended very rapidly to the Baths of Bormio, on the other side of the mountain. Here we found comfortable quarters, hot baths, and all needed comforts.

The road on which we had passed was, without doubt, at the time one of the highest and most stupendous works of the kind in the world. In ascending from the Tyrol side it makes some forty zig-zags, not around, but right up the face of the mountain. The road is wide, and kept in perfect order. On the upper side there is a solid wall to protect it from the mountain torrents, and on the lower side, another wall to protect from accidents. In descending into Lombardy it is cut through solid rock for great distances, and appears like a gallery open on one side, and supported by continuous stone pillars. These galleries protect the road from the avalanches.

All the way up the mountain to the very top of the pass, we saw innumerable mountain flowers of every hue and shape. The Alpine rose was the most numerous. I counted fifty-four different kinds of flowers. Even on the very top, where the sun had melted the snow, these flowers abounded, though the frosts of the night were very severe.

It was rather a singular fact, that at the hotel our baths were supplied with water from hot springs; showing that everlasting heat and everlasting snows and ice are very near together.

This expedition over the Stelvio Pass is one of the great events of the journey, well worth a voyage across the Atlantic, and something ever to be remembered

Galleries of pictures and statuary are interesting; palaces, castles, and fortifications are grand and imposing; but in the presence of such scenery as these mountain passes reveal, they are but feeble imitations of the work of the great Creator.

We spent the Fourth of July very agreeably in Milan, where we met some American friends at dinner, and had with us, also, Hans Christian Andersen, the charming Danish author, who entered very heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and seemed much gratified when his health was proposed. His knowledge of our language was rather limited, and he made some amusing mistakes, at which he laughed as much as any of us. For instance, meeting him on the piazza, he said, "Very cold, very cold!" when it was exceedingly hot.

After spending some weeks—weeks of great interest—in Italy, we went to Switzerland, and enjoyed for a time, the magnificence and grandeur of its scenery. We then went to Paris; and September found us again in London.

On going to our former quarters we found many notes and cards which had been kept for us. We learned that the difficulty which occurred at the anniversary of the Sunday School Society, to which I have already alluded, occasioned quite a breeze. The papers took it up, and made some very severe criticisms upon the conduct of those who had attacked me supposing that I was an advocate of slavery. Some friend of mine made an explanation which entirely exonerated me from any such charge.

It appeared that the man who attacked me at the meeting was a member of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel's Church, and a teacher in the Sunday School. They took the matter in hand, turned the man out of

his place as a teacher, and passed a series of resolutions strongly condemning his conduct. A copy of these resolutions was sent to me with a note expressing great regret at what had occurred.

Two other incidents occurred while we were in London on our first visit, which I omitted to mention in their proper place.

One day I received a ponderous official letter, asking me if I would be kind enough to meet a committee of the House of Commons, which desired to obtain some information upon matters then under consideration in Parliament. I replied, expressing a willingness to comply with the request.

Soon after I was waited on by one of the secretaries of the committee, and was told what the subject was, and when and where the committee would receive me.

At the appointed time I was called for and taken to the committee room. Here I found a large room, well furnished, and a dozen or more members of Parliament seated on either side of a long table. On entering, I was introduced to the chairman and asked to take a seat near him. It appeared that the large emigration from Great Britain to America had arrested the attention of the government, and was causing some anxiety.

Now it so happened, that before I left the United States I gathered together quite a number of reports and other documents containing statistical information; among them one which gave the number of emigrants received into the United States, at the different ports, during the previous year; and a daily paper, which I obtained the morning I sailed, gave the number which had arrived in New York the day before. I was therefore well posted on the subject, and my readiness in answering their questions seemed to surprise them very much, for,

as I answered one question after another, I heard the ejaculation from the members, "Astonishing! Astonishing!" They were amazed when I gave the aggregate for the year and some of the preceding years. I told them how many had come from Ireland, how many from Scotland, and how many from England and Wales.

When they were through with their questions, I retired, with many thanks.

A few days after I received another similar document, but this time it was from a committee of the House of Lords. They wished for information with regard to our marriage laws, and here again I was equally fortunate.

Not long before I left America the Rev. Dr. Baird, who was well known in England, published a little book on the marriage laws of the different states. This work I had recently read, and consequently I could not only answer these questions, but could give much information which was entirely new to them. They seemed to have no idea of the diversity of our laws in the different states upon the subject. They were equally as courteous and polite as the committee of the House of Commons had been.

The day after, I saw the information I had given, in the *London Times*. It was in a report of one of the speakers in the House of Lords.

Thus it was that I found a little previous cramming served me a good purpose, and really served others too.

After a tour in Great Britian, which included a memorable visit to Rugby, the scene of Dr. Arnold's labors, Warwickshire, Oxford, Barleywood, made famous as the residence of Hannah More, the English and Scotch lakes, we returned home in a Philadelphia steamer, the City of Manchester.

As nothing of special importance occurred during the voyage, I will dismiss it with a word or two. The first Sunday out, the captain read the English service. The second, Rev. Mr. Bancroft read prayers, and I preached in the morning, and a Presbyterian at night.

One day we were much excited by coming upon a large school of whales. They were spouting on all sides. Two or three came close to the ship, so near that we had a full view of their enormous size. They seemed to enjoy traveling in company with us.

On the twelfth of October we were rejoiced to see the lights at Lewes. Immediately up went the rockets, and off went the cannon, to attract a pilot. In due time one was received on board.

On going up the Delaware I was greatly amused by some very knowing Englishmen. A group of them were standing on deck and giving to each other a world of English information about America.

One said, "By the way, what river is this?" Another answered promptly, "This is the Hudson. We shall come to Philadelphia soon, and beyond is New York." To this all assented, and then they discussed matters and things in general in our country, and with about equal exactness. Nothing in all our experience has amused or amazed us more than the ignorance of English men and English women with regard to the United States.

On arriving home I commenced immediately my work in connection with the Sunday School Union.

Found much excitement in church circles arising from the proposed trial of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey. Bishops Meade, McIlvaine, Burgess, Hopkins, Smith, and others, had assembled in Philadelphia with reference to this matter.

After meeting some engagements in Philadelphia, I went to New York to perform some labor there.

Early in November the presidential election took place. There was no particular excitement. The opposing candidates were Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, on the Democratic side, and General Winfield Scott, on the Whig side. Both parties were selected on account of their supposed availability. Mr. Pierce was quite a young man, a member of Congress, an old fashioned Democrat of respectable talents, of whom little was known, and of whom little could be said either for or against him.

General Scott was well known, but only as a military chieftain. But the Whigs had twice before passed by men, real statesmen, such as Clay and Webster, and had nominated and elected, first General Harrison and afterwards General Taylor, solely on the ground of their military renown, and their availability. The people had become tired of this, and elected Mr. Pierce by a decided majority over General Scott.

While in New York I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Tyng deliver a brilliant oration in Metropolitan Hall, on the character of Washington. The occasion was that of a large assemblage of Masons in the city.

The first of the year 1853, I left Philadelphia and went to Boston, spending nearly two months, making Boston my headquarters.

I visited and preached in all the churches previously mentioned in these reminiscences, made addresses in the Sunday schools, and also visited, and preached in some new churches. I saw all my old friends and made many new acquaintances.

The results of my labors, so far as contributions were concerned, were most encouraging. One gentleman

became an annual subscriber for a thousand dollars, another for four hundred, and a large number for from one hundred to a hundred and fifty. Besides annual subscribers, very many liberal offerings were made at the time.

While in Boston this time, Bishop Alonzo Potter was also there delivering another course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. On one occasion he heard me preach in St. Paul's Church. A day or two after I received a courteous letter from him, taking exceptions to one of my positions, which was that the Episcopal Church could, without any compromise of principle, take part in, and make use of the American Sunday School Union, particularly in her missionary work. In favor of this view I cited the course of Bishop White, and of Bishop Chase of Ohio.

Bishop Potter thought I had no right to cite Bishop White. In my reply I stated that in the original Sunday School Society of Philadelphia, Bishop White was the president, and took an active part; that all denominations united in this work; that when the American Sunday School Union was organized, it was thought wise, probably out of regard to the Quaker element of the city, that all the officers and managers should be laymen, and that so far as I could ever learn, Bishop White was a warm friend of the society. He was certainly in favor of the general principle of Christians co-operating for the common good, as he was, from its inception to his death, the president of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, which was at first an independent society, but afterwards became auxiliary to the American Bible Society. Several letters passed between us, all in good temper, but as far as I know without any change of opinion on either side.

About this time a proposition was made to me to accept a secretaryship of the American Sunday School Union, to be called the New England Secretaryship. After considerable discussion I thought it best to decline the proposition.

I was also waited on by a committee of the vestry of the Church of the Mediator in Philadelphia, and asked to take charge of the parish. This church was organized by Dr. Vaughan, and is in the western part of the city.

I answered the proposition by saying that I could do no more than take a temporary charge, rendering such services as I could with the other labors I had to perform.

I kept charge of the congregation for some considerable time; visiting the sick, attending funerals, preparing a class for confirmation, and preaching and lecturing as other engagements would allow.

In due time quite a large class was presented to the bishop for confirmation. Finding the work too heavy, I urged the vestry to call some one who could give his whole time to them, and this was finally done. In a good many ways I was enabled to render this kind of aid to new and struggling efforts.

An effort was made during this spring to raise money enough to put up a new and more commodious building for the use of the American Sunday School Union. I entered very heartily into the enterprise, and undertook to raise one third of the sum needed among Episcopalians. As the society manufactured all of its own books and had to keep a very extensive depository, I advocated the putting up of a spacious building, with an abundance of room, and with all suitable conveniences, and that it should be located on Chestnut Street, on a lot running

through to the next street, thus affording two entrances, one for the wholesale business, and the other on Chestnut street, for the retail trade.

Plans were drawn, and a location was selected. It was then proposed that this should be made a special object to be presented at the annual meeting to take place in a few weeks. In the meantime I saw some of our friends and got pledges from them as to what they would do. The first man I met promised to give one thousand dollars. In a very short time, I had my third of the amount secured.

This started up the friends in the other churches, so that when the anniversary arrived we arranged that near the close of the meeting a laymen should arise, and propose that pledges be there received. This was done, and a comparatively poor man, who was an effective speaker, was selected. He did his part well, and to our surprise, as he closed his brief remarks he pledged one thousand dollars himself.

This went like an electric shock through the audience. Mr. Abraham Martin was known as one of the best and most useful men in the city; but he was known to be poor, and hence the astonishment at his pledge. But the fire was kindled. I sat near the presiding officer, and when the clapping which followed Mr. Martin's pledge had ceased, I handed him a paper with another pledge for one thousand dollars from an Episcopalian. Then there was another clapping. And then a pledge for one thousand dollars from a Presbyterian; another uproar. And then pledge after pledge followed, interspersed with plenty of stamping and clapping until the whole amount was secured. After this the doxology was poured forth, and we all went home wonderfully pleased. The effort resulted in securing the sum

of fifty thousand dollars, which was considered quite a feat for Philadelphia.

About this time I received a long letter from J. S. Copley Greene, of Boston, stating that after long and serious consideration he had concluded to prepare himself for Holy Orders. He sold his beautiful country seat, made a brief visit to Switzerland, and in September commenced his theological studies.

I have seldom known a case when greater sacrifice had to be made from convictions of duty. Mr. Greene had great wealth, the highest social position,—indeed everything this world can give; but he surrendered it all that he might obey the dictates of conscience, and follow his Lord and Master.

Early in the summer I received another proposition to remove to Boston. This time it was to become the editor of the *Christian Witness*, a Church periodical of good standing and quite a large subscription. Bishop Eastburn and many of the clergy backed up the proposition. I could only promise to think of it.

The person owning the paper valued it at eight thousand dollars. He offered to sell out six thousand dollars worth, keeping two thousand dollars himself, but giving the entire control of the paper to those purchasing the balance. My friends offered to raise the six thousand dollars, and make a present of it to me, if I would become the editor. It was certainly a very liberal offer; but I didn't think it best to accept it.

On returning to Philadelphia I found the House of Bishops was in session in Camden, New Jersey, as a court to try Bishop Doane. Much excitement and much unpleasant feeling. But the presentment was unanimously dismissed, the bishop having made satisfactory explanations.

In October of this year, the General Convention met in New York. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop McIlvaine in Trinity Church. A great throng present. The bishop preached an eloquent and impressive sermon. There were in attendance at the convention about thirty bishops and several hundred clerical and lay deputies.

There was a great missionary meeting at the Church of the Ascension. Bishop Meade presided. His friends were a good deal nervous as to how he would acquit himself. Those who knew him best said there need be no fear, he would be equal to the occasion. The ordeal was to be a severe one, for a large deputation from the Church of England was to be presented.

In due time the deputation, consisting of Bishop Spencer, Archdeacon Sinclair, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Caswell, and also Bishop Medley, of New Brunswick, appeared and were introduced by the secretary; the vast audience rising and standing till the delegation was seated. Bishop Meade then made the address of welcome, which for beauty of language and for its delicate taste and appropriateness, could not be surpassed. It was a surprise to those who knew him well, and knew what he was capable of doing. Even Bishop Doane, who had just come from the excitements of his trial, where Bishop Meade had been one of his presenters, pronounced it, the next day in the Board of Missions, one of the most perfect things of the kind he had ever heard; nothing could exceed it in beauty or taste.

The responses of the delegates were brief and appropriate. That of Archdeacon Sinclair was peculiarly finished and elegant in style.

During this convention the triennial meeting of the Evangelical Knowledge Society was held in St. George's

Church, which was full to overflowing. Dr. Tyng preached an eloquent and impressive sermon. A crowded missionary meeting was held during the convention. It was a notable meeting, rendered more notable by the presence of the English delegation, by the presence of Bishop Boone, our missionary bishop to China, and one of his native missionaries and others from the same field. The speaking was remarkable for eloquence and power. Bishop Boone, Bishop Eastburn, and Dr. Tyng were among the speakers. Bishop Eastburn and Dr. Tyng surpassed themselves. Bishop Spencer said he had never before witnessed such a display of eloquence as on this occasion. With referance to Dr. Tyng's speech, he said it was simply amazing and overpowering, worth crossing the Atlantic to hear; nothing but inspiration could produce it. Such were the sentiments of all the delegates. The plate collection amounted to considerably over a thousand dollars.

Soon after returning to Philadelphia I received a proposition to become the secretary and general manager of the Evangelical Knowledge Society.

This proposition occasioned much thought, correspondence, and perplexity. There was much to be said on both sides. The work in which I had been engaged for nearly five years had prospered beyond our expectations. The cause had met with unexpected favor in our Church, and there was every reason to suppose that more could be done in the future than in the past; and beside, I had become used to the work, and quite well known among the clergy and laity. Of course, these considerations deserved, and had their weight. On the other side it was said that an important crisis had arisen in our Church; that great interests were involved; that a soci-

ety had been organized to meet the issues that had arisen; that its sole object was to present our Church in its true Protestant and Episcopal character, and then to counteract and overcome errors which were coming in upon us; that I had had considerable training, which fitted me to take charge of such a society; and that, as a clergyman of the Church, I ought to be willing to work where I could do the most good.

These latter considerations prevailed, and I finally accepted the appointment.

My friends were a good deal divided in sentiment upon the subject, and I had plenty of plain talks, and plenty of plain letters, expressive of very positive opinions. But the consciousness that I had not sought the place, that my friends had not sought it for me, and that I did not want it, gave me no little comfort in accepting it. The board of managers of the Evangelical Knowledge Society knew me, and they had known my work for nearly five years. They acted freely, upon their own motion, and gave me a unanimous call. I acted as freely upon my own judgment and conviction, and asked God's blessing.

VIII.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

During the month of January, 1854, I continued in the service of the Sunday School Union. Many appointments had been made, and a good deal of work remained to be closed up, and I did not feel free to leave till everything could be handed over to my successor in good shape. Though I had sometime before sent in my resignation, I did not leave my Philadelphia office till the end of January.

February 1, 1854, Mr. Watson having resigned the business agency of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, I went to New York and assumed my duties as corresponding secretary and general agent of the same. And here, perhaps, I ought to state in a few words when and for what purpose the society was organized.

From about the year 1835, the Church of England, and the Church in this country, had been a good deal agitated and disturbed by what was commonly known as the Oxford, or Tractarian Movement. By many this was regarded as a movement towards Rome. It led to the introduction of Romish practices and Romish doctrines. In due time many apostacies from the Church of England and the Church of America took place.

To counteract as far as possible the evil tendencies of this movement, many of our leading minds used the

press; and in the form of books, tracts, charges, addresses, and the like, sounded through the Church the notes of warning. Thus attention was called to the subject.

During the sessions of the General Convention in New York, in 1847, there were many conferences among the bishops, clergy, and laity; and the result was the formation of the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge.

The object of the society as declared by its constitution was, "To maintain and set forth the principles and doctrines of the gospel embodied in the articles, liturgy, and homilies of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the publication of tracts, Sunday school and other books." This organization was carried into effect by the election of a president, vice-president, a board of managers, a treasurer, and a general secretary and editor.

In the following March an act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature of Pennsylvania, giving ample powers to the society to carry into effect its objects. At first the society was located in Philadelphia, but soon after was removed to New York. Bishop Meade was elected first president, and the Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, its first general secretary.

The first work of the society was to issue a tract setting forth the distinctive principles for the establishment of which it would labor. It then made a selection of books and tracts which it would recommend to rectors and others, for use in our Sunday schools and parishes. The selection was very largely from the publications of the American Sunday School Union. At first an arrangement was made with one of the booksellers in New York to keep the publications thus selected.

It was just when this arrangement was to cease that I entered upon my duties. In the meantime Dr. Stone had resigned his position as secretary. I took his place as the general manager and secretary, and the Rev. Dr. Andrews of Virginia, was appointed editor. Thus it happened that the society came to be largely managed by two natives of Vermont. Both he and I were born among the Green Mountains, and there spent our boyhood.

Now Vermont, like New Hampshire, was said to be a good state to *come* from, and probably it was well that we both left that state and came away. For one, I have always been ready, and proud, to own my Green Mountain nativity.

During the first month in New York I had no one to assist me at the depository. I had to act as secretary, agent, clerk, and boy. It was rather a new experience. Very soon however we were settled in our new quarters at No. 11 Bible House, where we had an office and sales room, also a room for storing boxes.

I found that the *Parish Visitor*, and the *Standard Bearer*, two monthly periodicals, one for parish uses, and the other for Sunday school purposes, had been established. Dr. Andrews edited the *Visitor*, and the Rev. Washington Rodman edited the *Standard Bearer*. Both were issued from the office of the society, and the accounts were kept there.

It was not long before Mr. Rodman retired from the editorship of the *Standard Bearer*, and Miss Marcia Hall took his place. Her ability and skill in writing for children were very great, and under her management the periodical rapidly increased in circulation and usefulness.

In our new quarters we were enabled to systematize

matters very much. I made it a rule to spend the whole day at the depository. The office afforded all necessary convenience for conducting my correspondence, and for receiving the clergy and others who might call.

I may as well state here that the executive committee who were my associates in the management of affairs were as follows. Of the clergy, the Rev. Dr. B. C. Cutler, H. Anthon, E. Neville, Rev. Messrs. G. T. Bedell, S. Cooke, and E. H. Canfield. Of the laity, Hon. Luther Bradish, Messrs. Stewart Brown, E. W. Dunham, Horace Webster, S. Cambreling, and J. B. Herrick. The Rev. Dr. Andrews and myself were by virtue of office *ex-officio* members. The committee held monthly meetings. As the society commenced publishing a good deal, I was obliged to spend most of my evenings in reading proofs. In this tiresome work Miss Hall rendered much assistance, but not unfrequently I had to tax my eyes till long after midnight. I worked during this winter and spring from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. It was my habit not to go to bed till my letters were all answered, the proofs read, and the books properly written up. Any departure from this rule only led to confusion and more labor. More than half the trouble in business comes from not attending to things at the proper time. I was not brought up under the maxim, "Never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow." Early in March, a month after I had entered upon my work in New York, I was invited to take temporary charge of the Church of the Incarnation. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Harwood, had suddenly broken down, and was ordered by his physician to go to a warmer climate. As my Sundays were free, I complied with the request of the vestry, and took charge of the parish, promising to render such services as my many engagements would permit. It was Lenten

season, and a class was to be prepared for confirmation. Thus my whole time was well filled up. I had several week-day and week evening services, and service on Sunday.

On the first of January of this year, 1854, the first numbers of the *Episcopal Quarterly Review* appeared. Our office was the headquarters, and I had to act as editor and business agent. Of course this was established and carried on in the interests of evangelical principles. This periodical added very much to my cares and responsibilities. I very soon found that no class of men had to be more gingerly handled than the writers of articles for reviews and other periodicals. It is astonishing how sensitive they are. To differ from them as to the merits, wisdom, or expediency of their productions is a mortal offence. As I am not now writing for, or from a journal, I may as well finish what I have to say about the *Review*. Very largely through my agency, a fund had been collected for carrying on the *Review*. The editor received no compensation for his services, the contributors were paid moderately. Some of our ablest divines and layman contributed articles, and the periodical was continued through several years with a good degree of success. It secured the attention of the public mind, and accomplished the object for which it was established.

My engagement at the Incarnation terminated on Whitsun Sunday, the second Sunday in June. The vestry asked me to continue in charge till the return of Mr. Harwood. This I would gladly have done, for the people were very kind and cordial, and my brief connection with them had been very agreeable. But the vestry of St. George's had elected me as an assistant to Dr. Tyng, to perform only Sunday work. This suited me much better

than any arrangement which taxed my time during the week. Accordingly I accepted the invitation, and commenced my services at St. George's about the middle of June, 1854. My duties at the office and at St. George's, went on without interruption during June, July, and August.

I was now disturbed again, by the renewal of the proposition to go to Boston as the editor of the *Christian Witness*. The paper was very prosperous, but not as decided in its evangelical character as was desired. A few gentlemen proposed to buy the paper for me, and guarantee a proper salary. After again considering the matter fully, I had to decline the proposition. Almost at the same time came another invitation, which was, to go to Bay Ridge and take charge of the parish there in connection with my duties in New York. This was a most tempting proposition. I liked the place and people, and was almost certain they liked me, at least a little.

This offer, as well as the one from Boston, was most favorable in a worldly point of view; but I felt constrained to decline.

During this month the diocese and the church generally were shocked by the sudden death of Bishop Wainwright. I have already in these reminiscences spoken of the election of Dr. Creighton as provisional bishop. At the time, it was regarded as a happy solution of our difficulties. After much deliberation the doctor declined to accept the office. Subsequently Dr. Wainwright was elected, and was consecrated in 1852, and died on the 24th of September, 1854.

Less than a week after his death the annual convention of the diocese assembled. Three candidates for the vacant place, Drs. F. Vinton, Haight, and H. Potter, were presented, and strongly urged by their friends. Dr.

Vinton was the representative of what was known as the Onderdonk party. Dr. Haight was supposed to be the choice of Trinity Church, and Dr. Potter was regarded as the representative of the more moderate party, the party that elected Dr. Wainwright.

Before the balloting was ordered, Dr. Tyng made one of his most splendid speeches in opposition to going into an election so soon after Bishop Wainwright's death. It produced a profound impression, but was of no avail to stop the hot haste. The friends of Drs. Vinton and Haight pressed for an immediate election, and carried their point.

After several ballotings, Dr. Potter was elected, and thus some people learned that the race is not always to the swift. This was considered a wise choice, as he had always sustained an unsullied character, and was not in the least prone to extremes of any kind. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that in the two great dioceses of New York and Pennsylvania, two brothers should have been elected to succeed two brothers in the episcopate. With this month closed the fiscal year of the Evangelical Knowledge Society. For eight months I had been industriously engaged in promoting its work. When I took charge of the society's business affairs, I found things in a good deal of confusion. We now had our own depository and office. Our affairs were simplified, and everything was going on prosperously. Twelve new books and tracts had been issued. About six thousand dollars worth of publications had been distributed, and the contributions had increased to over fourteen thousand dollars, or more than double the preceding year. God be praised for it all.

The following year, 1855, was marked by no events of special importance. The work of the society was

steadily progressing. It occurred to me, that as the setting forth of evangelical principles was an important object with the society, it would be interesting and profitable to its friends to know something of the character and labors of the great leaders of that school, both in England and this country. If a tree is to be known by its fruits, so should leaders and teachers be judged by the results of their labors. A plan was therefore set on foot for bringing out a series of evangelical biographies; and as these biographies would be of very considerable size, in some cases two volumes, and would necessarily be attended with a large expenditure of money, I proposed to the committee that this should be made somewhat a special work, and that no book should be brought out until the necessary funds, specifically contributed, should be obtained. The committee entered at once into the idea, and I commenced my efforts in that direction. The first thing to be done was to make a selection of biographies to be published. The next was to find the proper parties to prepare these works, either by writing or editing them. As soon as this was accomplished, I set to work to raise the necessary funds. I did this, not by a printed circular addressed to our friends generally, but by personal letters, addressed to a number of individuals. I had obtained estimates which enabled me to state about what sum would be needed to make the stereotype plates, and bring out an edition of five hundred copies. I suggested that when one individual could not conveniently meet the whole expense of bringing out a given book, other friends could unite in doing it.

The plan worked admirably. Responses to my letters came promptly. Contributions ranging from one hundred and fifty dollars and upwards were sent in. The

largest sum I received from any one person was from Miss Sarah Greene, of Boston, sister of the Rev. J. S. Copley Greene; and niece of Lord Lyndhurst, at one time Lord Chancellor of England. She sent eight hundred dollars. Within a year the society published the biographies of Dr. Bedell, Bishop Griswold, Dr. Milnor, Rev. Henry Venn, Charles Simeon, Henry Martyn, H. W. Fox, and Josiah Pratt. These were followed the next year by the memoirs of Ellen May Woodward, Mrs. Ann R. Page, John G. Fuller, J. J. Weitbrecht, Thomas Scott, James Chisholm, Legh Richmond, William M. Jackson, and Captain Hedley Vicars. To these were added afterwards the memoirs of William Wilberforce, Captain Parry, Edward Bickersteth in two volumes, John Newton Johnson, the missionary in Africa, Lady Huntington, Samuel Walker of Truro, Lord Teignmouth, and some others.

These biographies were brought out, as far as practicable, in a uniform style of binding, and made a very attractive addition to private and parish libraries.

While this particular work was going on, there was equal activity in bringing out suitable books and tracts for Sunday school libraries, for use in parishes, particularly upon the sacraments of baptism, both adult and infant, and upon the Lord's Supper; also upon confirmation, public worship, the use of the liturgy,—and indeed upon the doctrines, discipline, and worship of the church generally. In a surprisingly short time we had a good supply of nearly everything needed for parochial and Sunday school purposes.

As the society had been charged with being disloyal to the Book of Common Prayer and the Church, I proposed to the committee that we should issue an edition of the Prayer Book, which could be sold at a

very low price, the object being to give it a very wide circulation.

The committee favored the idea, and I immediately raised, in a private way, a special fund for making the stereotype plates and bringing out an edition. I took the precaution of having a set of electrotype plates made, feeling sure that the book would be largely called for.

In the spring of 1858, the first edition was issued, a small book, but neatly bound in cloth. We sold it at ten cents per copy, a fraction above cost. Within four years we put into circulation 105,982 copies.

Soon after issuing this edition of the Prayer Book, through the generosity of Mr. John D. Wolfe we bought the plates of a large and handsome octavo Prayer Book, which had been made in Boston, and also the plates of a medium size book. And from these two sets of plates we issued editions which met with great favor, and were largely purchased by church people. The largest book was purchased for reading desks and chancels, and by elderly people. The type was remarkably distinct.

There was also prepared a small book made up entirely from the Prayer Book, and called *The Mission Service.* The labor of preparing this book and the expense of publishing it, were borne entirely by Mr. John D. Wolfe. It was designed for use in missionary work when the Prayer Book could not well be used. The idea of Mr. Wolfe was that the Prayer Book entire would follow the use of the mission service. This idea proved to be practical. And our missionary bishops and other clergy called for thousands of copies. In a few years several hundred thousand copies were put into circulation. It was used in the army and navy, in our prisons, and throughout our new settlements. Thus it was we

answered the charge of disloyalty to the Prayer Book. Within a period of ten years the Evangelical Knowledge Society put into circulation many times more copies of the Book of Common Prayer than all the Prayer Book Societies in the country, and in addition to this, through the mission service thousands upon thousands were made acquainted with it. The truth is, the friends of the society stood by the doctrines and worship of the Prayer Book. In the forefront of its organization, it declares it to be its leading object to present and maintain these doctrines and this worship. And had not multitudes felt that these great, fundamental principles were put in peril by the teachings and practices of some of our bishops and clergy, this society would never have been heard of. Away, then, with all charges of disloyalty either to the Prayer Book or the Church.

It was in 1858, I think, that another organization took place which occasioned a good deal of excitement, and caused no little talk. This was the establishment of the American Church Missionary Society. For some time there had been a growing dissatisfaction with the action and results of our Board of Missions, so far, at least, as the domestic part of its work was concerned. By a strange blunder, as it always seemed to me, when the Board of Missions was created at the General Convention held in Philadelphia in 1835, there was a tacit understanding which amounted to a moral obligation, that in the division of the world into two fields, the domestic department was committed substantially, and practically, to the High Church party, and the foreign work to the Low Church party.

I do not mean to impugn the motives of any one who acted on that occasion. I believe all were honest in their efforts to do the best thing. At any rate, there was a

grand jubilee, with its Te Deums, and universal hand-shaking over the result. It was indeed a happy family.

But there were at least two sharp and decided negatives to the organization, and they came from Dr. Alonzo Potter, and Dr. Stephen H. Tyng. I was then a young man, at Gambier, Ohio. When the news reached us of what had been done, Dr. Sparrow and myself happened to be together, and we exclaimed, "What a mistake! what a mistake!"

Twenty-four years after, in the Sunday school rooms of the Church of the Ascension, I was present and took an active part in the organization of the American Church Missionary Society. Due notice had been given of the time and place of meeting, and all interested in the matter were invited to attend, or in case they could not be present, to communicate their thoughts and wishes in writing.

There was a large attendance from different parts of the country, and there were many letters received. These letters came to me as secretary of the smaller meeting which issued the call.

One whole day was spent in earnest discussion as to the expediency of such an organization. Mr. William Welsh of Philadelphia, opposed the resolution looking to an organization, with his usual and untiring energy. I remember calling him to order once or twice for irrelevancy, and he good-naturedly said, he knew he was all out of order, but he hoped the widest liberty would be allowed.

The Rev. Dr. Howe, was then the rector of St. Luke's Church, to which Mr. Welsh belonged. Dr. Howe had much to do in organizing the Missionary Association for the West. He and others, therefore, were not ready for the new organization.

Among the letters received there was one from Bishop Burgess, in which he expressed the opinion that it was not advisable to proceed at present to the formation of a new society. When, at length, a vote was reached, there was found to be a very strong majority in favor of the organization. With this decision I most fully accorded. When the association for the West was formed, I thought and said that it was only a half way measure; that the exigencies of the Church demanded a positive and decided stand.

After the decision was reached to organize a new and independent society, an adjournment took place, that a constitution and by-laws might be prepared and submitted for adoption. On reassembling, the organization was completed by the adoption of a constitution and a code of by-laws. The following officers were elected. *President*, the Hon. Philip Williams, Virginia; *Vice Presidents*, Rev. John S. Stone, D.D., Massachusetts, Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., Pennsylvania, Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., Washington City, Hon. N. G. Pendleton, Ohio, Hon. Robert Barnwell, South Carolina, David J. Ely, Esq., Chicago, Ill.; *Recording Secretary*, Rev. Richard B. Duane, Trenton, N. J.; *Treasurer*, Edward W. Dunham, Esq., New York; *Corresponding Secretary*, Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., New York; *Executive Committee*, Rev. Henry Anthon, D.D., Rev. Eli H. Canfield, D.D., Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., Rev. Lot Jones, D.D., Rev. Frederick S. Wiley, Edward W. Dunham, Horace Webster, Frederick T. Peet, Frederick G. Foster, Stephen Cambreling.

In the prosecution of my work I made several visits to various parts of the country. One was to Cincinnati, by the way of Pittsburgh and Columbus; and on my return by way of Gambier, I spent a few days in Pitts-

burgh, seeing some old friends and attending to some business.

I left Pittsburgh on Friday, expecting to be in Cincinnati early on Saturday. It was in the winter, and a heavy snow storm came on and so blocked the roads, that with difficulty our train reached Columbus late Saturday night. It was indeed after midnight. As it was impossible for me to meet my appointments for Sunday in Cincinnati, I remained in Columbus and preached in Trinity Church. The next day I proceeded to Cincinnati, where I was most kindly received by Bishop McIlvaine, then residing at Clifton, just out of the city, by Dr. Butler, rector of Christ Church, and Dr. Nicholson, rector of St. John's, and by my old Gambier and Pittsburgh friend, Mr. Thomas G. Odiorne, by whom, and his excellent wife, I was most hospitably entertained.

As I was expected to preach for the society in Christ Church, and St. John's, I had to remain over to the following Sunday.

This gave me the opportunity of meeting a good many of the people, and the time was not lost.

Besides the collections in the churches, one person became an annual subscriber for four hundred dollars, and others for smaller sums.

I spent one night and a day at Bishop McIlvaine's. We, of course, had much to talk about. Before his day in Ohio, I had been a student, tutor, and principal of Milnor Hall, one of the departments of the institution at Gambier. I had also been secretary of the convention, and as such had visited him in Brooklyn, while he was the rector of St. Ann's Church, to convey to him the action of the Ohio convention in his election, and lay before him the facts relating to Bishop Chase's resignation, and such other information as he might wish

More than this I had been the treasurer of the Episcopal Fund, and in that day this involved no small amount of labor.

As there was no endowment, and as the treasurer had to see that the money was raised and paid over to the bishop as fast as it became due, I took the responsibility of devising ways and means, and went ahead. By dint of a persevering effort, I got into operation a plan by which the bishop received, quarterly and promptly, his salary. Now as all this took place more than twenty years before, and as both of us had been rather busy in our way, we spent much of the day, and most of the night, in calling up the scenes of past days, and in discussing the state of things in our Church, and its prospects for the future.

On the whole, my visit to Cincinnati was most satisfactory, and productive of good results to the society.

My stay in Gambier, on my way home, was very brief, just long enough to see some old friends, and take a little look at the old and the new buildings. Truly Gambier is one of the most beautiful places in this world.

On my return to New York, I was more than ever full of business.

On two occasions I visited Virginia, to attend their conventions, and to be present at meetings in behalf of the society, once at Winchester and once at Fredericksburgh. It was so arranged that one whole evening was devoted to the society. I was expected to tell them what we were doing; and various clergymen and laymen made addresses; usually both of the bishops had something to say. At Winchester I had the opportunity of attending the services at a colored church, a few miles out of town.

As the law required that at least four white men

should be present at all such services, I went out with these four gentlemen. We found the church packed full of colored people, mostly slaves. The crowd had been drawn together to hear a celebrated negro preacher from Baltimore.

As we entered the church, the congregation arose and continued standing until we reached the platform, where chairs had been placed for us. A local preacher assisted in the services, which were conducted with great propriety. The singing was truly excellent and edifying.

The preacher took for his subject the case of Naaman, the Syrian captain, and most graphically described the scene which he imagined may have taken place. The little maid, her mistress, the king, the warrior, and the prophet were made to pass before the mind's eye with a most vivid reality. Some parts were eloquent and thrilling to the last degree. He depicted with surpassing power what was evidently the state of mind, as time after time Naaman went down into the water and came out again. The varied expressions of countenance, the tones of voice, and the acting of the speaker as he went on, brought the great Syrian captain with all his struggling anxieties and emotions, his pride, his fears, and his hopes, so before us as to make it all an intense reality. And when, at the last, Naaman went down for the seventh time, it was with slow and trembling steps.

Long he remained in the water, and when at length, he turned to come out, he was made to halt and hesitate, and express by look and act the terrible anxiety which filled his breast. He would not look at himself, but slowly made his way to the bank of the river, and then, glancing at his hands, he stopped, stood perfectly still, then examined his wrists, his arms, and by degrees his

body; and then with one burst of joy and delight he exclaimed, "I am healed! I am healed!"

As the preacher gave this cry, the whole audience sprang to their feet, shouting at the top of their voices, "Glory, Hallelujah! bless God, he is saved!" For some time there was nothing but weeping and shouting for joy; and I didn't wonder, for I found it nearly impossible to keep from jumping up and shouting too. It was indeed a scene never to be forgotten.

I was much amused at times at the way he brought in and spoke of the little maid. He said she served Naaman's wife, and called her mistress, but that was only by way of courtesy. She didn't belong to Naaman or his wife, for she had been stolen from her country and her parents, and was now a captive. But she had been well brought up, and was a good child. She was always polite, and made herself useful. These sallies of mingled wit and sarcasm were followed by a broad grin and the showing of any amount of ivory through the whole audience. For ability, description, pathos, and power, I have rarely heard the equal of this sermon.

It was my privilege to attend another Virginia convention, at Fredericksburgh. There was a great assembly, much larger than at Alexandria, Staunton, or Winchester. I was quartered at the house of the president of the bank. Dr. Tyng lodged at the same house. How many others slept in the house and out-buildings I do not know, but some thirty persons took their meals there.

Two things occurred during the convention which made a deep impression. The Sunday afternoon had been set apart for addresses by Lieut. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, and by Dr. Tyng.

There had been a rather extraordinary religious interest among the cadets at the institute, much like that

which took place at West Point while Bishop McIlvaine was the chaplain. Lieut. Smith, the principal, had been requested to give some account of it, and Dr. Tyng had been advertised to make an address to the men.

The crowd was immense. Two or three special trains came in to bring the people from towns fifteen and twenty miles distant. Lieut. Smith made the first address. It was well enough, but by far too long, especially under the circumstances. The people really came to hear Dr. Tyng.

When the doctor arose, I saw at once that he was disturbed, and I had a sort of dread lest something unpleasant might occur. After he had been speaking for some time, I noticed a little stir in a distant part of the audience. The doctor stopped, stood perfectly still till some half a dozen or more left. He then went on for fifteen minutes or so, when there was another stir, and ten or fifteen more left. The doctor again stopped, and looking around, he said, in his sharp ringing voice, "I perceive this audience is tired, and I don't wonder. I will not tax them longer." With that he sat down.

Immediately a gentleman in the audience arose and said, "We are not tired; but some parties who came by special trains have had to leave in order to take the train home. We hope Dr. Tyng will go on." And on the doctor went, making one of his great and remarkable addresses.

When the audience was dismissed, very many came and apologized to Dr. Tyng, and explained why the interruptions had taken place.

The other incident which marked this convention was the news which came from Washington that Senator Sumner of Massachusetts had been stricken down in the Senate Chamber by Preston Brooks of South Carolina.

The news created intense excitement, and cast a gloom over the whole place. Bishop Meade and Bishop Johns were most deeply distressed by it.

I happened to be sitting in a large drawing-room with a few others persons,—Major Ambler, a son-in-law of Chief Justice Marshall, and a very prominent man in Virginia being of the number,—when two or three young hot bloods came in and announced the fact, adding, "Served him right; we are glad of it." The major turned to them, and in a most earnest manner, said,—"Young men, you do not know what you are talking about. This is the most terrible blow that has ever fallen upon the South; and I deeply deplore it." His voice trembled with emotion, for he was deeply affected.

How strange it was. Senator Sumner had just finished the first part of his great speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery." He was stricken down with a bludgeon; was disabled for two years and more; visited foreign countries to obtain the best medical skill, and was a constant and great sufferer. In the meantime Preston Brooks died, and soon after, Judge Butler, who was charged with instigating the foul deed, died also.

Mr. Sumner again returned to the senate, and upon the first opportunity arose and concluded the speech which he had commenced more than two years before; only remarking by way of introduction, that he had been prevented thus long from finishing his speech, by what might be considered another illustration of the "Barbarism of Slavery."

The only other occasion of my visiting Virginia before the war, was during the session of the General Convention in Richmond, in October, 1859.

The twelfth annual and the fourth triennial meeting of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, took place at that

time. The attendance was large, and the interest very great.

The speakers at the anniversary were Bishop McIlvaine, the Hon. C. C. Memminger of South Carolina, and Dr. Stevens.

The triennial report showed a good degree of growth and prosperity on the part of the society. The receipts for the three years had been $85,375.69. The expenditure, $79,099.73. The number of publications issued at the same time was 187, containing 16,336 pages; and the aggregate circulation of the *Parish Visitor* and *Standard Bearer*, was about 20,000 copies monthly.

While in Richmond I was the guest of Dr. Bolton, a prominent physician and active layman of the city.

We had many talks about the state of the country and its prospects. He was filled with anxiety as to civil and political affairs. He spoke freely of men and measures, and, to my surprise, did not in the least conceal his convictions as to slavery. He told me how it was operating, and what injury it was doing to the best interests of Virginia. I was much surprised to learn from him that some of the best agricultural counties in the state were largely engaged in raising slaves for the market; that it was more lucrative than raising cattle, horses, or wheat and tobacco. This was a revelation to me, and painful as it was new.

One day he took me to see the slave pen, and the auction rooms, where sales of men and women were made to the agents of the cotton and sugar planters in the more southern states. The whole thing distressed me very much, and I couldn't but ask myself, what is to be the end of all this. Little did I then dream that the end was so near at hand.

Henry A. Wise was made the Governor of Virginia.

One month after, John Brown made his raid on Harper's Ferry. It came like a clap of thunder upon the nation. Within two weeks the celebrated correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Gov. Wise took place, and at once hundreds of thousands of copies were distributed over the whole land, and the sentiment was rapidly created which elected Abraham Lincoln President of the United States.

Much interest was awakened in theGeneral Convention by the presence of so many leading laymen. There was a special desire to hear Judge Murray Hoffman, and Samuel B. Ruggles, of New York. The debates were often able and eloquent, but nothing of special importance was done. Five bishops were consecrated at this time, among them Bishop Bedell, and Bishop Whipple.

On my way to Richmond I spent a day at the Virginia Seminary, to attend the services of the opening and dedication of Aspinwall Hall, a new and very imposing building erected at the sole expense of William H., and John L. Aspinwall, of New York.

While there, I was painfully impressed by the meager accommodations afforded by the other buildings, and made up my mind that something ought to be done, and that too, without delay. Sometime before, I had done what I could to aid in increasing the endowment of the institution, and upon a representation made by me to Mr. Sheafe as to the condition of the grounds of the seminary, he placed one thousand dollars in my hands to be used as I thought best, for their improvement.

I immediately wrote to one of the professors stating that a friend of mine would give one thousand dollars, if another one thousand dollars could be raised in Virginia, for the same object. My letter was sent to Bishop Meade. He could hardly believe any one seriously

intended to do such a thing, but finally said he would be responsible for the other thousand. Accordingly, the whole domain, consisting of a good many acres, was inclosed by a very pretty, but substantial fence. Roads and walks were constructed, trees were set out, and all necessary improvements were made, so as to make the institution and its surroundings as attractive as possible. But there remained the old seminary buildings, right behind Aspinwall Hall, small, low, mean, and shabby in appearance. How was this state of things to be remedied? I thought it over while at the seminary, on my way to Richmond, and while at Richmond.

In due time I conferred with a few persons and then left, taking the night train and reaching Philadelphia in the morning.

From Philadelphia I went out to Mr. John Bohlen's country seat, at Chestnut Hill. Fortunately I found him at home. With scarcely any delay, I told him what I had come for,—to get his family to put up a new building at the Virginia Seminary, to be called Bohlen Hall, which would cost about ten thousand dollars. As usual with him, he was pretty fidgety while I was talking, and occupied, I think, half a dozen different chairs. But he heard me through, and then proposed we should take a walk about his place. Indeed it was beautiful, and I admired it very much.

Not another word had passed between us as to Bohlen Hall, till just as I was leaving for New York. He then said to me he had talked the matter over with his sister, and that they would build the Hall.

On reaching New York I wrote to Virginia, proposing that the friends in Virginia should raise the money to put up still another building, to be called Meade Hall, and then the seminary would be complete. This was done,

and in due time the buildings were erected. I take no credit for what I did. I felt that the object was most desirable; had faith to believe it could be accomplished; and it was accomplished.

After the organization of the American Church Missionary Society, my labors were much increased. As its corresponding secretary, I was soon involved in a very extensive correspondence with the bishops, rectors, and laity of the church, as well as the missionaries. I also visited, and preached in many of our churches in its behalf.

For five years I was the assistant at St. George's. During six or seven months of one of these years Dr. Tyng was absent in Europe, when I was alone in charge of the church.

I take great pleasure in saying that my connection with St. George's, and my relations to Dr. Tyng, to the vestry, and the congregation, were of the pleasantest character. I found the doctor always considerate, obliging, and accommodating. He was rigidly exact and methodical, as well as prompt and energetic, in the administration of affairs. His cares and responsibilities were immense.

The great church, accommodating two thousand people and more, was crowded from Sunday to Sunday. The Sunday schools and Bible classes numbered between one and two thousand. And yet, to all this work he gave a personal supervision. He knew every teacher, and could call nearly every child by name. His administrative abilities were simply marvelous. But in all this work he was never in a hurry.

From his Sunday schools and Bible classes he would come into the vestry room, robe himself, and prepare for the services with the utmost deliberation. He

couldn't tolerate a fidgety or fussy person. The sexton knew his place, and kept it. He was never obsequious, never obtrusive; but simply respectful, attentive, and on time. He knew better than to volunteer to do things, but followed with exactness the prescribed rules. Upon the instant, he opened the door for the officiating clergy to pass into the church; and this was a signal for many of the gentlemen to take out their watches to see if they were right. They well knew that if there was correct time to be found anywhere in the city, it would be at St. George's.

The church was crowded to excess. It came to be a common thing to have all the space around the chancel completely filled every Sunday, and not unfrequently many had to stand during the entire service. By crowding, the church could accommodate from two thousand five hundred to three thousand persons. Of course many of these were strangers, so that each Sunday, beside his own congregation proper, the doctor preached to hundreds of strangers from all parts of the country. It was indeed one of the things for a visitor to do on coming to the city, to attend St. George's Church, and hear Dr. Tyng preach.

The more I was with Dr. Tyng, the better could I understand the devotion of his people, and particularly the teachers and children of his Sunday schools, to him. They almost idolized him; and well there might be this devotion, for he never wearied in his devotion to them. In sickness and in trouble he was promptly with them, and untiring in his ministrations for their good.

The anniversaries of his Sunday schools, and the offerings there made by the various classes, and all the services connected with them, became a matter of public interest, and drew immense crowds. During this period

the offerings of the Sunday schools, and of the congregation generally, for benevolent and Christian objects, were much larger than those of any other Episcopal church in the country, so that the influence of Dr. Tyng, and of St. George's, throughout the country was very great, and was freely admitted by all fair-minded people, though there were some who never liked to speak kindly or peaceably of him.

On one occasion, a clergyman from another diocese was in one of our book stores, the proprietor of which was an old fashioned high churchman, when something in the conversation led the bookseller to mention the name of Dr. Tyng. Instantly this clergyman commenced a tirade against him, and after blowing out for a while, he closed by saying that he "wished he would leave the Church; he was no churchman, and he did the Church nothing but harm."

My old friend, who was usually very calm and very courteous, was thoroughly annoyed by this onslaught, and responded, "That may be your opinion; but I tell you it is not *my* opinion, nor the opinion of those who know Dr. Tyng. If you take the whole of ——," here naming the clergyman's diocese, "all its clergy, and all its congregations, and put them together, you could not begin to make one St. George's."

On another occasion, Bishop Wittingham was dining at the house of a friend of mine, and there were present two or three young clergymen, who thought, perhaps, they might gain a little favor with the old bishop by making some disparaging remarks about Dr. Tyng; and so they expressed the opinion that he, and all such men, did much harm, and that it would be better for the Church if they would leave it. The bishop kept silent till they were through, and then quietly remarked,

"Young gentlemen, you are much mistaken. I have known Dr. Tyng long and well. I do not agree with him in many things; but I do not hesitate to say that he has done a great work, and brought more people into our Church than any clergyman in it." After this, the young men had nothing more to say.

One day I was walking with Bishop Wainwright, and as we came into Second Avenue near Sixteenth Street, we turned around, and there stood St. George's in all its grandeur. The bishop stood for a minute, and said nothing; and then lifting up both hands he said, in the most solemn manner, "I bless God for St. George's! It is doing a wonderful work. I wish we had twenty such churches."

It is not probably generally known, that during his last days, Bishop Onderdonk of New York, attended the services at St. George's and the ministrations of Dr. Tyng. In the popular mind Dr. Tyng was always regarded as a low churchman, and so in the popular sense, he was, but he was a very decided churchman, as his father, Judge Tyng, was before him. Few know, perhaps, that his father was, while on the bench, asked to receive orders, that he might be made bishop of Massachusetts.

I heard Bishop McIlvaine remark once, that Dr. Tyng said but little about his churchmanship, though he had a good deal of it. When the Church was attacked, he was like a thermometer plunged in boiling water, shooting at once up to the highest point. So he was, in all his connections, tastes, and habits, a thorough churchman.

In the great excitement occasioned by the "Carey Ordination," when Bishop Onderdonk was so severely criticised for proceeding to ordain the candidate, not-

withstanding the public protest in the churches of Drs. Anthon and Smith, Dr. Tyng stood by, and defended the bishop.

While I was with him it was his custom upon the occasion of the bishop visiting his church for confirmation, always to say to the bishop when he arrived, "I hand the church over to you as the chief pastor for this occasion. Please arrange the services as you wish to have them." But no man was ever quicker to oppose any unlawful assumptions of power, or any infractions of the rights of the clergy by the bishop, than he was.

When Bishop Alonzo Potter issued his charge which seemed to call in question the right, or if not the right, the *propriety* of churchmen uniting with other Christians in the publication of books and tracts for general use, Dr. Tyng responded at once by a vigorous, and as I think, a most effective pamphlet. Dr. Tyng was always an earnest supporter of the American Tract Society, and of the American Sunday School Union.

In his answer to Bishop Potter he took for his motto the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians: "Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing."

I think he made it very clear that there is a portion of the Lord's work which is a common work, and which all Christians may unite in doing.

During the early part of my life in New York I became much interested, and took an active part in building up St. Luke's Hospital. This brought me into near and pleasant relation with the revered founder of the Institution, the Rev. Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D. This relationship ripened into a very close and intimate friendship, which continued to the end of his days.

Perhaps I have never met with one in whose life, spirit, character, and work there was such a blending of Christian elements and virtues, as in him. He was a born poet, an artist of high order. Music was his native air; wit and wisdom were united in him. Theory and practice went hand in hand; his very eccentricities gave a charm to his manners, and a piquancy to his conversation. His impulses were a kind of inspiration, and his very dreams were flashes of celestial light, looking and pointing to something real and useful in the future.

He established, and for years conducted, one of the best schools we have ever had. He solved the problem of a free church, where the rich and the poor can meet together upon a common and proper footing. He founded and put into practical operation a hospital where a true Christian hospitality can be extended to all who need it; and where the highest interests of the body and the soul, are equally attended to. And he finally, in some degree, put in shape the visions he had had, of a coming combination and community of human wants and interests, and of a Christ-like spirit and benevolence.

His was indeed a remarkable life, and I esteem it a great privilege that I was permitted to be so long associated with him.

When Mr. William H. Aspinwall died, and the presidency of the corporation became vacant, at Dr. Muhlenberg's instance I presume, I was elected to fill his place. I deeply felt the confidence and honor thus expressed, but was certain in my own mind that the interests of the hospital would be best served by having a layman occupy the place; accordingly I declined the appointment, but did not withdraw my interest from

the institution. It was through my agency that Mr. J. F. Sheafe, was induced to furnish the means for providing a fine organ for the chapel of the hospital. He also paid three hundred a year for some years, to keep up a free bed called "The Kitty Dyer Bed." Ever after, Mr. Sheafe continued a liberal supporter of the hospital. In one way and another I was enabled to do a good deal towards increasing the endowment. I had in the board of managers earnestly advocated the importance of so increasing the endowment as to make it virtually a free hospital. So earnest was I, that more in the spirit of a joke than anything else, I was appointed a "committee of one" to prosecute this matter. I promptly accepted the joke, but told them plainly they might expect to hear from me pretty soon. And so they did. I made out a list of perhaps twenty names, and as I could, I wrote brief notes to these parties telling them in a few words what was needed. I sent these notes out just as I had sent other notes, in simple faith, having entire confidence in the goodness of the object, and that some of the persons addressed would probably be able and willing to aid in the work.

A few days after, meeting a member of the board, he asked me if I had done anything.

I said, "Yes."

"What?" he asked.

"I have written one note and sent it."

"To whom?" he inquired.

I gave the name; and then, looking at me with a quizzical expression of countenance, he said,—

"Well, well, you must have faith! But you will have your labor for your pains; that's all."

"Why, so?" said I. "Is not the object a good one? and is not the person to whom I sent the note able to

help? I have simply done my part, and there I leave it. But see here," I added, "It seems to me your want of faith is altogether unwarrantable and wrong, and I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Almost immediately I received a reply to the one note I had sent out.

It was brief, but kind, saying, that as soon as possible "I will give the subject of your note careful consideration."

When I wrote my note, the father of the person to whom I sent it was at the point of death. I knew nothing of this, or I should not have troubled him at such a time. When he replied, his father was dead.

The moment I understood the matter I wrote another note, apologizing for what I had done, and explaining how it happened. Within a short time, less than a month, I had another note saying that he had conferred with his brother, and that a check had been sent to the treasurer of St. Luke's, towards increasing the endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars.

Not long after, I received a letter from another party to whom I had sent a note, saying that after a little, the subject of my note should receive attention. It did receive attention in the shape of a check for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Other responses came, and the endowment was increased to over one hundred thousand dollars.

I mention these things only to show that where proper objects are properly presented, the people will, as a rule, respond. I have had some reputation as a successful collector of money for benevolent objects. This reputation has at times given me a good deal of annoyance. Parties have written, or come to me, asking my co-operation in raising funds for various objects.

In some of the cases the objects have had no merit whatever. In other cases they had no claims on any parties I knew; they were local and should have been attended to in their own locality; and in still other cases the parties applying were abundantly able to meet the claims themselves.

In one particular instance I was made pretty considerably angry, without sin, I hope, by two gentlemen calling on me, and asking if I would not go to a certain friend of mine, and solicit eight thousand dollars to accomplish a certain object.

I listened till they were through, and then asked on what principle I should make this request.

The answer was, "The society is new, and the object is a worthy one."

"Yes," said I; "but what has your president done?"

The question was a poser; and after some hesitation they stammered out that he had not done much, but had suggested if I would see this particular party I could probably get the money.

I didn't boil quite over, but came near it; and said, "Give my compliments to your president, and say, when he sets a proper example, my friend will probably follow it."

Now this president was worth millions; and yet he would have a person not worth nearly so much as he was do this work, and thus spare his own purse. I have seen a great deal of this, and the more I see of it the more I detest it.

My duties as secretary of the Evangelical Knowledge Society and Church Missionary Society, continued to employ my time very fully, and both societies were constantly increasing and enlarging their operations.

After five years of service at St. George's, I felt

that I had better sever my connection, and thus be more free to employ my Sundays particularly in behalf of the Church Missionary Society. I accordingly sent in my resignation, which was accepted, after some complimentary action on the part of the rector and vestry.

During these years nothing had occurred to disturb, in the least, the friendly relations between myself and Dr. Tyng and his congregation.. It was a great privilege and benefit to me to be so long associated with such a ministry.

In 1857, or near the close of 1856, both myself and the society suffered a great loss by the deaths of Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay. They died within a few days of each other. I had made the acquaintance of both of these Christian women while in the service of the American Sunday School Union, and from them had received large contributions for the work of that society.

After my acceptance of the secretaryship of the Evangelical Knowledge Society and my removal to New York, my relations became quite intimate, and I saw very much of them. They resided in Bond Street, and my office was at the Bible House not far away.

Very often one or the other would call on me, or write a note and send it by a servant, to make inquiry about various benevolent objects in which they were interested. During the summer period, when my family were absent from the city, they very often invited me to dine with them, that they might the more easily confer with me. They made a particular request that, at any time when special cases or objects came before me needing pecuniary help, I should let them know it. I availed myself of this privilege with scrupulous care, and made it a rule never to call their attention to any person or case until I was satisfied that it was meritorious, and one to

which the attention of any Christian person might with propriety be called.

As this occurred at an early period of my life in New York, I found the rule of the greatest service in my subsequent experience in such matters. In consequence of my relations to Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, a good many cases and the use of very considerable sums of money came under consideration. They gave regularly, and largely, to our national or general societies, and to very many local charities. In the prosecution of the work of the Evangelical Knowledge Society they were very active.

I recall some particular instances of their thoughtful kindness which may be worth mentioning.

One day at my office, I received a note by the hand of a servant, from them, and on opening it, I found a check for several hundred dollars. This was a little while before Christmas. The note requested that I would distribute the amount among the families of poor missionaries in western fields, where their support, at best, was very meager. But on no account was I to indicate to any of the parties the source from whence it came. It was left to me to select the persons, and make the distributions in sums as I might think proper.

As this was the first time I was ever asked to act so completely for others, I was nervously anxious to do it in a right spirit, and in the right way. I made the selection with particular reference to the situation, condition, and circumstances of each family, and then drew my own checks for the amount to be sent to each, and sent them with a brief note, saying, "The enclosed is a Christmas gift; not from me, not from any society, but from the Lord."

And now, I only wish I had the answers, and could

print them, which came in reply. I do not believe eight or ten families were ever made more happy than those of these missionaries. They wrote, as they expressed it, with hearts full of love and gratitude, and tears of joy streaming from their eyes.

Oh the luxury of doing good in such a way as this! If Christians would do more of this, how it would brighten up the lives of many weary ones!

I give another instance. One day, a hot summer day, a student from the General Theological Seminary called on me and said that two or three students were staying at the seminary during the summer vacation. They had remained to pursue their studies, that they might make up some deficiencies, and at the same time be in the way of earning a little money in mission work in the city, and that one of them was very ill in his room and wished to see me.

As soon as possible I went, and found the young man very ill. He was alone, and almost an entire stranger to the few other students remaining. I spent an hour and more with him, and by dint of persevering inquiries I satisfied myself his sickness was more of the mind and heart than of the body.

I learned that in order to save expenses he had nearly starved himself in college; he had boarded himself in his own room until he became ill, and then a poor widow woman who had done some work for him, insisted that he should take his meals with her. This he did, but he could not pay; and when he left college he was in debt.

On entering the seminary he undertook to do some teaching, that he might pay his debt as well as meet his current expenses. This he had been doing the preceding year. The strain was too great, and he broke down under it; being of a nervous, sensitive nature he

had kept his troubles to himself. None of the professors or students knew of his circumstances or what was needed. On leaving, I said, "You must now have some nourishing food, and when I call to-morrow, you must let me know how much you owe. Put down everything, add it up, and let me know the amount; that is all I care to have. I then made the necessary arrangements about food, and such care as he needed, and left.

The same afternoon I saw Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, and briefly stated the case. They at once authorized me to act for them, and furnish all that was necessary.

The next day I called at the seminary, and found the young man in much better spirits; and instead of giving the amount of his indebtedness, he had written out a detailed statement of his affairs, showing what his debts were, and for what they had been contracted. It was a clear case of a high-spirited, high-toned, conscientious young man, trying to pay his own way through a long course of study, without any means except such as he could earn as he went along. The result was, he greatly overtaxed a delicate and nervous frame, broke down his health, and became unable to earn any money, or even to pursue his studies. We can admire the heroism of the man, but doubt the wisdom of his course.

I returned to Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, and reported the state of affairs financially. Several hundred dollars were necessary to pay his debts and meet his immediate necessities in the way of clothing, etc. This sum they gave me, and added a handsome amount to enable the young man to go into the country and spend a month or two in regaining his health. This was a noble and generous act; but it was just like them to do it, and I may add, that they looked after his wants afterwards, until his ordination.

VIII.

THE PERIOD OF THE WAR.

For some years there had been a growing agitation throughout the country upon political matters. The root of it all was slavery. Other questions, such as the tariff, came in, but they were incidental, all springing out of the institution of slavery. It was this which drew the lines, and arrayed the North and the South against each other.

This agitation culminated in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected president. Three candidates had been nominated; Mr. Lincoln, by the Republicans, Judge Douglas, by a section of the Democrats, and Mr. John Bell, by the Conservatives.

Mr. Lincoln received a large majority of the popular vote. The exact number, I believe, was 1,857,610. Of the electoral vote he received one hundred and eighty, against one hundred and forty-three for the other two candidates.

Mr. James Buchanan was president at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election, and continued in office till the 4th of March, 1861.

This was a period of unparalleled excitement and turmoil. The threatened movement of secession commenced. State after state withdrew, or rather tried to withdraw from the Union. Senators and representa-

tives left their seats in Congress, and even members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet resigned their portfolios, and joined the secession movement.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Lincoln assumed his duties as president.

Immediately after his inauguration the attack upon Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, was made, and thus the war commenced,—not by any action of Congress, not by any proclamation of the president, but by the deliberate action of the secessionists. The news of this attack was flashed over the country, and instantly the whole North was upon its feet, and girded itself for the conflict.

But history has written all this down in letters of blood, and I will not dwell upon it, except to say, my whole soul was inflamed with zeal in behalf of my country and its government.

As soon as the conflict commenced, and troops were sent from the North to the seat of war, it became evident that extraordinary efforts must be put forth to aid the government in providing for armies brought, thus suddenly, upon fields of conflict and slaughter. They were not made up of trained veterans, disciplined by long experience, and accustomed to the hardships of war, but they were our fellow-citizens, our fellow-townsmen, our relatives, friends, and neighbors. They had left their farms, their professions, their stores, and their shops, and hastened, without preparation or provision, to the battlefield. As we loved them, as we admired and honored their devotion to their country, it was plainly the duty, as it was the privilege, of those who remained at home to do everything in their power to minister to their wants and necessities.

Accordingly, with as little delay as possible, the two

great agencies, the Sanitary and the Christian Commissions, were organized and put into operation.

As I was principally connected with the Christian Commission, I shall speak more particularly of its operations.

This organization owed its origin, mainly, to a few earnest and active spirits among the Young Men's Christian Association. Prominent among these was Colonel Vincent Colyer, of New York. He left, for a time, a lucrative profession, and devoted himself to the troops passing through New York, and also visited the seat of war. Others joined him, and they, as far as possible supplemented the duties of the few chaplains who belonged to the army. Their letters and reports stirred up the people at home and prompted to immediate action.

In the autumn of 1861, the Christian Commission was formed, and Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was appointed its president. In 1862, the New York branch was established. This was done to facilitate operations. From New York, supplies of all kinds could be sent by water to all points on the South Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico. Upon the general board, the executive committee, and other sub and special committees, I was appointed, and rendered such service as I could. The headquarters were at the Bible House, where also we had our storerooms.

Here, for three years, I labored incessantly, a portion of the time as secretary of the executive committee, and all the time as a member of different committees. My more active associates were Nathan Bishop, LL.D., F. G. Foster, S. H. Wales, Morris K. Jessup, Archibald Russell, John Taylor Johnston, James M. Brown, Dr. Oliver Bronson, D. Willis James, James C. Holden, and Stephen Cutter.

In the way of supplies we procured and sent provisions, medicines, and delicacies for the hospitals, reading matter of all descriptions for the soldiers in camp and in the hospitals, and clothing. And we also sent Christian men, and Christian women, in great numbers, to work with the chaplains, often to act as chaplains, to serve as nurses, and in any needed capacity, in the hospitals, especially on the battlefield among the wounded and dying.

The details of this work surpassed in interest anything I ever read or heard. As chairman of the committee on public meetings, I had much to do with the press, and with the raising of funds.

These public meetings were a remarkable feature of this period. I will allude to one or two.

Early in 1863, notice was given that a meeting would be held on the following Sunday evening in the Academy of Music. On the evening named, long before the hour of meeting, thousands assembled, and patiently waited till the doors were opened. Immediately upon the admission of the throngs, the spacious edifice was packed to its utmost capacity, and thousands went away unable to gain an entrance.

General Winfield Scott presided. After singing and prayer, he in a few well chosen words stated the object of the meeting. On the right and left of the chair sat Governor Morgan, General Anderson, Judges Allen and Woodruff, and on the platform were grouped scores of the clergy, military officers, judges, merchants, and other distinguished citizens. It was estimated that more than a thousand persons stood in the aisles and other parts of the building during the two hours and more the meeting lasted.

When the majestic form of General Scott appeared,

the vast assemblage arose and stood in silence, till he reached his seat,—a most impressive act of blended respect for the great chieftain, and for the occasion which called the meeting together. The audience also arose when General Burnside entered.

The speakers were Dr. Tyng, Mr. Reed, Colonel McKeon, Rev. Mr. Ganse, General Burnside, Rev. Mr. Duryea, and George H. Stuart.

The effect of this meeting was very great. The men who were present, those who took part, and the spirit which prevailed, inspired confidence, aroused enthusiasm, and awakened a feeling of reverential awe through the whole community for the cause in which we were engaged.

Later on in the war another meeting was called, to be held in the same place. The arrangements were all made, and the speakers engaged. The object in calling this meeting was not so much to raise funds, as to give information as to the work the Commission was doing. But when the evening came the whole country was in a blaze of excitement. The memorable campaign of the spring of 1864, had opened, and the fearful battles of the Wilderness were in progress.

The academy was thronged by a vast multitude, eager to hear and ready to do. The speakers forgot what they had prepared to say, and poured forth their impassioned appeals in behalf of the thousands of bleeding, suffering, dying men. The memories of Antietam, of Fredericksburgh, of Chancellorsville, and Gettysburgh were recalled.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. A collection was taken up, amounting to twenty-six thousand dollars; the largest plate collection, probably, ever taken up in this country. In a day or two it was increased to thirty-five thousand dollars.

But we did not rely so much on public meetings for raising funds, as upon keeping the public informed of what the Commission was doing, and how funds were used.

I attended, with the Rev. Mr. Mingins, a good many meetings in neighboring towns. As he had been in active service in the army as a representative of the Commission, I left him to do most of the speaking; which he did, very effectively. Some of his stories and incidents were inimitably related, and the effect upon the audiences was prodigious. People would leave the meettings nearly exhausted by the painful emotions awakened, and by the fits of uncontrollable laughter which many of his stories provoked. Such a mixture of pathos and mirth, of weeping and laughing, I never witnessed.

Sometimes the need of supplies came upon us most suddenly, and admitted of no delay. I speak of one such case. During the last campaign under General Grant, when the final struggle was at its height, there was a call for a large amount of means; there was no time for a public meeting. On Friday, I drew up a brief appeal, had it printed and sent to the clergy on Saturday, with a request that if practicable it be read to their congregations the next day. This was done, and the result was remarkable.

At one of the churches, that Sunday was the day for their annual collection for missions. The clergyman was at a loss to know what to do; but he finally concluded to read the appeal, and take up a collection at once. This he did before his sermon. He then preached his sermon and took up the missionary collection. The first collection amounted to over one thousand dollars, and the second was fully up to what they were accustomed to do.

At another church the appeal was read and an impromptu collection taken, amounting to two thousand five hundred dollars.

At another church the appeal was read, and the minister asked his people to send in to him what they could. The response was about two thousand dollars.

These cases show how promptly, and with what liberality the people gave when there was a need for it.

I could fill pages with interesting details of this work, but this is not necessary. I ought, however, to say that in addition to what was done at home, the American missionaries in China, Siam, and Constantinople, made up, and sent valuable boxes of curiosities from their several countries, which were readily sold, and added a handsome amount to our funds. And from many Americans living abroad we received liberal contributions. Thus from all classes, and from all quarters, came the help we needed.

The aggregate of funds received by the New York branch alone, amounted to $307,649.38. The value of stores received was estimated at $33,904.16. Making a total of $341,553.54.

At the close of our work the executive committee asked me to write a memorial record of the New York branch of the Christian Commission, which I did, making a volume of more than one hundred pages, which was dedicated, as a token of respect and regard, to Nathan Bishop, LL.D. To him, more than to any other person, do we owe the success of this important work. He gave to it his unwearied attention, with a practical wisdom seldom equalled, from the beginning to the end.

During the war, I visited Washington as one of a delegation from the Christian Commission, upon matters connected with the operations of the association in the

army and the navy. I was also present, and took part in the final great meeting at the Capitol, where Vice-President Colfax presided. Previous to the closing meeting, the delegation was received by the President, Secretary Stanton, and Secretary Welles. Besides these visits I was called to Washington at the beginning of the war, to perform the marriage ceremony at the wedding of the Rev. Mr. Faulkner and Miss Butler, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Butler, the rector, at the time, of Trinity Church in that city. While there I was the guest of Dr. Butler.

The signs and sounds of war were everywhere throughout the city. General McClellan's headquarters were not far from the White House. Couriers and orderlies were flying up and down the streets in every direction. What on earth they were doing, nobody, not even themselves, could tell. The army of the Potomac was lying a few miles from the city across the Potomac River; and between it and the headquarters of the commanding general, there was a continual stream of officers of all ranks, and men, passing and repassing all the time; and the way they spurred their horses and clattered their swords, would lead a green one, like myself, to think a mighty battle was about to commence. But there was nothing of the kind; this was an every day performance, for weeks, and signified nothing but a little cheap pomp and display.

Rev. Dr. Butler and myself drove out and spent the whole day among the different divisions of the army. We took dinner with Captain Dudley, in his tent. To his company my son Douglass belonged, who was then in the service, though under age. When the war broke out he was a pupil at the Burr Seminary, in Manchester, and his patriotism was so great that nothing

would do but he must drop his books and shoulder his musket.

Captain Dudley was well known and greatly respected. His company was made up of a very good class of young men from Manchester and the neighboring towns; and I was glad to find my son so well situated. On the whole, as I could not go to the war myself, I was rather pleased to be represented by my son, though he was my only son, and a mere boy at that.

Before we had finished dinner I noticed an unwonted stir outside of our tent. Captain Dudley had been called out, and there seemed to be earnest talking, and rapid movements hither and thither. We left the tent, and almost immediately the bugles sounded, and everything changed like magic. Twenty minutes before, all was quiet throughout the whole army. And now, as far as we could see, all was astir; companies and regiments were in motion. The doctor and I got into our light wagon, and started to drive on through the army. We had not gone a hundred yards when we met a column of infantry, six deep, marching at double quick time. We stopped until the column had passed by, and then drove on, and on either side we saw men lying down; and on asking what the matter was, learned that these were invalid soldiers, and that they had fallen out, not being able to keep up with the other troops.

In a few minutes we reached the top of a hill where was a look out, and just then we heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry.

We then learned that a battle was going on about a mile distant, and to it the soldiers were hastening. We didn't know but that we were in for a pitched battle, and visions of bullets, and cannon balls, wounds, and surrenders, and prisons came thick and fast, and so, con-

cluding that discretion was the very best part of valor, we whipped our horse and made a dash in exactly the opposite direction from that from which the ominous sounds came. We did not exactly stop until we were several miles away from the scene of combat. Probably one object we had in view was to draw the attention of the rebels off from the salient point of the conflict.

Our speed was rather summarily checked by our coming upon the ground where artillery under the command of Gen. Barry was practicing. At the moment we arrived a sham fight was in full blast. For a moment we thought we were in for it, and might be blown to pieces. It was astonishing to see what drill could do for horses and men in handling these heavy guns. The way the guns were brought to the front, discharged, and then taken to the rear, reloaded and brought up again, amazed me not a little. The horses seemed to enter into the spirit of it as much as the men.

After traveling for many miles we came at last to the earthworks, not far from the buildings of the Virginia Seminary, and then crossing the long bridge came into the city.

This was the first time I had ever seen an army in camp. And here were two hundred thousand men, living in tents, and ready for duty. We learned, the next morning, that the famous battle we had so narrowly escaped was the skirmish at Drainsville. It came near being a big affair; our withdrawal probably checked it!

My next visit to Washington was upon receiving intelligence that my son was wounded and in one of the hospitals there.

He had gone with the army of the Potomac under Gen. McClellan, down to the Peninsula. There, among

the swamps and fevers, and the fightings of the Chickahominy, he had been wounded, and taken very ill. As soon as he was able to be moved he was sent to Washington, and there I found him doing very well.

This visit proved to be one of particular interest. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of war, was an old friend of mine at Kenyon College. For some acts of kindness which I was enabled to render him there, he ever after retained for me feelings of grateful affection.

On learning I was in the city, he called on me at my hotel. I told him what had brought me to the city, and he immediately asked if there was anything he could do for me or my son. I told him my son was doing well, and that the surgeon had expressed his opinion that he would not be confined long. The Secretary then proposed to drive me out to the hospital and see my son, which he did.

On the way back, he asked me if I would be at liberty the next morning, as he would like to have me come to his private office at the war department as early as I could, and stay all the morning, that I might see something of the routine of his daily life.

I accepted the invitation, and reported myself the next morning before eight o'clock. I found the Secretary there, and engaged in writing. Very soon he pushed aside his paper and commenced telling me what he did.

To go through this detail would take too much space. It is enough to say, that though his work had to do with emergencies constantly arising in the movements of the armies, yet, there was a perfect method, and a perfect order in the accomplishment of his work.

The furniture of his office was of the simplest kind. There was but little for comfort, and nothing for luxury. The only thing that came anywhere near it was an old,

and cheap hair cloth sofa, with at least one half of the hair cloth torn off. Here he spent the nights, sometimes for weeks at a stretch, never undressing, but occasionally lying down and taking such rest as he could find in such circumstances, liable at any moment to be called to receive dispatches from generals in the different armies.

On this old sofa it was, that President Lincoln spent many hours, night after night, during the anxious periods of the war, in receiving and sending dispatches, and in talking with his Secretary.

"Many a time," said Mr. Stanton, "did Mr Lincoln come in after midnight in an agony of anxiety occasioned by dispatches he had received. He would then throw himself at full length on the sofa, and cry out, 'Stanton, these things will kill me! I shall go mad! I can't stand it!' and then, lying still for a time, he would say, 'Stanton, this all reminds me of a story,' and then telling the story, he would burst into a fit of laughter, and bounding to his feet, would say, 'Come, Stanton, let us talk things over a little and see what can be done.'"

Closing this account of the President the Secretary remarked, "People laugh at Mr. Lincoln's stories; but they little know how much they had to do in saving the country." But for this he believed his heart would have broken under the weight of its anxieties.

At nine o'clock the Secretary took me into the larger office, where he met a number of persons. I think there were near a hundred present. Seats were arranged on two sides and across one end of this large room. The secretary's desk was at one end of the room, standing on a platform, from which all the persons present could be readily seen. To this platform I was taken, and seated in a chair close by the Secretary.

When all was ready, the Secretary arose and stood by his desk, and one of the orderlies commenced calling the names of those who were present. As soon as a name was called the person arose from his seat, and the Secretary promptly asked what he wished. The answer often was, he wished "to see the Secretary in private." To this Mr. Stanton would reply, "This cannot be. You must now make known what you want, or else write to such an one," naming the officer, "and state your case."

There were present, under-officers, chaplains, soldiers, and civilians; and I was surprised to see with what rapidity he dispatched the various cases. Some of them were very sad, some trivial, some very comical and humorous.

An Irishman amused us very much. He wanted a discharge. The Secretary asked for what reason. He stammered out some flimsy excuse.

"Are you sick?" asked the Secretary.

"Not exactly, your honor; but you see I'm dilicate like."

"And can't they give you light work?"

"Yes, your honor; but they give me too much of it."

And so it went on for two or three minutes, till all in the room were in a roar of laughter. The Secretary then rapped sharply, and said, "Pat, you are not sick at all; you are only lazy. You have been here before. Now go right back to your work; and don't you show your face here again in a hurry."

The name of one of the chaplains was called. Mr. Stanton, in a stern voice, asked, "And what do you want now? You are here very often. How can you so often leave your duties?" Some lame apology was given, and he was told to return at once to his post.

The under-officers were sharply questioned, and often reprimanded for being away from the regiment.

One case touched me very much. It was that of an old woman, very plainly dressed. When her name was called she with some difficulty arose. The Secretary at once sent an orderly to lead her up to his desk. She came with slow, and tottering steps; and when she reached the desk, I noticed how pale her face was, and how feeble she appeared. In the gentlest manner the Secretary took her hand, and said, "Now, my good mother, tell me all you want." It was a common story. Her boy had been badly wounded and was likely to die. He was in a distant hospital, and she could not get to him without a permit from the Secretary of war.

After asking two or three questions, he said to her, "Now go to your lodgings, and rest. Your case will be carefully attended to. Come at such an hour to-morrow, and you shall have everything you need to enable you to reach your boy without delay. And now, God bless you and your boy." Her face expressed her joy, and her gratitude; and the tears trickling down the face of the war Secretary, told of the man and the heart which were there.

At the expiration of the hour the Secretary left the desk, and taking me, we went back into his private office. On closing the door, he said, "You see what I have to do one hour every morning. Among all the cases I have had this morning, that of the old woman was the only one that had any merit in it. You noticed," he said, "I spoke very sharply to one of the chaplains. It was because he is so often here, and always wanting something of an impracticable character. Such a man is of no use as a chaplain. And so with the under-officers, they always have poor excuses. But what am I to do? The

superior officers are to blame. They set a bad example themselves, and thus encourage this lax discipline in the army. It is a terrible evil, but I cannot correct it. If I refuse to see these parties, then I am denounced as unfeeling, tyrannical and unjust; and so I make a compromise by giving a certain amount of time each day, and go through with what you have witnessed this morning."

While sitting in the private office, the door suddenly opened, and in came a well dressed lady, rather young, and very captivating in appearance. She said, excitedly, "Excuse me, but I *must* see you." My old friend immediately put on the bear, and rising, said in a stern voice, "Madame, you have no right to come into this office, and you must leave!" With that she assumed a beseeching, if not bewitching attitude, and implored him to hear her. "No, madame, not a word," and calling an orderly, he said, "Take this woman out."

As soon as she was gone he called the doorkeeper, and asked why he allowed that woman to come in. The poor fellow was terribly frightened, for he saw a thunder cloud in the secretary's face. "There were two of them," he stammered out, "and while I was talking to one, the other shot by and rushed in. I couldn't help it, sir."

The Secretary then said to me, "That woman is one of a large number in this city. They are employed as the agents of a body of men who are engaged in smuggling cotton through the lines. By their tricks and arts they succeeded in securing the aid of military men, and other officials, in accomplishing their objects, and large amounts of money have been made; but I tell you, Dr. Dyer, every military man who has touched cotton has utterly failed as an officer in the army; a curse has seemed to rest upon him."

After spending the whole morning at the war office, Mr. Stanton took me in his carriage out to where his family was spending the summer, close by the Soldiers' Home. On arriving there he said, "I now propose that we spend this afternoon sitting on the piazza, and in talking over old times and old friends."

As more than thirty years had elapsed since we were together at Kenyon College, we had a large field to travel over, but we had nothing to do but talk. After we had pretty well used up our earlier topics and had come down to the stirring time of secession and the war, I said to him, "Now, Mr. Secretary, you must tell me all about your connection with Mr. Buchanan's administration, and how you came to be made Secretary of war by Mr. Lincoln, and what you think of him, and what you think of the war, and the warriors generally."

Were I at liberty to write down all that was said in that conversation, it would forever redeem these reminiscences from every charge of dullness, or stupidity. I could hardly keep still, as he went on narrating the scenes through which he had passed, the events which had occurred, and the men with whom he had had to act. But it would not do for me to go into particulars. The personalities were many, and pointed, and though most of the actors are dead, still, their descendants are living, and ought not to be disturbed in their memories of the departed.

It will be remembered that at the time of Mr. Buchanan's administration Mr. Stanton was settled in Washington, and had a high reputation and a large practice as a lawyer. The celebrated case of Pennsylvania against the Wheeling and Belmont Bridge Company, which he argued before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, attracted much attention,

and gave him much fame. When secession came, and state after state withdrew from the Union, when members of the cabinet resigned their places, Mr. Buchanan became thoroughly disturbed, if not frightened, and in this emergency he called to his aid two very remarkable men, to be politically associated with him, Mr. Stanton and Mr. John A. Dix.

On entering the cabinet they found things in great confusion. Mr. Cass had resigned as Secretary of state, because Mr. Buchanan had been so dilatory in putting down secession. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Floyd had resigned that they might the more effectually promote secession.

In such a crisis it was that Mr. Stanton and Mr. Dix entered the cabinet, and by their bold and determined action they saved Mr. Buchanan and his administration from disastrous failure.

Upon the resignation of Simon Cameron as Secretary of war, Mr. Lincoln asked Mr. Stanton to take his place. This occurred, I think, early in 1862. From that time on, Mr. Stanton was brought into the closest relations to Mr. Lincoln, and with the principal actors in the war.

In the course of our conversation he bore the highest and strongest testimony to the great talents, the wisdom, the patience, the justness, the integrity, uprightness, and amazing sympathy of Mr. Lincoln. No language could fully express his own feelings, nor did he think it possible to give any adequate idea of what the country owed to him.

Speaking of the generals, he sketched their characters with remarkable skill and vigor. Could they have heard what he said, some of them would have been highly gratified, some would have been surprised, some amazed, and some dumb-founded; while a few, at least,

would have been utterly disgusted. But on the whole, I felt that he intended to be just towards all. He certainly gave them the credit of doing the best they knew how. Instead of utterly condemning any, he gave them more credit than, I think, history will.

He said one of the most striking differences between generals was this. One would want a great deal done for him by the government, while another would ask for but little. One would never be quite satisfied with what was done, while another would be thankful that so much was done. The really great generals made up for any lack on the part of the government, by their own energy and generalship,

After a long conversation we took tea with Mrs. Stanton and her daughters, and then drove back to the war office.

The next day Mr. Stanton again asked me about my son, and said as his health was poor, he would be glad to assign him to duty in the quartermaster's department, and send him to New York; and that he might have some position there. He would have a captain's commission made out for him. I had dreamed of nothing of the kind, and was taken very much aback, but managed to express my thanks in some way.

I then went out to the hospital and saluted my son as Captain Dyer. He was more upset by the new dignity than I was. Soon after, he returned to New York and entered upon his new duties.

It was during this visit that Mr. Stanton introduced me to Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet. They were all together in the cabinet room. In introducing me, he said, "Mr. President, allow me to introduce to you my friend, the Rev. Dr. Dyer of New York. He was my early friend in college, and stood by me when I *needed* a friend.'

Mr. Lincoln stuck out his great, long arm, and grasping my hand shook it heartily, saying, "I am glad to see you, sir; glad to see any one who helped to make my Secretary of war." With that, Mr. Seward, Mr. Fessenden, and the other members of the cabinet clapped their hands, and cried, "Good! good!"

I was then introduced to the other gentlemen, and we had quite a talk. This was the first and last time that I ever stood or sat with the cabinet of the President of the United States.

On one other occasion I was kindly entertained by Mr. Stanton at his city home, where I met his family and some members of Congress, among them Mr. Shellabarger of Ohio, who made a great impression on my mind as a clear-headed and able man.

While there I went with Mr. Stanton to hear Bishop Simpson preach in one of the Methodist churches. At the close of the sermon, a thrilling effect was produced by Mr. Phillips singing "My mission." I have often been asked if Mr. Stanton was a religious man. I would say, Decidedly so. He was full of religious sentiments and emotions. He was a great-hearted man, and a man full of faith in God. Again and again, he said, this alone sustained him in his terrible responsibilities. In his later days he became a member of the Episcopal Church in Washington, and was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Hall.

Connected with the war, many incidents and events occurred which are worthy of mention, but I will allude only to a few. The first was the great meeting at Union Square, which was called immediately upon the news being received of the firing upon Fort Sumter. Upon the shortest notice, it was estimated that nearly twenty thousand people came together. Men of all political schools,

of all professions and callings, rushed together to pledge their lives and fortunes for the protection of the Union. Statesmen, jurists, and clergymen awakened the profoundest interest by their impassioned eloquence. Soon after, another fever of excitement was aroused by the arrival of the Massachusetts troops on their way to Washington. The military and the citizens of our city turned out *en masse* to welcome them. This was followed in a short time by the departure of some of our own regiments, particularly that of the Seventh. The day when they left will long be remembered. The streets were thronged. The deepest feeling prevailed. Here were nearly a thousand young men, the very flower of the city; not in their parade, gala-day uniform, but in their more sombre and serious fatigue dress. As they marched away from near the Bible House, with colors flying, and steady tread, to the strains of martial music, there were shouts many, but tears more. Thousands of hearts were touched, for none could tell who among them all would return again. Another event which caused a terrible excitement occurred. I allude to the draft riot of 1863. The secession element was very strong in our city, and a most violent outbreak of opposition to the government was the result. For two days and more, the city was in the hands of an infuriated mob. Nearly all the military force of the city was absent. For a time the police were powerless. But after two days and nights of burning, ravaging, and killing, the civil authority again asserted itself. The police under the admirable management of chief Kennedy gained control of the city. Such of the military as were left became efficient, and order was once more restored; but not till hundreds of lives had been sacrificed, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars been destroyed by fire.

A large armory near our house was burnt. The Colored Orphan Asylum and many other buildings were fired and consumed. St. Luke's Hospital was threatened, the mob gathered; but Dr. Muhlenberg addressed them, and they dispersed, doing no damage.

One evening a conflict between the police and military on the one side, and the mob on the other, occurred in our street, and culminated in front of our house. My daughter and a servant or two were alone, but they managed to escape to a neighbor's. The house was entered, but no damage was done.

Many were killed and many more wounded. Among them Col. Jardine, who commanded the military. He was dangerously wounded, but was carried to a place of safety by his men. The only scars we had to show were on a pretty shade tree right in front of our parlor. This was badly wounded and riddled by shot and ball.

At the burning of the armory I was in the midst of the crowd, but was so disguised by an old slouched hat and cheap coat, that I was considered as one of the mob, and was not molested. Had I gone out under my beaver, and with a respectable coat on, but little of me would have been left to tell the tale of my expedition.

I witnessed a remarkable sight on Broadway near the New York Hotel. The mob had had full sway, and for some reason a large force of mobites had assembled almost immediately in front of the hotel. Suddenly, as if by magic, a body of police came into Broadway from the side street, every man having his club grasped firmly in the middle by his right hand; and without a word they plunged into the midst of the mob, vigorously applying both ends of the clubs to the heads and bodies of all who stood in their way. Crack, crack, crack, thump, thump, thump were heard; and with every crack

and thump down went a man; and in much less time than it takes me to tell it, the street was cleared of every mobocrat, except such as were lying on the ground.

This mode of treatment soon put the police in full control of the city, and order was restored.

The scenes of these three days made a great impression upon the public mind; and instead of weakening, they greatly strengthened the government. Gov. Seymour was very severely criticised, and so was the mayor of the city, for their apparent indifference as to what had occurred. The secession element was so greatly enraged, that Gen. Butler was sent with a small military force to preserve order and protect the citizens from further violence. But his little encampment at Gramercy Park had a marvellously quieting effect. We had a peaceful election, though much violence was feared.

Of course the operations of our armies were watched with intense interest. The newspapers teemed with accounts of movements, skirmishes, and battles. Extras were issued, and cried through the streets at all hours of the day and night, and people were kept in a state of feverish excitement. The battle at Bull Run was at first a terrible disappointment. It could not be believed that our troops had suffered such a defeat. But I believe it was overruled for good. It united the North more completely, and brought all to contemplate more seriously the magnitude of the issues involved.

I remember well what an excitement was produced, and what a relief was felt, when the tidings came of the successful conflict of the Monitor with the iron-clad Merrimac.

For weeks there had been a painful, and almost paralyzing fear for the safety of New York and other Atlantic cities. We seemed to be at the mercy of this Iron-

clad. It was known that Ericsson was at work on his little Monitor, and that he was pursuing the work to a completion, with unwonted energy; but would it, *could* it succeed? The odds were all against it in the public mind. It was to be at best but an experiment, and it might fail. If so, what then? But Ericsson did not falter. He believed most thoroughly it would be equal to the emergency.

I remember well when it was finished, and when it started for Norfolk. It seemed like a forlorn hope; but a brave commander with a few brave men was in charge. More than this, it bore the hopes and the prayers of thousands upon thousands of praying men and women. In due time it reached the place of combat, not an hour too soon. It met the iron monster, and, like the stripling David before the armored Goliath, it feared not, it trembled not, but proceeded to the conflict. The fatal shot was fired, and in a few moments the proud and haughty monarch was helpless and powerless. The tidings came over the wires, and the wildest shouts of joy and gladness went up from unnumbered thousands.

There was a period of long and painful anxiety while the siege of Vicksburgh was in progress. My brother was a surgeon there. He wrote frequently, and told us to have no fear. But we couldn't dismiss all fear.

There was an army of forty thousand men shut up in that city; and the question as to whether it was to escape or be captured, depended on the skill and bravery of General Grant and his army. Nor was this all. The control of the Mississippi River, and consequently of a vast extent of country, hung upon the fate of General Pemberton and his army. Day after day, and week

after week, alternate hope and fear filled the public mind.

At length the end came. Victory crowned the Union cause. General Pemberton surrendered his army. This was the third day of July, 1863.

On the same day the great and decisive three days battle of Gettysburgh terminated in the complete triumph of the Union arms.

The news of these great events spread with the rapidity of lightning over the whole North, and made the celebration of the Fourth of July more glorious than it ever was before.

I ought not to omit the brilliant exploits of Dupont, Foote, and Farragut on water, and the enthusiasm their deeds of valor awakened. Nor should I fail to mention the victories at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, the surrender of New Orleans, Missionary Ridge, Nashville, and many others.

But the whole country was excited and amazed, at the daring boldness of General Sherman in his memorable campaign from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean. There was an almost breathless suspense while he moved from place to place, and each onward step only increased the enthusiasm with which his movements were watched. And when, at last, he brought his brilliant campaign to a close, a feeling of relief, mingled with gladness, prevailed throughout the country.

The terrible, and sanguinary battles of the Wilderness, opened the way to Richmond, and from the fall of Richmond to the surrender at Appomattox the time was short.

No words of mine can express the joy and gratitude which filled all hearts when it was announced that General Lee had surrendered, and the war was at an end.

It hardly seems possible that I have lived through four years and more of such profound interest and excitement, but it is even so.

It was not my appointed work to share in the labors and dangers of the tented field; but I did what I could. My only son, a brother, and two nephews were active in the service, and endured many perils and hardships. Though wounded and captives, their lives were spared, and they now love to think they were permitted to do something for their country.

During the war I was active in prosecuting the work of the two societies with which I was connected. They were both highly prosperous, though they suffered heavy losses in the death of some of their warmest and most efficient supporters.

In the annual report of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, presented in October, 1861, I write as follows: "The Executive Committee come before the Directors under circumstances of peculiar trial. The year which opened with much promise has closed amidst the calamities of civil war. Our land is agitated through all its borders, and hundreds of thousands of our citizens are engaged in deadly strife. God has laid his heavy hand upon us, and is dealing with us for our sin. We bow in humble submission to His sovereign will. We know that the Judge of all the earth will do right."

The report then goes on to speak of the losses sustained by death, and the following are named as having died within the year. The Rev. Henry Anthon, D.D., the Rev. John T. Brooke, D.D., the Hon. N. G. Pendleton of Cincinnati, and President Lorin Andrews, LL.D.

In the following year the society had to record the death of the Right Rev. William Meade, D.D., the revered and honored president of the society, also one of its

chief founders; and also the death of the Hon. William Appleton of Boston, one of its liberal supporters.

In 1863, the Rev. Dr. Cutler, and the Hon. Luther Bradish, both active members of the executive committee, were removed by death.

In 1864, the Rev. Frederick S. Wiley, and Mr. D. B. Herrick, were taken away, both members of the executive committee; the latter, long the efficient treasurer of the society. Bishop Boone, also a warm friend of the society, died this year.

During the sessions of the triennial meeting of the society in Philadelphia, October, 1865, the Rev. Lot Jones, D.D., a member of the executive committee, was suddenly killed by falling from the steps of St. Luke's Church. The removal of this much loved man under such painful circumstances, cast a deep gloom over the meeting of the society, and deeply touched the hearts of his many friends.

In 1864, the American Church Missionary Society suffered a heavy loss in the sudden death of its president, Rear-Admiral S. F. Dupont.

By reason of the Civil War, this society had been separated from its first president, the Hon. Philip Williams of Virginia. Admiral Dupont suceeded him as its second president.

Notwithstanding the interruptions and derangements occasioned by the war, both of these societies continued their operations in such portions of the country as were accessible to them. We were entirely excluded from the seceded states, and practically from several others.

The progress of the Church Missionary Society was very rapid. At the first annual report in October, 1860, the aggregate of receipts was $7,323.57, and the expenditure had been $1,376.20.

At the second annual meeting the treasurer reported receipts for the year as $18,000, and expenditure at about $15,000.

In the sixth annual report, October, 1865, at the close of the war, the receipts for the year are put down at about $40,000, and expenses at $24,000.

In 1862, near its close, the Evangelical Education Society was organized, and established in Philadelphia. Jay Cooke was made its president, and the Rev. R. C. Matlack, D.D., its corresponding secretary. Its progress was surprisingly rapid. There had been a strong feeling that the "Society for the Increase of the Ministry" was using its influence too much in promoting one line of theological and ecclesiastical thought in our Church; and hence, the need of this new society. Thus it came to pass that the party known as the Evangelical, or Low Church Party, had its three representative societies, which were popularly known as, and called the Evangelical Societies.

As the war broke up, for the time, ecclesiastical as well as civil and social relations, there was felt to be a need for a theological school to take, in some degree, the place of the Virginia Seminary, to which so many Northern students had hitherto gone for their theological training.

Under the headship of Drs. Keith and Sparrow, with the aid of their able associates, that institution gained a high reputation, and drew students from all parts of the country. Beside the acknowledged learning and ability of its faculty, it had the impress of Virginia churchmanship, to commend it to the confidence and support of very many in our Church. But the war so interrupted the relation between the North and the South, and so broke up the institution for the time being, as to render it necessary to make some other provisions for

students who were not willing to go to the General Seminary in New York.

Though that institution was, in name and by profession, a General Seminary, established by the General Convention and under the supervision of a board of trustees appointed by all the different dioceses, yet it had been so managed as to become the tool and agent of a narrow-minded partizanship, and had thus alienated and disgusted a large portion of our Church. Under these circumstances it was necessary to make provision for such students as would not go to New York, and could not go to Alexandria.

Bishop Alonzo Potter of Pennsylvania, took a deep interest in the matter, and at once set to work to make arrangements for the accommodation of these men. He at first gave attention to the old Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, and had that properly manned, so that some theological training could be had there. But it was necessary to go much further, and it was not long before a plan was projected for establishing a theological school in Philadelphia. So great was the reputation of Bishop Potter as an educator of young men, and so unbounded was the confidence of the laity and the clergy in his wisdom as an administrator of affairs, that the plan of a seminary which would be much under his care, became at once popular, and met with much favor.

I need not dwell upon this matter. It is enough to say that the Philadelphia Divinity School was established and went into immediate operation.

I became connected with the movement from the start. Bishop Potter had occasion to spend considerable time in New York, and there were many conferences between him and myself in preparing the necessary statutes for the government of the institution.

I was made a member of the board of management, and took an active part in raising funds for the different endowments. It was through my agency that Mr. Wolfe gave $30,000 to endow the "Mary Wolfe Professorship." I also obtained from Mr. J. F. Sheafe, $6,000, on condition that $4,000 more should be raised to establish a $10,000 lectureship, to be called "The Griswold Lectureship."

My object in this was to secure for a time, at least, the services of the Rev. Dr. John S. Stone to the school. I talked it over very freely with Bishop Potter, and had his cordial approval. I was also particularly active in obtaining from Mrs. C. L. Spencer, the money to fit up Spencer Hall for the library, and from Mr. Wolfe, the means to purchase books for the library; in other ways, especially while I had the health to do it, regularly attending the meetings of the board, and promoting the interests of the institution as far as I could.

Soon after the war broke out, Dr. Hawks, for some reason resigned the rectorship of Calvary Church in New York, and at his instance, the vestry asked me to take charge of the pulpit until they obtained a new rector. This I consented to do, with the understanding that I should render such personal services, only as my other duties would permit.

I also arranged with them that no candidates for the vacant position should be invited to preach. This saved me from an immense amount of trouble.

It was astonishing to find how many men there were in the Church exactly fitted by education, attainments, and other accomplishments to succeed the gifted and eloquent Dr. Hawks. They suddenly appeared in all quarters, and were ready to spend a Sunday in New York and preach at Calvary. But the rule which had been

adopted stood in the way, and while it disgusted them, it afforded a blessed relief to me.

At a subsequent period, when another vacancy occurred by the election of Dr. Coxe to the episcopate of western New York, the vestry again placed the pulpit in my hands, and with the same rule and understanding as before.

The period of vacancy on the two occasions amounted to about a year, during which time I learned a great many things which I never knew before.

I had always supposed that a call to the ministry, was in a high sense a call from God, and that the person hearing and obeying that call would be divinely guided throughout his ministry. I innocently imagined that a call to some particular field of work, such as a parish, or to become a missionary, would be similar in its character, and would come from the same source. But by degrees I got my eyes opened, and saw how green I had been, at least in the eyes of not a few.

I found that there was such a thing as ecclesiastical wire pulling and manœuvring, and that calls to parishes were not unfrequently the result of manipulation and influence. In a word, that ecclesiastical matters were managed in a similar way, though under different names, as political matters. One seemed just about as worldly as the other, and I could not exactly see where God came in as the Director and Controller in the matter of calls to parishes.

Now the blame, if blame there be, belongs not to the clergy alone, no, not by any means; vestries and committees have a large share, and must bear their responsibility. The clergy are in the wrong, deeply in the wrong, in allowing themselves to be thus treated and trifled with. I call it trifling, for if they realized their

high calling they would not allow themselves to be made cheap by such modes of dealing. Surely they can go to God, and ask Him to guide them, and if they have really been called to the ministry by Him, He will, if they will allow it, open the way to the field where He would have them labor. Oh, for more of this simplicity of faith!

I call to mind many, many instances where these worldly methods of seeking and receiving calls were adopted, and where the saddest results followed. I give an instance.

An important church in one of our cities was vacant. The vestry appointed a committee to look out for a rector to fill the place, and they did look out with a vengeance. They did not exactly advertise in the public papers, but they came very near it by writing innumerable letters, and by asking a large number of clergymen to preach for them.

It so happened the committee came to my office, and we had quite a lengthy conversation, in which it came out that they regarded every one who preached, as a candidate. I rather sharply asked, "How many candidates have you?" The chairman of the committee took a memorandum book from his pocket, and opening it, said, about so many, giving a large number. I am really ashamed to mention the number. I was amazed, and I was indignant; and I didn't fail to show my indignation, for I immediately said, "I will have nothing to do with this case. It is wrong; all wrong. Not a name will I give you. You are acting as though every clergyman in the Church would jump at the chance of becoming your rector. I will have nothing to do with it."

It was their turn now to be amazed, and in their amazement they withdrew.

They finally obtained a rector, and not very long after came to ask my advice as to the best way of getting rid of him. While I did not say to them, "I told you so," I was not made unhappy by their disappointment and trouble.

Singularly enough, it so happened that another large church in the same city as the one just mentioned became vacant. One day two gentlemen called at my office. They were both strangers to me. They introduced themselves as a committee from such a church, naming it, and had called to talk with me about a successor to their former rector. I expressed my surprise at their calling on me, intimating that probably they had made some mistake. They replied, "We think not. Are you not Dr. Dyer?" I said, "Yes," but as I was "a perfect stranger to them and to their congregation, I thought it was some other person they were seeking."

After considerable conversation I named two clergymen. They were both young men, educated in the same college, and were both settled in moderate sized parishes west of the Alleghany Mountains. My description of them was satisfactory; but they had never heard of either of them, and how were they to see and hear them?

"Do you think," they asked, "that they would be willing to come East and spend a Sunday with us, we paying their expenses?"

I said, "No; I do not," and added, "if they would, I would not recommend them."

"But how are we to hear them?" they asked.

I said, "If you want them you will have to go where they are; and in my opinion they are worth going after."

They then said, "We are authorized by the vestry to extend a call as soon as we find a person we think will meet our case."

I then said, "This is fortunate, for the two clergymen are settled in parishes on the Ohio River, and you can first visit the nearest one, and then if you wish, take a steamer and visit the other, about three hundred miles down the river."

They laughed a little at the idea; but, on the whole, thought it best to adopt it; and so, in due time they made the journey of many hundred miles to the first named place, saw and heard the clergyman, were much pleased, and gave him the call.

They arranged that after a few weeks he should visit, and spend Sunday with them. This took place, and he preached morning and evening. The bishop of the diocese was present.

Before dismissing the congregation he requested the vestry to remain after service, which they did. To their surprise he said, "You have now seen and heard me; and that you may be entirely free in the matter, I now return to you the call which you kindly extended to me. If after you have conferred with the congregation you feel you have made a mistake, then keep the call, and no harm will be done."

The clergyman left the city the next day, but not before the call to him was renewed.

He took charge of the parish and served them well for two years. He was then called to a larger, and in many respects more important church in another city. He accepted the call and went.

There was another vacancy, and the same committee, clothed with the same power, saw and heard the other clergyman who had been named to them.

They called him. He accepted, and at this writing he is their most highly esteemed and much loved rector.

I mention these cases to show that there is a right

way, and a wrong way of doing things, on the part of vestries and committees.

I mention only one other case, though I could fill a volume with my own experience in this matter. An important church in a large western city was vacant, and they set out to secure some big gun, and they went forth in a big way. I will not take the trouble to write down their experience. At the end of several months the warden wrote me, detailing the sad time they had had, and closed by saying, "We started, saying to ourselves, Whom *will* we have? and then fell down to, Whom *can* we have? and now we are anxiously asking, Who will have *us?*"

Soon after settling in NewYork, I made a rule that I would not meddle with a vacant parish anywhere until I was written to, or called on, by those connected with the parish, and who had a right to act in the matter. I was driven to adopt this rule, first from a sense of self-respect and propriety, and secondly to avoid the importunities of those who were ready and anxious to be called to fill such vacancies. In adhering to this rule, I disappointed some and offended others,—but I protected myself from criticisms both unjust and damaging.

It was taken for granted by not a few, that in my somewhat peculiar position I had much to do in manipulating vacant parishes, and in securing for friends, or for those of my way of thinking, calls to fill such parishes.

I incidentally learned that one of our bishops had this sort of impression, and had warned several parishes not to seek my advice in such matters, but to come to their bishop.

When I became sure from unmistakable authority that he had thus spoken of me, I took occasion in writing

him on some business affair, to let him know what I had heard, and then to explain the rule I had adopted, and my invariable course of action.

He took my letter in good part, and thanked me for the explanation, saying he had been under a misapprehension. After that our relations became much more friendly and intimate, and he often conferred with me as to persons to fill vacant parishes.

In 1859, Dr. Gregory T. Bedell, rector of the Church of the Ascension, and a member of the executive committee of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, was elected and consecrated as assistant Bishop of Ohio. This took from the city a warm personal friend, a friend whom I greatly valued, and with whom I had much pleasant intercourse.

Two or three of us had been in the habit of spending an hour or two one afternoon each week with him in his study, during which time we conversed freely upon matters of personal and practical religion. Engaged as I was, incessantly, in my manifold duties, this little break each week was a great benefit, and a great comfort. Dr. Chauncy and Dr. Montgomery were of the number. We all felt the removal of Dr. Bedell from the city as a great personal loss.

Dr. John Cotton Smith, assistant at Trinity Church, Boston, was called to the rectorship of the Ascension, and soon removed to the city. My slight acquaintance with him previously, soon ripened into a warm and intimate friendship. He succeeded Dr. Bedell as a member of our executive committee, where he rendered very great assistance.

Vacancies occurring, by reason of death, in our executive committee, others took their places, and I was brought into pleasant personal relations with Mr.

Charles R. Marvin, J. Pierpont Morgan, Geo. D. Morgan, the Rev. Drs. Bancroft, Schenck, and others.

About 1865, I became an assistant at the Church of the Ascension; not so much to perform duties at the church, as to take charge of mission service in a hall on the west side of the city, in Forty-second Street. For more than a year I preached there every Sunday night.

During this period, Dr. Smith conceived the idea of establishing a chapel up town, where might be gathered the members of the Ascension and others, as they moved to that part of the city.

He foresaw what afterwards rapidly took place, that in the constant changes going on, the Ascension would become a down town church, with but a fraction of its original elements left, and that thus would its character be essentially changed, and it would lose the commanding position it had so long held among the churches of the city.

Grace Church and St. George's were cited as examples. Not many years before, they were far down town, but by coming up town, in time they became stronger than ever.

So, Dr. Smith thought, it would be with the Ascension. St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, Holy Trinity, Trinity Chapel, and the Incarnation had not then been built.

The only enterprise of the kind which had been started was a mission of St. Mark's Church, somewhere on Sixth Avenue, near Forty-third Street. There I preached many times, in a large room over the stables of the Sixth Avenue Railroad Co. This chapel grew rapidly, and became what was and is known as the Anthon Memorial Church.

The vestry of the Ascension did not take the same view of the matter as Dr. Smith did, and so the effort to

establish a chapel of the Ascension, to bear the same relation to the parent church that Trinity Chapel does to old Trinity, was given up. This was a sore disappointment to Dr. Smith; but he was not the man to murmur or mourn over what he could not help, nor was he the man to give up what he considered a good idea.

He then proposed to me that I should find some place on Murray Hill, where services could be commenced.

For this purpose, a hall in a large building on Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue was secured. In this hall I held services once on each Sunday for some weeks.

The chapel in Rutger's Institute, was then rented. This was located on Fifth Avenue, immediately opposite the reservoir, admirably situated for the purpose in view. In this chapel I held services morning and afternoon for more than a year. Beside these two services, I had regularly an evening service in the hall in Forty-second Street, near Seventh Avenue, where a mission of the Church of the Ascension had been established.

Thus, for a long period, I read services and preached three times every Sunday.

Without dwelling upon this part of my work, I may state that the chapel in Forty-second Street grew into a well established chapel in Forty-third Street, where there is a very pretty building, with a large congregation, and a most flourishing Sunday school, all under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Steen, who has accomplished, and is accomplishing a great work.

The credit of this successful enterprise is, under God, due to the fostering interest and support of Dr. Smith, and the efficient workers whom he secured; among them Bishop Whitaker and his excellent wife.

In connection with my services at the chapel of Rut-

ger's Institute, I established a Sunday school. The result of my labors there was the organization of the Church of the Holy Trinity. It was now necessary that they should have the services of one who could give his whole time and energy to the work. Accordingly, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, jr., was called as the rector of the new parish.

Mr. Tyng was at the time in charge of the Church of the Mediator, on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirtieth Street. This building had been purchased some time before by Mr. Wolfe and Mrs. Spencer, and quite a full congregation had been gathered.

Mr. Tyng accepted the call to Holy Trinity, continuing, however, his services at the Mediator for some considerable time. Before long, lots were secured, and the first church building of Holy Trinity was erected at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, where the present building now stands.

During two years and more, I performed a very large amount of clerical services, besides my regular work in connection with the Evangelical Knowledge Society, and the American Church Missionary Society.

During this period an association called the Latimer Society was formed.

This was a body of clergyman of our Church, numbering about twenty, and meeting at each others' houses for the purpose of carefully studying the issues which were then so prominent among us, and which so sharply divided the High Church or Tractarians, and the Low Church or Evangelical parties, and so separated them from each other.

Our exercises were devotional services, papers, and discussions upon topics previously selected, interspersed by a lunch. I believe this association did a good deal

for the time. It certainly opened the eyes of not a few and helped them to see, and understand, what were really the points at issue between the two parties.

Subsequently, this society gave place to the Clerical Association, which embraced a much larger body of the clergy living in and out of the city, and directed attention to a much wider range of subjects.

The association met every Monday, at eleven o'clock, at the rooms of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, and was usually largely attended. The Rev. Dr. Tyng was the first president; and when he retired, I was elected, and held the place while the association lasted.

The general policy of the Evangelical party was freely discussed, and largely shaped, by this association. Bishops and clergy from a distance, when in the city, were in the habit of attending its sessions. In a word it became a kind of center and headquarters of our friends generally. In this connection I may as well mention that I became a regular correspondent of *The London Record*, one of the organs of the Evangelical party in the Church of England.

When the war broke out, my earnest advocacy of the cause of our government in its conflict with secession and rebellion, was not very palatable to many of the readers of the *Record* in England; and, as a consequence, there was a good deal of sparring between writers there and myself.

Before closing my connection with the paper I took occasion to express, pretty vigorously, my surprise that a people who had so severely denounced slavery, and so unmercifully criticised us for our connection with it, should now, in this mighty conflict which slavery had produced, give all its sympathy and throw all its influence in favor of the supporters of the very system which

they had again and again characterized as the abomination of unrighteousness. But their national obstinacy made them apparently insensible to their glaring inconsistency, and unconscious of the wrong they were doing to our Government.

Providentially, Prince Albert, and Queen Victoria, and some others stood firmly by the North.

It may not be known to many, that among those sent in a semi-official capacity to visit England early in the war, for the purpose of explaining matters more fully, and of preventing England from taking an active part with the South, was Bishop McIlvaine. He was well known by a large number of the nobility, and others in high position, and it was thought he could render excellent service.

It was hardly deemed competent for the government to appoint commissioners to visit England for this purpose. The President and members of the cabinet were decidedly of the opinion that persons of standing and intelligence going out unofficially would be able, by mingling with the people, using the press, and perhaps in public addresses to accomplish far more than they could possibly do as the accredited agents of our government. In the latter case they would at once encounter prejudice and opposition, whereas as individuals, they could much more readily obtain a favorable hearing. It was accordingly arranged that certain selected parties should at an early day visit England upon this mission. This plan was carried into effect and thus it came to pass that Bishop McIlvaine visited England in the interest of our country. This took place, I think, near the close of the year 1861, about the time of the famous Trent affair. His account of his reception and experiences, could it be

published, would be most interesting. Though he arrived just when all England was deeply agitated by the alarming illness and sudden death of Prince Albert, yet he was most kindly received by many old friends, as well as by high officials of the government.

Some other persons visited England for a similar purpose, among them Archbishop Hughes.

But England forgot herself, and her avowed principles, and was really very inconsistent during the whole war, and for some time after.

It will take a great deal to make many of this generation believe that she did not, in her secret heart, hope that the disruption of the states would be final. We were becoming too powerful for her comfort. She might, for a time, remain mistress of the seas, but not of the world.

The war closed in the spring of 1865. In October of the same year, the General Convention of our Church met in Philadelphia. There was an anxious curiosity felt as to the course the Southern bishops would pursue. The General Convention had taken no action with regard to the Southern dioceses, whereas they had organized a general council for the Confederate States, and the separate dioceses had made their allegiance to this body.

But now the Confederacy had gone to pieces, and they were all back in the United States. What would they do? Would they come back or not? The door was wide open. The bishops could return to the House of Bishops, and delegates from the different dioceses would find no difficulty in taking their seats in the House of Deputies. It was a novel state of things, and the wisest and best men were in doubt as to what would be or should be done.

Two of the bishops from the South, (I believe the number was two) Bishops Atkinson and Lay, quietly took their seats, and thus solved the problem.

In 1868, the General Convention met in New York, when most of the Southern bishops appeared and took their seats; and nearly all the Southern dioceses were represented in the Lower House.

The sturdiest patriots of the North, and the leaders of secession from the South, sat side by side, and nothing occurred to disturb the harmony or break the peace which had been restored. This was certainly a happy state of things. Our Church, like the Union, stood forth one and inseparable, while the Presbyterians, Methodists, and others were divided into two bodies.

In 1862 (I think it was) I was elected to the episcopate of Kansas.

This disturbed me a good deal; not that I had much doubt as to what I ought I to do, but my friends were much divided in opinion, and I felt I ought to take time, and hear what there was to be said on both sides of the question.

I had no ambition to be a bishop, nothing of the kind. Indeed, my observation had led me to regard it as about the most undesirable of all positions in the Church.

I know St. Paul says, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." But St. Paul was never a diocesan bishop, and knew nothing of the peculiar and troublesome duties of that office, particularly out on the prairies of Kansas. Nor do I think he had in his mind, at all, when he wrote to Timothy, the case of diocesan bishops. At any rate, I did not desire the office, however good the work might be.

Some of my friends were very urgent that I should accept, and were ready to promise such aid as might be

needed to make my work successful. Others again, hardly thought I could be more useful than I was in my present position.

One of the most gratifying letters I received, was from the Rev. Dr. Johnson, at the time a professor in the General Seminary. He said he supposed we did not agree in theological and ecclesiastical views; but he hoped I would accept the office, as he believed the Lord would enable me to do a good work.

My old friend, Dr. Sparrow, wrote a warm-hearted letter, expressing his gratification at my election, but intimating that in his opinion, I could be more useful where I was.

After waiting a sufficient time, and hearing what was to be said on both sides, I still adhered to the opinion I formed at the first, that there was nothing in the office I desired, or was particularly fitted for, and that I did not believe my usefulness would be increased by accepting it, and that therefore I must decline. Of course, I had thought and prayed over it much, and reached my decision after mature deliberation.

I may incidentally mention that I received, while waiting, several calls from different parishes in Kansas to become their rector.

This was certainly acting in the dark, for none of them knew me. They only knew I had been elected the bishop of their diocese. But these calls did not influence me in the least. Another thing happened, which, as it expressed an affectionate confidence, did please me. It was the offer on the part of ten young men about to be ordained, to go to Kansas with me. It was a great relief when this question was settled, and I had written and sent off my letter declining the election.

About a year after the close of the war I began to feel

the effects of the great pressure and many labors which had so long overburdened me, and frequent and sharp attacks of illness reminded me that I must, in some way, find relief. My old friend, Dr. Alexander Vinton, who was a doctor indeed, not only of the soul and mind, but also of the body, took my case in hand and told my friends I must have rest and change of scene.

This came in a very kind and pleasant way. Mr. Stewart Brown came to see me, and said he desired to have one of his sons visit the South for some business purposes, and that both he and his son wished me to go also. I didn't exactly see of what advantage I could be in such an expedition, but I did see that a kind Providence had opened the way and provided the means for carrying out Dr. Vinton's suggestion; and I felt very grateful. I had learned to recognize the Lord's hand in everything that took place; but it was just like Mr. Brown to do this very thing.

In a day or two we were ready to start. Just as we were leaving, Mr. Brown said, "Now go as far south as you please, visit as many places as you like, and stay as long as you like."

In Washington we spent some time, seeing what there was to be seen. From Washington we went to Alexandria, and from there drove out to the seminary, spent a few hours; called on Dr. Sparrow and some of the other professors; and dined with Bishop Johns, whose residence was close by the seminary buildings.

I may as well mention that immediately upon the close of the war, Mr. William H. Aspinwall and Mr. Stewart Brown asked me if I would not visit Washington, and have an interview with Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, with reference to putting the seminary buildings in repair, and then proceed to the semin-

ary, and see what was necessary to be done in order to have it opened again.

For two years or more the government had occupied the buildings as a hospital, and nearly all the furniture had been destroyed. The fences had been burnt up for fire-wood, and the buildings had been sadly defaced and injured.

I saw Mr. Stanton, and he promised to send a proper officer and have an examination made, and said the government would do something, but probably not very much, as it would be establishing a dangerous precedent to repair damages done in seceded states. Had the professors and other officials remained loyal or neutral during the war, it would be easier to deal with the case; but as they had not, the government would feel embarrassed in taking an active part in doing what was needed for the re-opening of the institution. I recognized the force of what he said, and did not press the matter farther.

I went to the seminary, and was met by a scene of ruin and desolation that was truly heart-sickening. The grounds, which just before the war had by the inspiration of Mr. Sheafe's liberality been put in such perfect and beautiful order, were now covered with rubbish of all kinds. Not a particle of fencing was left, many of the noble forest trees had been cut down, the paths and walks had been obliterated, and the whole domain had been cut up into deep ruts by the wheels of the heavy artillery carriages and the army wagons of every description.

And then the buildings! Truly, they were in a most dilapidated and forlorn condition. The windows were broken; the doors torn off their hinges, and used for fire-wood, or other purposes; the plastering was badly

knocked off; and floors and halls throughout the different buildings were covered with dirt and strewed with bits of furniture and broken crockery: presenting a picture of ruin, wretchedness and desolation, which no words of mine can adequately describe.

I readily saw that over and above all the government would do, quite a large sum of money would be required to put the institution in any tolerable order for the use of professors and students.

I hastened home and reported the state of things, and commenced at once raising the funds needed. In a few days I received and remitted $2,927.65, just about the amount I estimated it would take to make the repairs absolutely required.

I also secured annual pledges towards the support of the professors, amounting to two thousand dollars.

Afterwards I did something more, which may as well be mentioned further on.

From the seminary, Mr. Brown and myself proceeded to Richmond. There we remained over Sunday. The ravages of the siege, and of the fire, were very visible.

Though Richmond is a beautiful city, and charmingly situated, yet I felt depressed and sad all the time I was there. The people looked dejected and discouraged; and well they might. Nearly all business had been brought to a stand still. Wealth, and even a moderate competence, had disappeared, and the large majority of the population were in great, and many in abject, poverty.

The negroes were no longer slaves, and consequently had no one to care for them; and thus whites and blacks, once masters and servants, were on an equality, and nigh unto perishing for the want of food and raiment.

We were kindly received, and I was asked to preach

in St. James Church; but I declined. We scarcely saw a smile while in the city, and as we were powerless to help, we were glad to leave, which we did on Monday.

On our way south we passed through Burkeville, and over the district where Grant and Sheridan and others led the Union forces in their hot pursuit of Lee and the confederate army. And what a pursuit this was! and what a glorious result followed!

When the surrender at Appomattox Court House took place, the war of the great Rebellion was ended, and the Union was saved! Glory to God!

I felt pretty considerably stirred up as I looked out upon the roads, the fields, and the hills which had been trod and tramped by hostile armies a year before. I could almost see the worn and battered legions as they passed along, and hear the bugle's blast and the cannon's roar. All the military that was in me was fully worked up. But I was thankful there was to be no more fighting, and that I was riding over an undivided country.

As we were under an engagement to stop and spend a day or two with the Rev. John T. Clark, at his home in Halifax Co., we left the train at the Roanoke station, on the Danville road.

Mr. Clark met us and drove us some four miles to his plantation. On our way we passed through, or by the side of, the plantation once owned and occupied by the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke.

We found the plantation in a neglected and dilapidated condition. To whom it belonged I do not remember, but it is rather a miserable looking place. A little Yankee thrift would brighten it up amazingly.

We crossed the Roanoke river in an old scow, which looked about as battered and forlorn as the country through which we were passing.

In due time we reached Mr. Clark's habitation, where we were most hospitably received and entertained.

Mr. Clark inherited and owned several thousand acres. Before emancipation took place he had a large number of slaves. Most of the slaves remain on the place, and carry on portions of the plantation on shares. Both the owners of the lands, and the new tenants who occupy them, encounter many and great difficulties in adjusting themselves to their new circumstances. Which party is the more to be pitied, it is difficult to say.

The day after our arrival several large farmers whom Mr. Clark had invited, came and dined with us. I was much pleased with them, and with the spirit they manifested. They accepted the situation, and were disposed to make the best of it.

It seemed to be the opinion of all, that the best thing that could happen to them would be the coming of families from the North, who would purchase portions of their plantations, and settle upon them. This would bring into their midst an element of thrift and progress which would be of the greatest benefit.

I suggested that the negroes would be in the way; that as they had not been trained to anything like self-reliance, they must be for a long time inefficient, and too costly for the small farmers of New England.

They seemed to think that these difficulties would be very temporary. I thought not. At any rate I said, "The small farmers of the North could not bring with them much money, and consequently could not try any very doubtful experiments."

Our conversations continued for several hours, and covered a good deal of ground. The effect on me was to make me realize more than ever the importance of the problems to be solved, and very much deepened

the conviction I had long had, as to the enormous evils of slavery as a system in a country like ours.

We left the hospitable mansion of Mr. Clark the next day, and proceeded on our way to Charleston. We traveled all night, and the following morning the train stopped, apparently in an open field. There was no station house, and no other house very near. On inquiring why we stopped, we were told it was for breakfast. I asked where. The brakeman, pointing across the field, said, "There; follow those people and you will find the place."

I started, and soon fell in with a man who seemed to know something about the country, and I asked him where we were, and what was the meaning of the chimneys I saw standing alone without any houses. There were quite a number of them. "Well may you ask about those chimneys; they do look kinder lonesome. I tell you, stranger, them chimneys once belonged to houses. There was, before the war, quite a smart village about here; but that man, Sherman, came along one day with his army, and them chimneys is all he left. It was awful." By this time we reached a little shanty of a place, and the man said, "Here, stranger, is your breakfast."

This was in North Carolina, and from that place all the way to Columbia, in South Carolina, we were reminded, by lonesome chimneys and other signs, that one day that man, Sherman, came along with his army.

We spent some hours in Columbia, a beautiful town and beautifully situated, but sadly injured by the great fire at the time of its capture by General Sherman.

We found no love for the brave general, but on the contrary, much bitterness of feeling. They charge him with allowing, if not instigating, the atrocities which

were committed after the army took possession of the place. He stoutly denies the charge, and says the people fired the town to prevent the stores of cotton from falling into his hands. The exact truth will probably never be known.

From Columbia to Charleston we went by rail. This journey of between one and two hundred miles was through a flat, uninteresting country. The land is poor, and the industries are few; cotton growing and gathering pitch seemed to be the principal.

The mode of obtaining pitch is very simple, but very destructive. It is obtained from a species of pine called pitch pine, and is secured by making a large and wide incision on the bark of the tree. Indeed, a broad strip of bark is entirely removed. At the lower or pointed end of this incision a piece of pine, something like a rough shingle, is inserted, and this carries the thick fluid, if fluid it can be called, into a trough or bucket placed beneath. This pitch is boiled down, and from it tar and resin are made.

I said the process of obtaining it is very destructive, and so it is. The pine trees, as we have seen them, are about a foot, often less, in diameter, and the tapping of one year destroys the tree. As we passed through this portion of the state we saw thousands upon thousands of dead trees. These dead trees are cut down and made into cord wood, to be sent to the northern cities. It seemed to us that all these silver-fir forests would soon disappear under the destructive method of obtaining the pitch.

On reaching Charleston we stopped at the Mills House, one of the best known houses of the South.

Soon after our arrival, the Rev. Dr. Porter, whom we knew very well, called on us, as did also Mr. Trenholm,

who was, for a time, a member of Jefferson Davis' cabinet. These gentlemen showed us much attention.

Mr. Trenholm was a very intelligent man, but very sad. He took us all about the city, showed us all the places of historic interest; but when we came to the burnt district he could hardly restrain his emotions. This dreadful fire had swept away the very business heart of the city, and had reduced many of the more prosperous citizens to poverty.

Mr. Trenholm himself had suffered very heavily. As we walked away, he said, "We can never recover from the blow we have received. Charleston will never be Charleston again. Its glory is gone; and so with the state! The best thing we can do is to get your Mr. A. T. Stewart to come down and buy up the whole state. He could make something out of it; but we cannot."

Of course this was an extremely gloomy view to take of things; but we could hardly wonder at it. Mr. Trenholm was past middle life; all his hopes had been wrecked in the great struggle; he had lost most of his property; very many of his associates were in abject poverty. The very flower of their young men had been cut off during the war; their proud state was a conquered province, under a semi-military rule appointed by the United States. Their governor was a northern man, and their legislature, then in session, was made up, for the most part, of negroes who, but a little while before, were the servants and slaves of the white population.

The outlook was certainly dark and gloomy, particularly to one in Mr. Trenholm's situation. I have no doubt multitudes of hearts were broken, and very many lives brought to an untimely end, throughout that state, and other southern states, by grief alone. They had

staked everything; they had lost everything; and they could not live.

Fortunately, all did not feel as Mr. Trenholm did. Dr. Porter was very hopeful, and so were many others.

I mention one incident illustrative of this better, or more hopeful state of feeling.

When we took the cars at Columbia for Charleston, a young gentleman came in and took a seat immediately in front of me. For some time he was engaged in reading a newspaper. After he had finished it, he very politely asked me if I would like to look at a Charleston paper. I thanked him and said I should. This led to a little conversation, in which he remarked, that if I took any interest in the proceedings of the Legislature, he wished I would read the short speeches of a member whom he named; and pointing to the name he handed me the paper.

I read the proceedings of the assembly. On handing the paper back, he asked what I thought of that particular member's remarks. I replied, that they had impressed me very much. They were brief and to the point, showing, as I thought, a better knowledge of the subjects under discussion than any member whose speeches were reported. He said such was his opinion.

He then introduced himself as Mr. Calhoun, a grandson of the late John C. Calhoun, and added, "That member is a colored man, and was formerly a slave, and the body-servant of my grandfather; and I think him the ablest man in the Legislature. He understands the condition of affairs, and what the state needs."

This led to a long conversation, in which he expressed his views and opinions with the utmost frankness.

Among other things, he said he did not regret the abolition of slavery. It created much confusion, and a

good deal of suffering; but he thought it would prove the salvation of the South. Slavery was an institution of the past. It could not, in this day and country, compete with freedom; and had it continued, the South would have steadily lost ground, while the North would have as steadily gained ground. This was inevitable; and slavery would have been the cause of it. Thankful should we be that it no longer exists.

He said he was on his way to attend a convention of young men at Selma, in Alabama. The object in calling the convention was to consider what policy and measures should be adopted and pursued for the reconstruction of the state governments, and for the restoration of business and prosperity throughout the South.

He said he should advocate, as the first step, a full and cordial acceptance of the situation as it was; consider slavery as utterly extinct; secure the labor of the negroes on just and equitable terms; and then he would have the young men identify themselves with the great landed and agricultural interests of the country, and make themselves fully and practically acquainted with these interests.

He would also encourage Northern men and Northern capital to come into the South, and engage in farming and manufacturing enterprises. He would have schools and churches as they have them in the North. Thus he would solve the mighty problem which was before them. He said they had limited the call to young men only, because the old men were so committed to the old ways which prevailed before the war, that they could not readily enter upon the proposed new departure.

When he learned my name, and that I was from New York, he eagerly inquired about the state of feeling among the Northern people, and whether I thought

young men with capital could be induced to come South. I told him I thought there was generally a kindly feeling; but that men with capital would be rather slow in removing to the South, especially while there were so many openings for capital in the North and West. But when matters should become a little more settled throughout the South, the climate and resources of that region would be sure to draw men and women both from the Northern states, and from foreign countries; and that in the near future they might expect a degree of prosperity and solid wealth such as they had never seen before.

Our conversation continued without interruption until we reached a junction where he was to take another train for his destination in Alabama. I was greatly surprised, and relieved, to hear such views expressed by such a person; and I felt that the prevalence of such ideas would do more for the South than anything else.

Dr. Porter had just commenced his work in behalf of educational interests in Charleston. He had already been North and collected quite a large amount of funds. I heard him make a statement in the Church of the Ascension in New York, a few weeks after the war closed. This statement was in behalf of the theological school which had been commenced before the war, in South Carolina.

In Charleston I saw, for the first time, the turkey buzzard as a domestic bird. They were very common and very tame, and acted, I think, as a kind of scavenger on the streets.

I noticed another peculiarity of the place. The tops of the chimneys were all covered by an arch of brick. This was to prevent the buzzards from making the chimneys their roosting places.

This visit to Charleston was my first, and was most interesting; but the silence and desolation which prevailed were most sad and depressing, and we were not sorry to leave. We concluded we had seen enough of the South for this time, and would not extend our journey to Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, as we at first intended, and accordingly we started homeward by way of Wilmington, Norfolk, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

From Charleston to Baltimore we found the way long, the cars and roads indifferent, the hotels poor and the scenery tame, uninteresting, and monotonous. All the way we were reminded of the dreadful evils and ravages of war. The eating houses were miserable; but at every stopping place there were numerous negro women with trays of provisions on their heads; and their cold chicken, ham, biscuits, cakes, and pies were very nice, and very palatable.

When we reached New York we were not sorry to be at home again; but were very glad to have had such an opportunity to visit a portion of the South at such an interesting time.

I now make a few notes with regard to our societies. In 1866, Bishop McIlvaine, then the president of the society, in a letter to me makes a pointed reference to ritualism, and warns against the dangers which it was bringing into the Church in the shape of false teachings. He says, "The flag of ritualism, which is a *censer*, requires the bolder and wider manifestation of the banner of Christ and His Gospel. The more the *priest* appears in the heresy, the more must the *preacher* stand forth for the truth. If we must have *sacrifice* let it be more and more of ourselves, our souls, and bodies unto God. '*With such sacrifice He is well pleased.*' Our Church, I believe, was

never in greater danger of doctrinal, of Romish doctrinal corruption."

During this year, the Rev. James Pratt, D.D., was appointed financial secretary, and entered upon his duties. His appointment and efficient services afforded me great relief. We printed ten thousand five hundred copies of the Prayer Book, and ten thousand of the Mission Service. To issue the work of the Rev. Dr. Stone, $2,000 were given by a few individuals, and Mr. Thomas McMullen of New York, paid for and presented to the society the plates of two works, "Sacred Poetry" and the "Beauty of Sacred Literature," at a cost of $1,680.

It was at this time we received an application to establish a depository of our publications in Chicago. This application was signed by Bishop Clarkson, Bishop McCoskry, Bishop Lee of Iowa, and many others.

I should not deem this as worthy of any particular notice, for many similar applications came from different parts of the country, which were numerously signed, but for the circumstance that one of our Church papers made a violent attack upon the society, and charged its management with resorting to false methods of recommending itself to the public; and as an instance of false representations, it cited this particular case, saying we had put names to the application without any authority from the parties themselves. The editor went on to denounce, in the strongest phraseology, such conduct as mean and contemptible. As I had the original document, signatures and all, the signatures in the handwriting of the persons themselves, I wrote the editor stating the facts, and offering to show the document to any friend he would name; and asked him to retract what he had said, which he manfully and promptly did.

In the American Church Missionary Society, the

growth of which had been very rapid, I was much relieved by the appointment of the Rev. Edward Anthon, as associate corresponding secretary, and the Rev. Franklin S Rising, as financial secretary and general agent.

During the year 1866, the receipts were $56,412.38. Previously the sum of $10,000, had been given to the society to hold in trust as an endowment for the support of the professor of divinity in Griswold College. The endowment was to bear the name of "The Anthon Professorship of Systematic Divinity in Griswold College, Iowa." The money was given by the Misses Louisa and Eliza Dean, of St. Mark's Church, New York. In 1867, the receipts of the society were over $80,000, and in 1868, they reached $100,000. In 1867, Jay Cooke resigned the presidency on account of his having accepted the presidency of the Evangelical Education Society. The Hon. John N. Conyngham, succeeded Mr. Cooke as president of the Missionary Society.

As early as 1864, the society had under consideration the subject of commencing missionary work in Hayti, and it devolved on me to open a correspondence with the Rev. J. Theodore Holly, a presbyter of our Church, and residing in Hayti. The result was we requested the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lee, of Delaware, to visit Hayti in company with the Rev. C. H. Williamson.

This visit was made; and so favorable was his report, that the society resolved to enter upon that field of labor. Much interest was awakened by an appeal sent out in its behalf. But some of the friends of Foreign Missions thought it would be wiser, and tend to greater harmony, if that mission were handed over to the Board of Missions and placed under the Foreign Committee.

Accordingly, in the autumn of 1866, the society made

a transfer of its missionary work in Hayti to the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, and paid into their treasury the sum of $1,348.35, being the balance in the hands of the society contributed for that work.

Soon after the war, applications of all kinds came from the South for aid. As early as the autumn of 1865, I commenced raising funds to meet these applications as far as it was proper and practicable to do so. During the two following years I received and distributed some eight thousand dollars.

About the same time many of my friends requested me to receive funds from them, to be used at my discretion in providing for special cases of want which might come to my knowledge, and which would be peculiar, and outside of the operations of our charitable associations. For such purposes I received and distributed during a few years something over $18,000.

This involved a large amount of care and responsibility, and gave me no little labor. I had to keep several memoranda books, and make almost innumerable entries. In disbursing funds I paid out sums ranging all the way from one dollar up to several hundreds, according to the character of the cases which came before me.

During the winter of 1867 and 1868 my health suffered very much from over work, so much so, that an entire rest and change seemed necessary. Accordingly, in the spring of 1868, I sailed for Europe, with my wife and youngest daughter, kind friends having generously provided the necessary funds.

X.

SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE.

As Mrs. Dyer has written and published a book entitled *Sunny Days Abroad*, in which she gives a pretty full account of the places we visited, and of what we saw and did, it hardly seems necessary that in these records I should go over the same ground again. There are two or three things, however, of which I will speak, from notes taken at the time.

Soon after reaching London, I heard that there was much excitement with regard to the matters before Parliament looking to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. A resolution had just passed the House of Commons, by a large majority, suspending, in rather an indefinite sense, the Irish Church as a State establishment. This was a political movement, having in view the ultimate disendowment of the Church, and thus paving the way for the independence of Ireland.

Mr. D'Israeli had just returned from a visit to the Queen, at Osborne, where he had gone to lay the matter before her, and offer the resignation of the ministry.

The Queen declined to accept the resignation, and resolved to dissolve Parliament in the early autumn, that the people might have the opportunity of giving expression to their sentiments upon this momentous sub-

ject. Mr. D'Israeli immediately laid before the House the decision which had been reached.

Great was the excitement. A public meeting was called of those opposed to disestablishment, to take place in St. James' Hall, one of the largest halls in the city. Fortunately, a ticket of admission was sent me.

It so happened that the meeting took place at three o'clock of the day on which the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held at Exeter Hall. As I was a delegate, with the Rev. Dr. Fowler of Utica, from the American Bible Society, to attend that anniversary, I was anxious to put in at least an appearance; and so I went in good season to the room where the officers, speakers, and other friends were to assemble previous to going into the hall.

Here I met the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishops of London and Carlisle, and many other dignitaries of Church and State.

The procession was formed, and when we reached to the entrance of the great Hall, I made it convenient to drop out, and take a seat among the audience.

I was particularly anxious to hear Dr. Tait, the Bishop of London, who was to make an address.

In due time the preliminaries were gone through with, and the speakers commenced.

First Lord Shaftesbury, the president of the society, who made a capital address; and then the Bishop of Carlisle; and then the Bishop of London. His address was most able and impressive, all that could be desired.

I then looked at my watch, and saw I must hurry away if I would reach St. James' Hall in season to gain admission. I took unceremonious leave, as did a great many others; and catching an omnibus I arrived just in time.

I was seated about twenty feet from the platform, where I could see and hear perfectly. In a few moments the vast Hall was filled in all its parts; and such an audience! There were at least three thousand people, and nearly all from the highest classes in England and Ireland.

At the appointed hour, a large door opening upon the very large platform was thrown open, and, preceded by several ushers, the procession of dignitaries entered.

I give a list in part. The Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Armagh, and Dublin. The Bishops of London, Oxford, Rochester, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, Litchfield, Ripon, Sodor and Man, Truro, Meath, Killihoe, Kidmore, Ossory, Cork, Derry, Capetown, Perth (South Australia) and Barbadoes. The Dean of Westminster and twelve other deans, Archdeacons Denison, Bickersteth, Philpotts, and nine others. The Dukes of Richmond, Marlborough, Manchester and Northumberland. Marquises of Westmeath, Exeter, Bath, and Bristol. Lords Malmesbury, Harroby, Shrewsbury, Colchester, Rederdale, Churston, Fitzwalter, Chelmsford, O'Neil, Munster, Hamilton, and many other noblemen. Messrs. Beresford, Hope, Newdegate, Greville, Grenville. The Lord Mayor of London, and very many more; making an audience on the platform of some two hundred.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Longley, presided. As soon as the meeting came to order, prayer was offered.

The opening address was made by the archbishop, and was most excellent both in matter and spirit, and was wonderfully well received. He spoke with ease and was well heard.

The Lord Mayor followed in a very spirited and eloquent address. He reminded me of the late eloquent

James T. Brady, of New York. He spoke fluently, and in a ringing voice.

When he sat down the archbishop announced the Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce, as the next speaker, and then followed an indescribable scene of the wildest uproar and confusion. All manner of shouts and groans greeted him as he arose. There he stood for nearly twenty minutes, trying to get a hearing; but all his attempts were utterly vain.

The archbishop came to the rescue; and it was pleasant and amusing to see how quickly silence reigned when he arose. But the moment he sat down, the uproar was renewed; and thus it continued, until the archbishop told the audience that unless they would listen to the speakers who had been selected, he would have to abandon the chair.

This brought things to a settlement, for no one wished to break up the meeting, however much disinclined to hear the Bishop of Oxford. I should have said that during the confusion, one particularly disorderly person was picked up and actually carried out over the heads of the audience. They passed along close to where I sat.

At length the Bishop was permitted to speak, and certainly he made a wonderfully able and eloquent speech. He has a noble appearance, a splendid voice, impressive manner, and speaks with great fluency and naturalness. As an orator he can have but few superiors.

He took strong Protestant ground. I thought him almost ultra in this respect. I asked those sitting near me what the matter was. The responses came quick. "He is so unreliable, so inconsistent, we never know where to find him. He is an ultra churchman, a ritualist; and then he is something else; and so on." Whatever

he may be in these respects he is certainly a wonderfully gifted man, and one of the most eloquent men of the day.

The next speaker was the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait. When he arose he was greeted with a perfect storm of clapping and applause.

The Bishop is a slender, pale faced, delicate looking man, of mild expression of countenance. His manner is very simple, yet impressive. The tones of his voice are peculiarly rich and melodious. He speaks with great ease, with none of the impassioned manner of the Bishop of Oxford, not any of his flights of eloquence; but with an air of earnest sincerity which wins confidence, and carries all hearts with it.

On this occasion he displayed as much power of thought, and more cogency of reasoning than the Bishop of Oxford. But they both made masterly efforts, equaling anything I have ever heard in argument and oratory.

The Archbishop of York made the next address. It was strong and good, without any attempt at oratory.

The next appointed speaker was Dean Stanley, who was kindly listened to until he announced himself as a "Liberal of the liberals." This was enough. They wouldn't have anything more from him. There he stood for several minutes, balancing himself first on one foot, then on the other, evidently much amused by the scene before him; but finally, in good-nature he bowed and retired.

The Earl of Harrowby followed in an earnest, sensible speech.

Lord Colchester spoke for a few minutes, but for some reason was not well received.

The Duke of Northumberland made a short address.

The closing speech was made by Lord Chelmsford, the late Lord Chancellor. He is a very graceful speaker, and commanded the undivided attention of the great audience.

Archbishop Longley then expressed his gratification and thanks, and dismissed the audience with the benediction. Thus closed one of the most remarkable and interesting meetings I ever attended. There was an assemblage of the nobility, and clergy, and laity, such as I had never seen, and such as seldom ever takes place.

Among the notable preachers of London whom I particularly wished to hear was the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. He was one of the men to see and hear in the great metropolis. I quote from the notes I made at the time.

In the evening we all went to hear Mr. Spurgeon. By the aid of a white cravat and the use of my card, we succeeded in obtaining good seats in the first gallery, very near to and almost on a level with the pulpit. The place of worship is in Southwark, a densely populated portion of the city. The interior of the building is of an oblong, oval shape, with double galleries around the whole church. It is well lighted and ventilated. The congregation was immense, filling every part of the capacious structure. We were told there was a seating capacity for five thousand. Besides those seated, there were hundreds who stood during the entire service.

Precisely at half past six o'clock, Mr. Spurgeon entered, and took his seat on a small platform projecting from the second gallery. He is short and rather stout, and young in appearance. There is nothing remarkable in his general aspect,—nothing to indicate the wonderful power he has as a preacher.

The introductory services consisted of a short prayer, somewhat characteristic, in which he asked that our

thoughts might not go "gadding about" during the service. A hymn, which was given out verse by verse, was sung. The reading and expounding of a portion of Scripture followed. On this occasion it was a portion of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. Then the long prayer and singing; and then the sermon, which was upon one of the verses of Balaam's prophecy, in which the Saviour is set forth under the figure of a star.

He made seven heads. 1st. the Star represented Dominion; 2. the Shining; 3. Guidance; 4th. Constancy; 5th. Influence; 6th. Wonder; and 7th. Glory. It was a plain, earnest, practical presentation of the offices of Christ; thoroughly and distinctively evangelic; and I was exceedingly interested and edified.

And yet Mr. Spurgeon is not great in the sense that Robert Hall, or Dr. Chalmers, was great. He is not scholarly and finished, as Baptist Noel is; nor is he eloquent as the Bishop of Oxford, or Dr. McNeile, or our own Dr. Tyng is. But he preaches Christ faithfully and fully; with a good delivery, with fresh and practical thoughts, with homely yet pertinent illustrations. He is able to gain and hold to the end the attention of his vast audience. While he was preaching on this occasion, a child commenced crying; and instead of being disturbed by it, he turned it to good account as illustrating the wail of suffering humanity crying for a Saviour. His applications and exhortations are interspersed throughout the whole discourse, and not left to the close.

The concluding service was a hymn, short prayer, and benediction.

The audience room, the vast congregation, the preacher, the sermon, were something to be seen and remembered as among the most remarkable things of this wonderful

metropolis. All Christians should rejoice that there is such a man living and laboring in the great center of the civilized world.

Among the notable men of Scotland, I particularly desired to see and hear Dr. Bonar, of Edinburgh, and Dr. McLeod, of Glasgow. I was gratified in both particulars.

On one of the Sundays we spent in Edinburgh, I went to the New Chalmers Church, of which he has charge. The doctor preached upon the promise of our Lord to send the Holy Spirit, etc. It was a clear presentation of the doctrines of the personality, divinity, and offices of the Holy Ghost; rather fragmentary as a sermon, yet having many good thoughts.

His manner is very peculiar. At first slow and measured, and in a drawling style of delivery. But as he goes on, this passes away, and at times he becomes quite animated. He rests his body against the cushion of his pulpit, seldom standing upright, and rather pleads with his people than exhorts them.

After service we were introduced to him and found him very agreeable.

In the cemetery near Dr. Bonar's church we visited the tombs of Dr. Chalmers, Principal Cunningham, and Hugh Miller. A few evenings after, I took tea at Dr. Bonar's, when I met Mrs. Bonar and family, and several other friends, among them Mrs. Lundie Duncan, the mother of Mrs. Bonar and of Mary Lundie Duncan, whose memoir has been published by the American Tract Society.

My interest in Dr. Bonar had been awakened previously by the many beautiful hymns he has written. This interest was much increased by hearing him preach and by meeting him socially.

While in Glasgow I took the first opportunity of hear-

ing Dr. McLeod. It was at a Sunday morning service. A large church, very full. The sermon was an exposition upon the first chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians.

Speaking of church government and its necessity, he took the ground that its particular form was incidental, arising from circumstances. There were the Apostles, then deacons, and afterward presbyters, or elders, or bishops. He distinctly stated that in the Apostles' days, or immediately after, Episcopacy was established. But all this grew out of the circumstances of the times rather than from divine command. He said that across the line, in England, Episcopacy was better suited than any other form to the condition of society, while in Scotland the Presbyterian forms suited the people better.

After service the Rev. Dr. Kendall, well known in the Presbyterian churches of our country, and myself, were introduced to him. When the doctor was introduced as a Presbyterian, Dr. McLeod was on the point of saying, "My sermon will not suit a Presbyterian," but when I was introduced as an Episcopalian, he said it was all right. We had a charming interview with him. He is evidently a man of rare abilities and of a rare spirit.

On October 21, 1868, we arrived home from Europe.

XI.

RETURN TO NEW YORK.

As the General Convention was in session, and the Evangelical Societies were holding their anniversaries, the city was full of the clergy and laity from all parts of the country.

My friends had arranged a pleasant, but rather embarrassing surprise for me on my reaching home. It was in the shape of a public breakfast. I knew nothing of it till late the evening before, when I received a note, stating, that as president of the Clerical Association, my presence would be expected the next day at twelve o'clock, at a breakfast, at Apollo Hall. I was a good deal in the dark as to what it all meant, and what was expected of me. On arriving at the Hall, I found between two and three hundred of the clergy and laity assembled, also quite a number of ladies.

The reception I received was of the warmest kind. Dr Tyng embraced me and kissed me over and over again. This called forth bursts of applause.

The breakfast proper was followed by a very large amount of speech-making; in which I had to take some little part. I believe everything passed off very satisfactorily. Certainly, the occasion was one never to be forgotten by me. It displayed a degree and depth of affectionate respect which I had never dreamed of,

and which I could hardly think I deserved. In the evening of the same day I attended the anniversary of the Education Society. Addresses were made by Bishops McIlvaine, Eastburn, and Cummins. These were very good, and at their close it was time to go home; but to my surprise and embarrassment, I was called upon to speak. My name was not on the programme, nor had I thought of such a thing as being called on. Of course I hesitated; but the more I hesitated, the louder the audience called; and so, to make peace, I arose in the body of the church, where I was sitting, and said something.

During this General Convention an important conference was held to consider what policy the Evangelical party should adopt in view of the encroachments of the exclusive and intolerant spirit of High Churchism. The Hon. Columbus Delano of Ohio, presided, and many of the clergy and laity made addresses. There seemed to be a quiet but settled determination to withstand this spirit at all hazards.

The triennial report of the Evangelical Knowledge Society records the death of several of its warm and able supporters; among them, Bishop Burgess of Maine and Bishop Scott of Oregon.

An incident occurred in connection with the death of the latter which fixed it indelibly in my memory. It occurred at the Brevoort House, very early on the morning of the Fourth of July. Somewhere between three and four o'clock, I was awakened by a loud pounding at the front door of the house where I was staying. I immediately arose and went to the window, which was opened, and inquired what was wanted. The messenger said, "Bishop Scott is at the Brevoort House, and is dying. He wishes you to come and see him at

once." I dressed as quickly as I could and went. I found him delirious, and unable to talk; and all I could do was to have a prayer by his bedside, with his wife and some friends who were with them. He died within an hour or two.

As it was in the midst of the summer, very few clergymen could be had to perform the services at his funeral. Dr. Dix, Dr. Twing, and perhaps some others, were present.

In coming across the Isthmus the bishop was attacked with what was called the "Chagres fever," and barely reached New York before his death.

I should have mentioned before this, that upon the retirement of Bishop Coxe from the foreign committee of the Board of Missions, I was elected to take his place in that committee, and became thereby a member of the Board of Missions. This devolved upon me many new and important duties.

About the time I became a member of the foreign committee, the attention of the Church had been called to a movement in Mexico, of a semi-political, religious character; and the foreign committee was requested to make all proper investigations with a view, should the way be open, to missionary efforts in that country. A correspondence was opened with parties in Mexico and elsewhere, and a deputation was sent there to confer with the leaders of the movement. A committee also visited Washington and had a conference with Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, with reference to the treaty relations tween Mexico and the United States.

Mr. Seward entered with much interest into the matter, and gave such information as he could; but he did not think there was much promise of our accomplishing any permanent good,—at least, not at present. He ex-

pressed the opinion that in a country so long downtrodden and oppressed by the Church of Rome, there would not be found much worth converting.

Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana, took much interest, and rendered effective service in obtaining reliable information. We were confidently told that more than eighty priests were ready to join the Reform Movement. We had quite a number of these priests in New York, and were in constant intercourse with them. After devoting much time, and spending several thousand dollars, we came to the conclusion that the movement then was inspired far more by political and ambitious motives than by religious convictions. Our disappointments were so many and so unexpected, that we nearly reached Mr. Seward's conclusion, that there was hardly enough left to be converted. At any rate, the foreign committee withdrew from the field and ceased its efforts in that direction.

Subsequently, in 1867 or 1868, another movement of a very different kind commenced. The Bibles which had been scattered by the American troops during the Mexican war, had been as good seed cast into the ground, and had produced their legitimate results in bringing many minds and hearts in Mexico to a knowledge of God's truth; and this truth had delivered them from their spiritual bondage, and introduced them to that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free.

Among the converts was a highly educated and influential priest by the name of Manuel Aguas. His position and character placed him at once at the head of this truly evangelistic movement. The power and eloquence of Aguas at once arrested public attention, and commanded the respect of the best men and leaders in the new republic.

An appeal was made to Christians everywhere for sympathy and support. One of the first,—if not the first,—in this country to respond, was the Rev. Mr. Riley, then a young man just ordained, and in charge of a Spanish speaking congregation in New York.

He had been born and brought up among Spanish speaking people, and was therefore familiar with their language and their ways and customs. His parents were now settled in New York, and were active church people. He resolved to go to Mexico, and throw himself into the work so auspiciously commenced by Aguas.

As I cannot give any history of this movement, I will only say in passing that Mr. Riley's going to Mexico, and the accounts which came to us of the progress and promise of that work, awakened much interest here, and very soon more than $20,000, were raised. A "Mexican Commission" was formed, and an active co-operation was established on the part of friends in this country.

The commission met regularly at my office, where the business was transacted. Beside the $20,000 and more raised before even a committee of any kind was established, some $10,000 and over were contributed and transmitted through the channel of the commission.

This I think was in 1869-70. Soon after, the work was handed over to the American Church Missionary Society. This society being an incorporated institution, was better fitted to aid in carrying on this enterprise permanently, than a small voluntary committee.

The original committee consisted of Percy R. Pyne, Howard Potter, Morris K. Jessup, Wm. E. Dodge, jr., Theodore W. Riley, father of the Rev. Mr. Riley, the Rev. Dr. Wildes, and myself.

While in existence the committee was very active, and

raised a good deal of money. It did much, too, in calling public attention to the work.

In the years of 1868 and 1869 some events took place which merit some notice by me. After the great meetings of the Evangelical Societies in New York, during the sessions of the General Convention of 1868, arrangements were made for holding a series of public meetings in quite a number of our western cities, to awaken and extend an increased interest in the work of these societies.

I was most earnestly urged by the three societies to be one of the deputation to make this journey, and to represent more particularly the Evangelical Knowledge Society, at these contemplated meetings.

There were many reasons why I should go. I had lived ten years in the west; I had been for several years the general secretary of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, and had a large personal acquaintance, and a still larger acquaintance through correspondence; and had been the corresponding secretary of the American Church Missionary Society from its origin. It was then in the tenth year of its history. It might naturally be expected that I would be as familiar as any one with the operations of these societies, and with what they most needed at this time; but I could not bring myself to feel that it was best for me to go. I hardly knew what reasons to assign for not going. Indeed I did not, for I could not convince my friends that it was better for me to remain at home; and I was painfully conscious that they were not satisfied with my decision. But there was a deep seated feeling; and all my efforts to overcome it only deepened and strengthened it. And so I had quietly to submit for a time to criticisms from those who were very dear to me, which were rather hard to bear.

Well, the arrangements were made to do without me, and depend upon local speakers in the different places visited, to supply my place.

Accordingly, the Rev. Franklin S. Rising, the financial secretary and agent of the American Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. Robert J. Parvin, the secretary of the Evangelical Education Society, left New York and proceeded to Cincinnati, where the first meetings were to be held. They were most cordially received, and the meetings were a great success.

Their next appointments were for Louisville, Kentucky, and on the evening of December 5th, 1868, they took passage on a steamer bound for that city.

During the night, while all the passengers were asleep in their state-rooms, a collision took place between their steamer and another steamer coming up the river. An explosion resulted, and immediately their steamer was in flames, and these two brethren lost their lives.

Though every effort was made by friends from Cincinnati and Louisville to find some trace of their bodies, yet nothing was ever discovered, and the painful conclusion reached was that they both perished in the flames.

When the tidings of their death and the circumstances under which it occurred, reached us, they produced a great shock, and for a time little else was thought of or talked of among their friends.

The committees of the different societies and associations with which they were connected, came together, and took such action as the occasion seemed to require.

The event could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on my mind. I thought I saw the hand of God in that strange feeling which had held me back, and kept me from going with these brethren; and yet I

could not understand why they should be taken and I left. God only knows why it was so.

There was one pleasant thing connected with all this sadness. Mr. Parvin left a widow and several small children. Mr. Rising was never married, but a maiden sister lived much with him, and being an invalid, was entirely dependent upon him for support. Without delay, funds were raised by voluntary gifts, and provision made for their future support. This was done with great alacrity and liberality.

Mr. Rising went out to Nevada as a missionary, under appointment from the American Church Missionary Society. He was stationed at Virginia City, and accomplished a remarkable work there.

I remember one day, Mr. Clemens, the well known "Mark Twain," called on me at my office in the Bible House; and on introducing himself, he said he had called on purpose to tell me what an influence Mr. Rising had gained among the miners and other settlers in Nevada, and what an important work he was accomplishing. He also gave me much valuable information about that portion of our country. As he had spent much time in Nevada, and was familiar with the mining operations then going on with great vigor, and with marvelous results, I felt under many obligations for the trouble he had taken to see me, and ever since have had a warm side towards that remarkable man.

I spent the summer of 1866 at Esopus, or West Park, some six miles above Poughkeepsie, on the west side of the Hudson river.

Extending along the river for several miles are some ten or twelve beautiful country seats, occupied about half of the year by families from New York. These families had organized themselves into a parish

called Ascension Parish, and had built a chapel and parsonage. I was invited by the vestry to take charge of the chapel, and occupy the parsonage for the summer. We passed a particularly pleasant summer, and made many very valuable acquaintances.

The principal families were those of Mrs. Dr. Watts, and her son-in-law, Mr. Archibald Russell, Mr. John Jacob Astor, Robert Pell, General Butterfield, and the Rev. Dr. Taylor of Grace Church.

They were very hospitable, and we saw much of their families at their own houses. We also saw a good deal of company at the rectory. As the various families had city friends staying with them most of the time, there was no lack of good society.

On one occasion, Mr. Russell took my brother-in-law, Professor Joy, and myself, and drove us through nearly the whole length of the valley of the Esopus river, through which the Delaware and Hudson canal runs.

This valley is a few miles west of the Hudson river, and just east of the Shawangunk range of mountains; and extends from Kingston and Rondout on the north, all the way to New Paltz or even the Erie Railway, on the south; a distance of thirty miles and more. A more beautiful and productive farming country can hardly be found anywhere.

We were gone several days, and enjoyed the expedition immensely.

Among the points visited was the beautiful mountain view, close by Lake Mohunk, where a very fine hotel has since been erected. We found nothing but a tumble-down shanty, where an Irishman with his family of pigs and children lived. We tried to get something to eat, but utterly failed, and had to content ourselves by feasting on the glorious views.

At the village of Ellenville, we came most unexpectedly upon Bishop Potter, who was there to consecrate a small chapel which had been built. There was mutual surprise and pleasure in the meeting. We were delighted to have the opportunity of attending the services, and the bishop was much gratified in meeting familiar faces.

While in Esopus we visited, several times, the peat beds, a mile or two back of the river, and saw the whole process of cutting, and pressing, and drying it. The pressing is done by steam power, and quite extensive buildings are required for the purpose. The peat is put into something like moulds; and after it is pressed, it comes out in the shape of long blocks, or bars, and is piled up like cord wood, and sold by weight. The peat beds are numerous, and apparently exhaustless; but, so far, it has proved a more expensive fuel than coal. Whether it can ever be made to compete with coal and wood is a problem yet to be solved.

Our housekeeping while at Esopus was rather primitive in its way. The rectory professed to be furnished; but like some other professions, it was more in name than reality. We had a woman from a foreign clime, who brought the water from the spring, milked the cow —for somebody loaned us a cow—and made a few motions towards cooking.

But the weather was warm and pleasant; the grounds of the church and parsonage had an abundance of fine fruit, and other trees, which gave us a delightful shade; and the piazza overlooked the Hudson for miles. And then our neighbors were so kind and thoughtful, that we never dreamed of starving or being uncomfortable.

As to the church and its appointments, the utmost simplicity reigned there. I had Sunday school in the

morning, and one service afterwards. As a rule, all the people attended church, and the responses were very good.

The music was rather peculiar. Our organ was of the barrel species, and required no great skill on the part of the performer. It was somewhat important to know whether the psalm or hymn was long, common, short, or particular metre, and whether the crank should be turned slowly, or rapidly. Mrs. Joy, an accomplished musician, managed her part with much skill, and gained a good deal of fame: but sometimes the instrument had the mulish trick of stopping right in the middle of a verse or hymn; and then all the grinding, rapid or slow, would not make it budge an inch; and so, on such occasions we gracefully withdrew from that part of the service, and proceeded with something else. We were too well acquainted to be disturbed, or disconcerted, by any such small affairs.

About two miles up the river, towards the village of Esopus, was a Dutch Reformed Church. This was vacant; and so I was asked to have an afternoon service there, which I did. The congregation was quite large, made up for the most part of the farmers and their families, of that neighborhood. They were not familiar with our service; but some got used to it, and entered into it with much interest. On the whole, we had a most enjoyable, and I trust not unprofitable, summer.

Another summer I spent, or rather a part of it, most pleasantly with Mr. Russell, and a portion of his family. He proposed that I should join him as his guest, and visit the sea-side, on the coast of Maine. I accepted the kind invitation.

Our party consisted of Mr. Russell, his two daughters, one son, and myself. We went by steamer and railway to Portland, making a brief stay in Boston.

On reaching Portland, we spent a night and part of a day in the city, and then took a small steamer and made a voyage down among the numerous islands in Casco Bay. We did not count the islands, but were told there were three hundred and sixty-five, or one for every day in the year.

On one of these there is a very good summer hotel. At this we stopped, thinking we would have a fine time; but on going to my room, and opening the blinds, I discovered, to my amazement, that the ceiling and walls were fairly black with mosquitoes. I was in woe, for if there is one thing I don't like, it is a *mosquito*. On hunting up the other members of the party, I found they had made the same blissful discovery, and were in a state of mind kindred to that of my own. But here we were. The steamer had gone on its way, and would not appear again till the next day. We must make the best we could of a bad fix; and we went for the landlord and gave him a good blowing up, or setting down, whichever he chose to call it, and insisted that immediate and exterminating war should be made upon the intruders.

He summoned his forces, men and women, and arming them with brooms, dusters, towels, and napkins, rushed upon the foe. The onset was sudden and terrible, and the destruction of life beggars all description. The battles of the children of Israel with the Moabites, Jebusites, and all the other ites, were bloodless compared with this. *They* slaughtered their thousands and tens of thousands; but *here* the slain and wounded were to be numbered by millions. We did not stop to count, for we were in a hurry; our blood was up, and we spared neither male nor female, old nor young, determined that not one should escape to tell any tales. By dinner time

the enemy was subdued, and we were ready for our rations.

After dinner we walked about to explore the island, which contained only a few acres, and formed our plans for the future; and these were, to engage a skipper to take us down the coast as far as we chose to go, and land us at some point where we could easily find a conveyance to a railway or stage route. We managed to get through the night fairly, and without much loss of sleep or patience.

The next day we returned to the city and found the skipper we wanted, put our luggage on his craft, and started anew on our journey. We were early enough to have the skipper prepare a pot of chowder, we in the meantime managing the sails, and steering. We had taken the precaution of providing a good supply of stores in case we should be becalmed a hundred or more yards from shore, and be unable to land.

When the chowder was done, our appetites were ready for dinner, and we did full justice to it, and to not a few of our own supplies.

After going some eighteen or twenty miles down the coast, we came to some fine fishing grounds, and to a place where immense quantities of lobsters are taken, for the New York market.

Here we landed, and found comfortable quarters for all of our party among the small farmers of the neighborhood. They all had small wooden houses, but usually there was one spare room in each house. They had never taken boarders, and in this respect knew nothing about city people. We found the houses neat and clean, and the people very civil; and in two or three houses near together we were all accommodated.

When we were satisfactorily settled, we dismissed our

skipper, and cast our lot among these strangers. They were very kind and obliging, and did everything in their power to make us comfortable. The good housewives were exceedingly anxious to have everything just as we wished.

I told my landlady that I was used to farm life, and did not want her to make any change on my account. I can, on a pinch, make myself at home, and make others feel at home, almost anywhere; and so we were soon the best of friends.

But oh, how curious they were! They had never been in a city, nor did they know anything about city people or city ways; and when they found they could talk with me as freely as among themselves, and that I knew a good deal about country life, farming, fishing, etc., their admiration seemed to be unbounded. I found the man of the house sensible, quite intelligent in his way, and quite anxious to increase his store of knowledge. He spent all his evenings and such portions of the day as he could spare, in asking questions about various matters, particularly matters belonging to city life.

We spent many days with these plain, honest people. One of the days was Sunday, and we were surprised to find such a Sunday-keeping, church-going community.

The meeting house, as they called it, was a plain, yet commodious building, the congregation of good size, and the services were simple and well adapted to those who attended them. On the whole, we were greatly pleased with what we saw and heard.

We had some good fishing while at this place, catching quantities of pollack and haddock, both species of the cod family, and very good food fish.

We returned by land to Portland, where we met Mr. James M. Brown and family. They were on their way

to the White Mountains, and proposed to me to join them on the same terms that I had been traveling with Mr. Russell.

As the Russell party did not care to go to the mountains, and I did, never having been there, it was soon arranged that I should make the expedition with Mr. Brown and his family. Accordingly, the Russells started on their homeward journey the next day, and the Brown party with the addition of myself, took the cars of the Grand Trunk Road, for Gorham.

We had a pleasant journey of some eighty miles, through a rough, though picturesque country. We reached Gorham about tea time, and found accommodations at a very good hotel.

The next morning we obtained good seats in and on the stage coach, and had a delightful drive to the Glen House, kept by Mr. Thompson. We were among the mountains, and as the day was clear, we had enchanting views all the way from Gorham.

On reaching the Glen House we found it very full, but succeeded in obtaining fair accommodations for Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the young ladies; but as I had no ladies under my care, I had to take my chance with many others in securing any accommodations which could be found, or invented. In process of time those who had secured rooms began to disperse; but a goodly number had nothing to do but to watch, with wistful eyes, the departing ones, or wander about through the drawing rooms and halls, indulging in such meditations as weary limbs and aching bones might suggest. I looked narrowly at the different chairs, trying to make up my mind which kind would afford the amplest and best accommodations for the night.

As I was studying this problem, Mr. Alexander Henry,

Mayor of Philadelphia, passed along, and seeing me, stopped and entered into conversation. He asked me if I had secured a room and a bed. I said, "No," and that as he came up, "I was examining and considering the subject of the chairs." He responded, "That will never do. I have two rooms, and Mrs. Henry, our little boy, and the maid, can occupy one, and you and I will take the other." I protested against disarranging his party, and said I could do very well with the chairs. But my protests did not avail and so the chair question was never fully settled.

What the world may have lost by the non-settlement, I do not know; but I do know that the kind courtesy of Philadelphia's popular mayor secured to me a comfortable bed, and a good night's rest. The moral of all this is, a little thoughtful kindness will often secure a lasting and pleasant memory. Were I to live a thousand years, the pleasing recollection of that one act of kindness will remain, and I shall always think of Mr. Henry with gratitude.

The next morning, being pleasant, we ascended Mount Washington, and greatly enjoyed the glorious views over hills and valleys. Subsequently, at the invitation of Mr. Copley Greene and Dr. Stone, I made a journey to North Conway, and spent two weeks there. They had taken a house, and were living together for the summer.

After spending a fortnight most delightfully with these charming friends, I returned again to my work in the great city.

During this period of five or six years, I was in the habit of taking snatches of vacations in the summer, while my family was away, of one, two, or three days at a time, and spending them with my friends at their

country homes around the city. Sometimes I could only spend a night. Some of these homes were the Misses Rutherford, Green Ridge, Mr. Wolfe, Throg's Neck, Mr. Peck, Flushing, Mr. Britton, Staten Island, Mr. John Rutherford, Maple Grange, Mr. A. O. Hall, Tillietudlum, Mr. Geo. D. Morgan, Irvington, Dr. J. C. Jay, Rye, Robert H. Ives, Newport, Rev. S. A. Clark, Elizabeth, Mr. Stewart Brown, Whitestone, Mr. James M. Brown, Rockaway, afterwards Long Branch, Mr. Luquer, Great Neck, J. B. Herrick, West Farms, and Mr. J. A. Perry, Bay Ridge.

These I called my country homes, for I could go to them whenever I had the time and felt like it. I was made entirely free, and could keep quiet, lie down or sit up, read, write, ride, or walk, fish or sail, as best suited my feelings at the time; and what a privilege this was!

I have often felt and said, I was a most fortunate individual, for I had more country seats than any one I knew, and enjoyed them more; as I had no trouble, care, or responsibility, and all this without money and without price.

My black bag and umbrella, with myself thrown in, became members, if not household words, in these families. And here let me say, I have felt the deepest gratitude, and most abiding sense of obligation for this great and continued kindness; and though I have never been able to make any return, yet have I again and again asked God to remember, bless, and reward each and all.

Before proceeding to the year 1869, I will mention that during the year 1868, some large contributions were made to the American Church Missionary Society, for the endowment of the work in which it was engaged.

Mrs. Mary R. Miller of Rhinebeck, conveyed by deed the parsonage and its grounds, at Rhinecliff, to the society, and indicated her purpose of creating an endowment of the chapel to the amount of ten thousand dollars. I should have said that the chapel itself, with its grounds, had been previously conveyed to the society.

Mr. D. J. Ely contributed twenty thousand dollars to be held in trust, as an endowment of the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, in Griswold College, Iowa. The nomination of the professor, after the death of Mr. Ely, to be vested in the society.

The vacancy which had occurred by the death of Mr. Rising, was filled by the appointment of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, of Philadelphia, as financial secretary. At the expiration of four months, he resigned, and the Rev. William A. Newbold, of Delaware, was appointed.

In October, 1869, I had a remarkable escape from drowning, an account of which is contained in the following letter to my beloved and honored friend, J. A. Perry, Esq., of Bay Ridge, Long Island.

HOOSICK, *Oct.* 6, 1869.

My dear Mr. Perry:—I write you a few lines as one alive from the dead. On Monday I left Albany about twelve o'clock, intending to take the two o'clock train north for Manchester, but I found I could not go until five o'clock. As it rained, I spent the time in the depot, reading. At five o'clock I started, and when just beyond Lansingburgh, we came in collision with a freight train from the north. In the general derangement of the trains, by reason of the high water, there was some misunderstanding, and a collision took place. It was an awful affair. The locomotives were dashed to pieces. The baggage car went over the locomotive, and the freight car mounted on top of the baggage car. Many were very seriously injured, none killed outright. The car in which I was, was brought to a stand still on a narrow embankment about fifty feet high on one side, and twenty-five on the other. It is a marvel that we were not thrown off. Soon after five o'clock in the evening, after walking quite a distance, we took some cars which had, in the mean-

time, come down from the north. As it was a single track, we had to go ahead backwards, and at a very slow rate. Just before reaching the Hoosick junction, we learned that the bridge over the river had become unsafe. So we all got out, and, following a lantern walked over the bridge; which was a pokerish piece of business, but we had to do it or stay in the cars all night. As we could not make the connection to enable me to go on to Manchester, I concluded to go to Hoosick Falls, where there is a good hotel. There were about a dozen of us who walked over the bridge, most of whom lived at Hoosick Falls. On crossing the river, we found nothing but a locomotive and tender, no cars. As they assured us there was no danger, and as Hoosick Falls was only about a mile and a half distant, we all got on; I stood next to the boiler; two ladies were next to me, and the others were either in the caboose of the locomotive, or on the tender. We started about ten o'clock. It was very dark and raining. We had to go backwards. The track was on the bank of the river. The river was fearfully high, and roared like the Niagara. We moved along very slowly, and as we reached a point about half way, we came to a very dangerous place. A high wall had been built up to protect the track from the river. It appears that between dark and the time we arrived, the water had undermined this wall, and swept away all the foundation upon which the track rested. The track was thirty-five feet above the water. When the locomotive came upon the rails thus left without any support, it of course went down instantly. There was but one scream. I caught hold of something to which I held until the locomotive struck, and then I found myself in the water, lying on my back, with my left foot caught in some of the iron work. Immediately I went under the water, or rather the water came boiling over me. As my foot was much higher than my head, it was impossible for me to live more than a minute or so in that position. I made every possible effort to release my foot, but without avail. Then I made a desperate effort, and sprang forward and upward, and thus brought my head out, and with my right hand I caught something near my foot, and thus held myself until I could breathe and think what next I could do. In a moment or two, the locomotive gave a lurch and seemed to be coming over on me. And then the water came rushing all over me, and I gave up all expectation of surviving for more than a minute or two; but just then my foot was released, and instantly I gave a tremendous shove, and thus cleared myself of the locomotive, and of the danger of having it fall over on me. But now I found myself in the midst of a boiling current which swept on at a fearful velocity. All this time, I was on my back, breathing only occasionally, and then taking in ten parts of water to one of air. Pretty soon I went under altogether, but soon came to the surface again; and when I came up, my

face came smack against a stick of timber, the marks of which are pretty severe. I immediately threw my hands on it, but it was so near my face that I could not hold on much without bearing my head down under the water; and this wouldn't do, for I must breathe.

For some time I worked at the timber until I got it across my breast. It was impossible to get it under me, the current was too strong. After getting this matter settled, I thought again what I was to do. I couldn't ride in this way long. Then it occurred to me that I would hold on to the timber with one hand and use the other hand as a paddle, and thus by degrees get out of the swift current. This worked admirably.

It was not long before I was out of the current, and soon I saw branches of trees. I tried to catch them but failed. After awhile I came upon some bushes, and with the aid of my timber I made a lodgment, and I was on land—safe.

When I found myself where I could touch bottom, I felt that the danger from drowning was over; but there I was, I knew not where, utterly exhausted. As soon as I could lay my head on the bank I let go everything and closed my eyes, for I was in danger of dying from sheer exhaustion. I could scarcely breathe. After awhile, I commenced making efforts to get my body out of the water. It took a long time, but finally I succeeded; and then I lay down and closed my eyes. How thankful I felt, how quiet and peaceful; I can never forget those moments. After awhile I thought I must make an effort to get up, otherwise I would perish from cold. On opening my eyes, what should I see but a light. I called and a man responded. He was running down the river to see if any were swimming or floating. I told him to leave me, and hunt for others. He did so; but soon after another came, and he helped me. To my surprise I found myself within a few rods of the station from which we had started. An Irishman and his wife lived in the station house, and did all they could for me; even giving up their own bed. The good woman made some tea, which revived me. About twelve o'clock quite a number of gentlemen from Hoosick Falls came to see me. I remained quiet the rest of the night, though I could not sleep. On Tuesday morning the visitors commenced coming. The station house is in a lonely place, with no other habitation anywhere near. So that those who came had to walk from one to two miles. I should think more than fifty came within a short time, nearly half of them women. Two young women walked from Hoosick Falls, a mile and three quarters. They completely won my heart, for they were sensible and knew what to do. But all tried to be useful, and I feel truly grateful. In the afternoon who should make their appearance but a nephew of mine, and Mr. George M. Tibbetts of Troy, and his son, Gen. Tibbetts.

They have a country seat about six miles from where I was. By some means they heard I was there, and they started immediately with their carriage, and with any amount of shawls, overcoats, etc., also brandy, and other remedies. But oh, what a plight I was in! Valise, hat, and umbrella, gone,—all gone; and I covered with mud, pockets full of gravel and sand, face bruised and cut, clothes torn, and everything terribly disordered. But on reaching the house, Mrs. Tibbetts and her daughters, and a regiment of servants, all set to work to fix me up. They sent for their physician, put me into a hot bath, and, in a word, did everything. What a kind providence! And how grateful to God I feel. I can't tell you how I feel. It is all wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! God's name be praised.

Several of the party were killed instantly. Others terribly injured. I am only bruised and battered; no bones broken, and no internal injury. It is of the Lord's goodness that I did not perish. I was carried down the river about half a mile.

During the whole time my self-possession did not forsake me for a moment. I was never more collected in my life. What a mercy this was. One moment of confusion would have cost me my life. I was not even excited, but all my powers were brought into play. Never before have I had any such occasion to use my ability to swim, except for pleasure, and now it saved me; that is, so far as anything human saved me. Give my love to all. While struggling in the waters I thought of you all, though I never expected to see any of you again in the flesh. God bless you all.

Affectionately, H. Dyer.

The above letter having been read at the meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Clerical Association, convened at the rooms of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, upon Monday, the 11th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we have just heard of the wonderful escape of the beloved President of our Association, the Rev. Dr. Dyer;—

Resolved, that we acknowledge our thankfulness to Almighty God, for that special Providence which has preserved a life to us peculiarly dear in this exigency of our history, and we earnestly pray that he may be spared many years to aid us by his counsel and labors, in the Redeemer's cause;

Resolved, that this Resolution be forwarded to Dr. Dyer, as an evidence of our affection and respect.

A little book entitled *The Voice of the Lord upon the Waters*, was afterwards published, at the request of many friends, giving the particulars of this narrow escape from death. Dr. Tyng wrote a very kind and warm hearted preface to the book.

For several years the Evangelical Knowledge Society had the very efficient and valuable services of the Rev. Dr. Pratt as its financial secretary. Under his administration its finances had been kept in a most flourishing and satisfactory condition. But a serious and protracted domestic affliction compelled him, much to the regret of the committee, to resign the office. After some months delay, we were fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Eccleston. His high character and standing eminently fitted him to represent the society among the churches.

To show the financial condition of the society at the expiration of more than twenty years, I would say that its receipts at the end of its twenty-third year were $45,626.00, and during the same year it issued sixteen new works. Making an aggregate of books and tracts issued by the society of about six hundred and seventy.

In the Church Missionary Society, there had been steady growth and progress. In its eleventh annual report the receipts are stated to be $71,600.00, and its disbursements are something over $70,000.00.

It was at this time that the government of the United States invited the co-operation of the various Christian bodies in the management of its Indian affairs. Previously, army officers had been detailed to act as Indian agents, and to attend to the business and educational interests of the various agencies. President Grant and his cabinet thought it would be an improvement to enlist the sympathy and activities of the Christian churches

throughout the country in this work. Accordingly a plan was adopted to carry this idea into practical effect. And in the distribution of the agencies the following were assigned to the American Church Missionary Society: The Cheyenne, Crow Creek, Whitestone, Ponca, and the new agencies to be established for Spotted Tail and Red Cloud. As corresponding secretary, this scheme devolved on me a large amount of labor, and a very extreme and extensive and oftentimes very vexatious correspondence.

The government proposed to devolve upon the committees appointed by the churches the duty of selecting and nominating the agents, teachers, and other employees at the agencies, it being supposed that in this way a better class of persons would be secured for this service. The theory was a remarkable one, and in some respects practicable. But the development of the plan revealed any amount of human nature, much of which was not very attractive or beautiful.

As soon as we commenced operations, I was flooded with letters from every quarter. Applications to be appointed agents were almost innumerable. It was truly amazing to learn how many men, old and young were willing to leave the north, south, east, and west, and go off to the frontier, and live among savage and half-breeds, and serve their country,—and all for the paltry sum of fifteen hundred dollars per annum. And then, what was still more remarkable, was the facility with which recommendations were obtained. These came by dozens and scores. Each applicant sent in any quantity. Now all these cases had to be carefully examined. These letters had to be read. And out of twenty or more applicants, only one could be selected, for only one place had to be filled. And then such an experience

we had with those who were, after so much trouble and labor, selected! They often proved utterly inefficient and characterless. And nothing was to be done but have them recalled.

I mention one or two cases. One young man, well educated, of good parts, and very well connected socially, made application to be appointed an agent among the Piutes. The application was earnestly recommended by members of his family, by clergymen, and by many most respectable parties. Nothing could be better or fairer than his recommendations; and so he was appointed, though we wondered that so refined and cultivated a young man should desire such an appointment. After a few weeks we began to hear rumors that all was not right; and before many months had gone by, the most positive proof came that he was thoroughly dissipated, often seen dashing about the country on horseback, and acting like a crazy man. Of course he was discharged at once. We learned afterwards that this habit of intemperance was of long standing, and that he was urged upon us by his friends with the hope that the breaking up of old associations, and a separation from evil companions, would enable him to break off his bad habits, and commence a better life. The object in view was good enough; but what an idea, that a wild, dissipated young man could be reclaimed by going to live with uncivilized Indians, who had been terribly demoralized by bad whiskey, or as they more fitly term it "fire water"! But we had any amount of such sort of inconsistency to contend with.

I give another instance of a somewhat different kind. A young man, a lieutenant in the army, made application for appointment to the most important agency which had been committed to us. We knew that the very best

man we could find was needed for the place. The application of this person was backed up by numerous members of Congress, senators, and representatives, and by civilians of high repute; but some things led us to hesitate. We couldn't learn much that was satisfactory, as to his moral make up, or qualification for such a post. While the investigations were going on, I was called to Baltimore, and while there I received a letter from a member of the cabinet asking as a personal favor that this young man should be appointed. The letter stated that much feeling had been aroused among several leading senators,—the names of some were given,—by reason of our hesitation in making the appointment.

To this letter I replied courteously but firmly, that the delay was occasioned by our inability to obtain the kind of information as to personal character and fitness which we deemed essential. I then added, "If you as an individual, and upon your own personal responsibility, will recommend him as to moral character, and general fitness for the place, I think I can say he will be appointed."

Very soon after, such a recommendation was received. The young man was appointed. Not long after, I was called on by a stranger, who said he felt it his duty to say to me that Lieut. ——, whom we had appointed to such an agency, was as unfit a person as could be found; his moral character was bad; he was a blatant infidel and scoffer, deriding all religion; very profane; and in no sense fit to be with the Indians. I was thunderstruck, utterly amazed. But I proceeded to make all due inquiries as to his personal knowledge of the case, and his sources of information.

After obtaining from him the facts, and the names of parties of whom we could make further inquiries, I

wrote to the member of the cabinet stating what I had heard. A reply came immediately, saying, "Your letter is received. Lieut. —— is removed from —— agency. Please name some one to take his place."

I would say, the final power of appointment and removal was in the government; but there was a clear and positive understanding that no one would be appointed whom we did not name; and upon any intimation from us that this or that agent had better be removed, it was done at once. It came therefore to be understood that we were virtually to exercise the power of appointment and removal.

With reference to the case just mentioned, I learned afterwards that a former general of the army, but at this time a United States senator, had for personal reasons desired the appointment of this young officer to the particular agency named. He had been to the president, to the members of the cabinet, and to several senators, and had obtained the recommendations which had been sent to me. In a word, he had made it a personal matter, and was indignant that we hesitated to have him appointed. This explains the course of the member of the cabinet who wrote me.

As I may speak again of matters connected with Indian affairs, I will only say, that I had a pretty lively time with politicians and officials; and my respect for and confidence in them as a class was not largly increased. I believe General Grant and his cabinet were thoroughly honest and in earnest in their efforts to improve the whole Indian service; but they encountered almost insuperable difficulties, and accomplished but very partially what they undertook to do.

I return to some notice of the societies. In 1871, the General Convention met in Baltimore, and was remarka-

ble in many respects. A change in temper and tone of the two great leading parties had been, ever since the war, gradually going on. Partizanship, asperities, and alienations, had been softening, losing their hold, and giving place to better views and a better spirit. There was a gathering of representative men from all parts of the United States. The eighth triennial, or twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, the twelfth annual meeting of the American Church Missionary Society, and the ninth annual meeting of the Evangelical Education Society, were to be held. These meetings brought many friends together.

As many conferences of evangelical men had been held in New York and Philadelphia, a profound interest had been awakened; and there was a general feeling that most important results would come from the action of the convention and these various meetings. Many hearts were lifted up to God in prayer, asking for wisdom and a divine guidance in all that might be said or done.

At the opening services of the convention, Bishop Johns, of Virginia, preached the sermon. It was upon the divine theme of "Love." It was a remarkable sermon; not so much for the thought and ability displayed, as for the spirit it breathed. The love of God,—the love of the Lord Jesus,—was the great theme, and there was an unction, a pathos, a spiritual insight and power, which made it indeed a word in season to all who heard it. It was the keynote of the convention, and gave voice and expression to the thoughts and feelings of the great majority of those present, and helped much to give shape to the discussions and actions which followed.

Many efforts were made to obtain some action on the part of the General Convention which would tend to har-

monize discordant elements, and thus restore harmony. Finally, after much discussion, the House of Bishops, by an almost unanimous vote, (all but one, I believe, voted for it), adopted a paper setting forth their understanding of the word *regenerate*, as used in the baptismal service.

In this paper the bishops declared that they do not understand that any moral change necessarily takes place in baptism; and that the use of the word *regenerate* does not imply this, but only a change of state and covenant relations.

To very many this was entirely satisfactory. To others it was not. They desired a change in the phraseology of the baptismal service, rather than an interpretation of it; thinking, and saying, that as in the past, so in the future, the language now used might be so perverted as to lead to dangerous, and even deadly errors.

There was much force in this, and not a few regretted that there was such a decided indisposition to undertake any changes in the language of the Prayer Book.

I sympathized with those who sought a change; and wrote and worked for it: but I accepted what was done; and felt and believed a wisdom higher than ours had overruled and guided the excitement and controversy to the result which had been reached.

The meeting of the Evangelical Societies were largely attended, and were a great success.

At the meeting of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, Bishops McIlvaine, Johns, Lee of Delaware, and Eastburn, made addresses; and it was felt and said by all, that more impressive addresses were never listened to.

This was the last occasion on which these four bishops appeared together in behalf of the society. Before the next meeting, Bishop Eastburn had been called from his earthly labors.

The triennial report shows that the receipts for the three years had been about $136,000, and that forty-two new publications, containing over four thousand pages, had been issued, and that the society was free from debt, and in a good financial condition.

The Church Missionary Society had its anniversary, which was largely attended. It had sustained a great loss in the death of its president, the Hon. J. N. Conyngham, who was killed by a railroad accident in the South.

Mr. William H. Aspinwall, of New York, was elected president in the place of Judge Conyngham. In 1869, the Rev. O. W. Whitaker was elected, and consecrated as missionary Bishop of Nevada and Arizona. This was most encouraging to the society, as he had been sent out as one of its missionaries, and had accomplished a great work. Most gladly did the society stand by him, and strengthen his hands by every means in its power.

At a meeting of the Board of Missions, held in Baltimore during the sessions of the General Convention of 1871, a committee was appointed to open negotiations with the American Church Missionary Society, looking to a dissolving of the latter society, and the return of its members to the old Board of Missions. The spirit which prompted this action was unquestionably kind and conciliatory.

The committee thus appointed was made up of friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society, and others, in about equal numbers.

Their communication to our society was courteous and frank, and it received most thoughtful consideration.

After mature deliberation, our executive committee declined to accede to the request of the committee of the

board. As this is a matter of history, I will give a portion of their reply:

"After much consultation and deliberation, and after maturely considering all the issues, interests, and obligations which would be affected by the proposed action, we are of the opinion that it would not be wise, or expedient, either to disband the American Church Missionary Society, or to make it auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

"Aside from the pecuniary results which might be put in jeopardy by such actions, we think the good will and harmony of brethren will be best secured and promoted by allowing our relations to remain undisturbed. There is nothing in these relations incompatible with the most perfect harmony of action, nor anything inconsistent with that unity of spirit, and that bond of peace, for which we long and pray."

This answer was to many a great disappointment; they earnestly desired a cessation of party strife, and hailed, with delight, this olive branch of peace from the Board of Missions. As I stoutly opposed the proposition, and drew up the reply which was sent to the board, I will put down in a few words the reasons which influenced me.

I desired peace and harmony as much as any one, and for twenty years had been earnestly laboring to bring it about. But I felt the better state of feeling spreading through the Church, though an auspicious and encouraging sign, had not gone far enough, nor had it struck its roots deep enough, to make it wise or safe to disband our society.

I felt deeply, and said strongly, that if the good spirit which manifested itself in Baltimore, at the General Convention, had come to stay, we had better go on a

while longer as we were. Time would show how real, and how abiding the change was. I remembered how, for many years, the Evangelical party and its principles had been regarded and treated as intruders in the Church; as having no place, and no rights which anybody was bound to regard or respect. This treatment, and this treatment alone, brought into existence the Evangelical Societies; and the growth and prosperity of these societies had made a great impression on the public mind and heart, and had conquered a peace. I thought we had better wait a while and see what developments would take place.

In 1871, the Board of Missions instructed the domestic committee to appoint an Indian commission, to take charge of mission work among the Indians within the United States, and a commission for work among the colored people of the South.

I was appointed a member of both commissions, and was made chairman of the executive committee of the Indian commission, and Dr. Haight, of the colored commission. Each committee had a separate office, secretary, and treasurer.

To organize and systematize the work in each of these departments, required a great deal of time and hard work. There had been some work going on, mostly under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hinman, at the Santee agency.

At this place some buildings had been erected, and considerable work had been done; but it was mostly a voluntary and independent work. While the domestic committee sustained some relations to it, it did not assume to control it.

As soon as our executive committee was appointed, and ready for work, both the domestic committee and

the American Church Missionary Society handed over to it the agencies which had been assigned to them by the government, as representing the Episcopal Church.

I think there were nine agencies in all, containing about twenty-five thousand Indians. We were fortunate in having on this committee, Mr. William Welsh of Philadelphia, who had taken a great interest in the Indian work under Mr. Hinman; and also Col. Kemble, an old army officer, who was used to the Indians and their ways and modes of life. Mr. Welsh was well acquainted with the state of the work when it came under our care.

As rumors had reached us that the affairs at the Santee agency were not in a satisfactory condition, that is, that the work was embarrassed by debt, Mr. Welsh and myself thought that we ought to know precisely how things stood, before we made any public statement as to what the commission proposed to do, or any appeal for funds.

The result of our conference was, that he made a visit to Santee and thoroughly examined into the state of affairs, both pecuniarily and otherwise.

On his return, he reported that the aggregate of indebtedness, made up of a large number of items, was fourteen thousand dollars. This was indeed an alarming state of things. The domestic committee had no knowledge of it. They, and we, supposed when they handed the work over to us, it was free from debt, and that we had nothing to do but to put it into as good a shape as practicable. To be thus confronted at the very outset with such a debt, was a most serious matter. It would not do to go before the Church, and ask contributions for the purpose of paying off a debt with the

contracting of which we had had nothing to do, and about which we knew almost nothing.

Accordingly, Mr. Welsh and myself agreed that we would see what we could do in a private way. He said he would see some friends in Philadelphia, and I promised to do the same in New York.

The whole thing was a heavy and sore burden to me, for it shook my confidence in the previous management of the work. I could not understand how any party, or parties, could have gone on contracting indebtedness in such a work and under such circumstances. It seemed to me that there was an utter disregard of the first principles of the Christianity the work professed to teach and establish.

But there was the debt. To ignore it was impossible. To refuse to pay it, was to set an example of dishonesty which would forever stand in our way. How could we ask these Indians to receive our Church and accept its teachings, if we allowed these just debts to go unpaid? It ought not, and must not, be done. But how to go to work I did not know.

While this matter was pressing heavily on me, Miss Wolfe called to see me; and during the conversation it was made easy and proper for me to state the case to her. She listened attentively to me until I was through, and then, in the quietest manner, asked if I would like her to pay the amount I was trying to raise; adding that she would be glad to do it. I do not know what I said in reply, but I do know how I felt.

She at once drew her check for seven thousand dollars, and handed it over to me. A greater relief I never felt in my life, and I am sure I was profoundly grateful.

Soon after, I heard from Mr. Welsh. He had obtained the other seven thousand dollars, and it was arranged

that he should take charge of the money, pay the debts, and receive and keep the vouchers. We took this course in order to avoid mixing up these matters with the work of our committee.

Such was my first go off in my connection with the Indian commission. After we were organized and ready for operations, there came back, in a much larger measure, the experiences I had already had, of receiving innumerable applications for appointments as agents, and the voluminous recommendations which accompanied them. And here I may as well say all I have to say on this vexatious subject, and make an end of it.

Formerly the appointment of Indian agents and superintendents had been a part of a big political machine. It was one way of rewarding leaders, sub-leaders, and subalterns of every kind. True, the salary which went with their appointments was very small, so small that no fit persons would, as a rule, seek the places. But the pickings and stealings were very large.

These agents had the handling of large amounts of money, and stores of all descriptions. The opportunities for commissions, cheatings, and stealings, were innumerable; and the parties seeking these places were equal to improving such opportunities. Any one can see what a state of things had been brought into existence.

To remedy this, the present plan was adopted by the government. I had to wish, many times, that the plan had been adopted earlier or later, that I might have been spared so much harassing labor.

As early as practicable, we had the nine or ten agencies assigned to the Episcopal Church filled by the best men we could secure, and soon commenced missionary labors at several places. The Church at large responded quite liberally to our appeals for money; and men and

women appeared who were qualified and willing to devote themselves to this work.

It soon became evident that for its complete success, some one must be found who might be qualified by previous training, habits, character, education, wisdom, energy, and above all, by high religious attainments, to be placed at the head of this branch of the Church's missionary operations. Such an one we believed was nigh at hand.

The Rev. Wm. Hobart Hare, a grandson of Bishop Hobart, had been for some time the secretary of the foreign committee of the Board of Missions. In that position he had shown much ability, and exhibited those qualifications for administration, as well as those traits of mind and heart, so much needed in a bishop placed in charge of such a work.

The House of Bishops assembled in New York in the autumn of 1872, for the transaction of business. During its sessions the subject of appointing a bishop to have charge of the Indian work came under consideration, and several names were before the bishops.

While they were deliberating, Mr. Wm. Welsh came to my office, and asked me to write a letter to one of the bishops—naming the one to whom he would have it addressed—expressing my views as to the character and qualifications of Mr. Hare. This I did, in a brief note, and handing it to him he left and went to where the bishops were in session, and sent it into the bishop he had named.

This note, I learned afterwards, was read to the House, and, as one of the bishops said to me, decided the case.

Now let it be understood, that I had not lifted a finger, or done a thing, to promote the election of Mr. Hare. When appealed to to say what I thought of him,

I wrote just what I thought, but did not urge his appointment. I knew him well, and had the sincerest regard for him personally and the highest respect for his ability and fidelity. I knew that his removal from the foreign committee would subject us to great loss and much embarrassment; and it was in one sense, a great personal sacrifice for me to do anything which might take him from the foreign committee.

I write this by way of explanation, for I have more than once been severely reproved for what I did towards sending such a man off among the Indians; just as though the poor, badly treated, and deeply injured Indians did not need and deserve just as good a man for bishop, as anybody else. How much of this selfish, false, and miserable spirit have I met with in my life! I have always regarded Mr., now Bishop, Hare, as a jewel of a man; and after our treatment of the Indians, they deserved at our hand the most precious jewel we could send them.

Dr. Hare was consecrated Bishop of Niobrara early in January, 1873, and as soon after as practicable, entered upon his work.

I find, on referring to the reports of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, that that for 1872 contains allusions to the death of Mr. John D. Wolfe and of the Rev. J. Copley Greene. These were very intimate and very dear friends of mine; and their death was a great personal loss. And in their removal, the society, and the whole Church, suffered severely.

Mr. Greene, by his counsels and contributions, had been a firm and efficient supporter of evangelical principles. Mr. Wolfe had for years been the largest contributor to the Evangelical Knowledge Society it had ever had.

By his liberality we bought the plates and brought out two editions of the Prayer Book; and, mainly through his liberality, distributed large numbers of a third book. Of the three editions, we distributed in a few years one hundred and forty thousand copies. Through his liberality we stereotyped and brought out the *Mission Service*, in English, French, German and Spanish, and printed and circulated, before his death, one hundred and thirty-six thousand copies.

In 1872-3, the American Church Missionary Society entered formally upon the work going on in Mexico. Some years before, the foreign committee of the Board of Missions attempted to establish missionary work in that country; but the way was not then open, and after spending considerable time and money they withdrew their efforts. Under the circumstances, it was deemed courteous that the American Church Missionary Society should not enter upon that field without conference and a perfect understanding with the foreign committee. The conference was had, and with the cordial approval of that committee, the American Church Missionary Society commenced its operations in that land.

The work thus undertaken consisted of three parts,—1st. The support of the missionaries connected with the Church and Chapel of San Francisco, in the city of Mexico. 2d. A similar work in another part of the city, connected with the Church of San José de Garcia. 3d. Extending such aid as may be possible to some forty or more mission stations at different distances from the city.

Here I should state that an independent organization had taken place in Mexico, called, "The Church of Jesus in Mexico." With this organization, twenty-seven con-

gregations were reported as united, and thirty-four other congregations as allied in some way with it. Ten missionaries were under appointment, and receiving a regular salary. Many others were engaged in the work, but as volunteers. A boys' and a girls' school had been established, and a theological training school had been commenced. Several thousand persons were either members or supporters of this infant church.

Such was the condition of that work when the Church Missionary Society, as such, became connected with it. Previously much aid had been rendered by the "Mexican Commission," and by individual friends. Many thousands of dollars had been sent out; so that the Church in this country had a large stake, and much interest, in the operations going on under the name of "The Church of Jesus in Mexico."

As I have been intimately and actively connected with that work from the beginning, having raised much money by personal and public appeals, and having used such influence as I had in shaping and controlling the relations we should sustain to it, I have thought it best to take some notice of it in these records.

From the beginning I took strong ground in favor of making it an independent church, rather than a mission of our Church; and when the American Church Missionary Society entered into formal relations with the authorities of the Church of Jesus, I took special pains to have such a minute entered upon the records of the executive committee as should show that it was not a mission of the society, but an independent body, to which we were disposed to render such aid as we could.

My object was twofold. 1st. To establish a church of the Episcopal Order in Mexico, which might eventu-

ally be regarded in some important sense a national Church. I mean, in the same sense that our Church in this country is national; not having any particular relations to the state, but independent of all other churches in the management of its affairs. I was sure this would best suit the sensitive and almost jealous feelings of the Mexicans with regard to the United States.

2d. I wished to avoid any and all complications which might arise should we regard and treat the enterprise as a mission. It was all important that they should be brought to rely upon and help themselves as fast as possible; and, again, it would leave the society free to withdraw from the work at any time, should there be reason to do so.

During the year 1872, the societies were in vigorous operation, and I was kept very busy at my office in conducting the large correspondence which had grown up.

The Church Missionary Society was actively engaged not only in raising money to pay the salaries of missionaries, but in enlisting parishes in the work of preparing boxes of clothing and other articles, to make the families of missionaries more comfortable.

During the year, more than forty congregations had been so engaged; and the cash value of the boxes thus sent out, was over $4,670.00.

Beside this, Children's Missionary Meetings were held in many cities and towns, and a great interest was awakened among the juveniles in the work of the society.

The following year, the number of boxes was larger, and the value was over $5,500.00. In this year the Church in Mexico suffered an almost irreparable loss in the sudden death of Manuel Aguas, the great leader of

the reform movement in that country. His character, learning, and eloquence gave him great influence with all classes, and his death was deeply deplored.

On the 13th day of March, 1873, the Rt. Rev. Charles Petit McIlvaine, D.D., D.C.L., the President of the Evangelical Knowledge Society and Bishop of Ohio, departed this life in the City of Florence, Italy. He had attained the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the forty-first of his episcopate.

In the death of this gifted and remarkable man, the whole Christian world sustained a serious loss. For a long period he had been a conspicuous and commanding figure, both in this country and in England, in all the great evangelical movements of the age. His presence, his deep conviction, his ability, and his remarkable gifts as a speaker, fitted him to be a leader of men; and wherever he went he was sure to leave a lasting impression.

Under these circumstances, it was natural that he should bear an important part in shaping the thought and action of Christendom; but it was in his own diocese, and in his connection with the evangelical movements going on in our Church, that he was the best known and most deeply revered and loved.

For some years his health had been failing; and he went abroad, partly to see his daughter who was married and settled in London, partly to meet old friends in England, of whom he had very many; but probably and mainly to obtain that freedom from cares which pressed so heavily upon him, and find that rest he so much needed.

He left England in company with his old and much loved friend, Canon Carus, for the purpose of enjoying the mild and pleasant climate of northern Italy during the spring season.

He reached Florence, and was very soon stricken with mortal disease; and after a few days fell asleep in Jesus. Thus, after a long, laborious, and most useful life, away from his country and his home, this man of God closed his earthly career.

But he had long since become the citizen of another country, and his eternal home was already prepared for him. Death was but the gateway to this heavenly Paradise, to the mansion not made with hands, and to the immediate presence of his Saviour and his God.

When the tidings of his death reached this country, there was a deep sense of loss, and a widespread mourning. The asperities of former days had passed away; and all felt and said, "A Prince in Israel has fallen," and shared in the common grief.

In June, 1872, I was asked to take charge of Christ Church, Bay Ridge, Long Island, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. John A. Aspinwall. In order to do so I had to make my work there secondary to the claim upon my time and attention in New York.

Besides the regular duties which devolved upon me at my office, I was an active member of the board of managers of the House of the Evangelists, an institution established mainly through the efforts of the Rev. S. H. Tyng, jr., and designed to train young men for missionary and other Christian work, particularly in our cities.

I was also active in the management of St. Johnland, a Christian community founded by Dr. Muhlenberg, on Long Island, and having for its object the care of aged men, and of orphaned boys and girls.

I was also an overseer in the Philadelphia Divinity School, a member of the advisory committee of the Ladies' Christian Union, a member of the execu-

tive committee of the Foreign Sunday School Society, and in the management of many other local and general institutions.

These various objects made large demands upon my time and strength, and I could meet them only by spending five days of the week, from morning till evening, and often a night, in the city; thus leaving me some of my evenings, and Saturday and Sunday, for my family and parochial cares and duties.

My custom was to devote all of Saturday morning to a preparation for the duties of Sunday, and in the afternoon to make such calls as I could upon the families of the parishioners. In cases of sickness and trouble, I was particular to place them first on the list.

My Sunday duties were to read the service and preach, morning and evening, and to superintend the Sunday school.

The Sunday school was held at nine o'clock; and it was my invariable rule to be present in the room before the children began to assemble; to open the school, to remain through its sessions, and close it. My object in being present so early was to prevent any confusion which might otherwise arise, and to open the school promptly at the appointed time. I had considerable trouble, in making teachers and scholars understand that nine o'clock was not *fifteen*, or *ten*, or *five*, or even *two* minutes, after nine, but exactly upon the stroke of nine. I took good care to have the clock correct. I remained through the session of the school that I might observe the management of the teachers, the habits of attention on the part of their scholars, and also to be ready to take the place of any teacher who, from sickness or any other cause,

might be absent. By a well understood arrangement, the librarian collected the library books, and distributed others to the scholars, during the session, but so as to cause no noise and no distraction.

I closed the school with the same exact promptness as at its opening. Ten minutes before the time of closing, the teachers stopped their work, and I spent a few minutes in asking questions upon the lesson; sometimes I would put the questions to individual scholars, sometimes to a particular class, and sometimes to the whole school. I closed with a hymn, sometimes two hymns, and the benediction, and then the scholars passed out quietly by classes. By perseverance and a steady hand, teachers and scholars came to be regular, prompt, and orderly. Once a month I had a children's service in the church, when it was expected the children would be the prominent feature in the congregation. They were to take the lead in the responses, and in the singing; and to them the sermon was to be specially addressed.

The older members of the congregation were present on these occasions, and took part in the services; but they in form and name occupied the secondary place. Some of the parents and older people came to think that the sermons, though addressed to the children, were often more than than half meant for them.

To these playful criticisms I replied, that garments were always suited to those whom they fitted. No doubt many remarks made were applicable to the parents as well as the children. How could I set forth and illustrate any of the virtues or vices of daily life, without hitting somebody? Truth, promptness, energy, perseverance, honesty, obedience, and the like, as well

as bad habits of every kind, had to be illustrated by incidents, stories, and examples; and no doubt these often hit parents and others right in the face, and hit them hard; and this would make the children smile, and the elders wince. And I have no doubt the little people would talk about it, and ask all manner of troublesome questions when they got home. But I couldn't help this. I never meant anybody in particular; and if people would be hit, that was their business, and not mine. At any rate, I became deeply interested in the Sunday school, and was glad to have the opportunity of mingling with children and laboring for them.

When Christmas time came, we had a famous festival in the large hall of the Atheneum. There was a splendid tree, beautifully trimmed and lighted up; some carols well sung; a very short speech; and a present for every one. My gift was a large and beautifully bound album; and my only regret was that I couldn't have it filled with the pictures of the teachers and scholars to whom I had become so much attached.

Speaking of the Sunday school reminds me of a kind of Sunday school convention, which was held in the church. There was something like a county association of Sunday school teachers. This association met, I think, quarterly, at some one of the churches within the limits of the association.

It was the custom for the clergyman in charge of the church where the association met, to preside, take charge of the opening services, and present the topics of discussion. The time to meet at the church in Bay Ridge occurred not long after I took charge of the parish. I made arrangements accordingly. And to secure a good paper to be read, I asked my friend, the

Rev. Mr. Booth of Brooklyn, to make the opening address, which he kindly consented to do.

When the day came, a large audience assembled. I presided, and everything promised well. Mr. Booth acquitted himself admirably well. Several persons made short and good speeches.

Towards the close, a person unknown by name or sight to me, arose and made a violent assault upon Mr. Booth and his speech. This was a perfect astonishment. When he sat down, I arose and expressed my surprise, saying that Mr. Booth had been invited by me to make the address, instead of doing so myself. He had been largely engaged in Sunday school work, had much more practical knowledge than I had, and could present the subject far better than I could do it; and I closed by saying that I assumed all the responsibility of Mr. Booth's presence, and of his address; and that if blame was to be cast upon any one, it must be upon me, and not upon Mr. Booth.

With this I sat down; and immediately one and another arose, made apologies for what had occurred, and then sat down emphatically on the person who had made the abusive remarks.

As soon as practicable, I closed the services and dismissed the congregation. This was my first and last experience in such a kind of meeting. I saw at once that such irresponsible bodies must ever be exposed to just such experiences, and that more harm than good would result from their meetings.

Our Sunday services were at half past ten in the morning, and half past seven in the evening, except in the warm weather, when they were at five in the afternoon.

To secure promptness at the commencement of the service, I gave notice to the congregation that half past

ten was the hour, and that at that time, not later or earlier, divine service would begin. Not that the organ would begin to play, not that the officiating clergyman would begin to put on his robes, or to find his places; but he would then begin to read the sentences.

I gave directions to the man who rang the bell to stop ringing five minutes before the time of service; and requested the organist to commence the prelude the instant the bell ceased tolling, and play till the moment of service arrived, and then stop. Beyond that, I would be responsible. I wished the people to thoroughly understand what divine public worship meant. That it was not to be interrupted or shoved about to meet the indolent or slovenly habits of minister or people, but to commence promptly, with minister and congregation all ready, and to proceed in an earnest, devotional, and impressive manner. Then all would be made to feel that God was in truth in His Holy Temple, ready to hear the prayers and the praises of His people.

I was thus particular upon all these points, because so often had I been pained and annoyed by the straggling coming in of the congregation, and the dilatoriness of the officiating clergyman in beginning the services. Not unfrequently have I been present when full fifteen minutes were lost in getting ready to begin.

I think a clergyman should, in all things, as far as practicable, be an example to his flock. With what force can he exhort them to be patterns, while he himself contradicts his own teachings by the way he lives, speaks, or acts?

When I entered into the arrangement to take charge of the parish, I thought I could readily make use of sermons I had previously prepared. Having been in the ministry for more than thirty years, and in the habit of

preaching very frequently, I had no small amount of preparation on hand. But it so happened that during the twenty years I had been in New York, I had preached many times to the congregation at Bay Ridge. At different periods when the parish was vacant, or the rector was absent on his vacation, I had supplied them for weeks at a time. Consequently on examining my manuscripts and notes, I was surprised to find so little that I could with any comfort, propriety, or profit make use of; and so I gave up this idea entirely, and resolved to make the best preparation I could for each service as it came.

My plan was to select my subjects early in the week, and give to them such thought as I could, amid my multiplied engagements from day to day. On Saturday morning I shut myself up in my study, and gave my best energies in putting these subjects into such shape as would enable me to present them to the congregation the next day. I wrote down the texts, and under one or two heads made notes to refresh my memory and to guide my thoughts. I spent little or no time by way of introduction, and still less by way of application. A very few words would enable me to present the subject to which I would ask the attention of the congregation; and I tried so to set forth and illustrate each point that it would make its own application.

My morning sermons were on an average thirty minutes in length. At first I thought it well to have the second sermon a kind of outgrowth of the preceding one; but I had not been in the parish a month, before my acquaintance with the people, my knowledge, limited though it was, of their varied circumstances, suggested far more subjects and topics than I could possibly make use of; and my embarrassment came to be, not to find something to preach about, but to make a selection

out of many topics, all of which seemed to be clamorous for a hearing.

By this time the idea of preaching an old sermon had no standing at all. I would as soon have thought of satisfying my hunger by calling to mind a dinner I had eaten the week before, as by attempting to meet the present needs of the congregation by the thoughts and feelings of a previous period.

I do not wish to be understood as saying or thinking it is wrong to preach an old sermon; for that would not be true. On many subjects, an old sermon would perhaps be the most timely that could be preached. But as a rule, I think the intercourse of a pastor with his people will suggest so many subjects, and awaken so many trains of thought, that he will best satisfy himself and them, by preparing his sermons as he goes along.

Now an old newspaper may be an interesting document, and the older it is the more interesting in many respects it will be; but an old newspaper is not what we need for present use. It would be out of time, and out of place. And so it is, very largely, with old sermons. They may have been well enough when prepared; but in a week's time they may be out of harmony with the feelings of the minister, and of the circumstances of the people.

To a preacher of mental growth and progress, there will be new light, new thoughts and experiences, every day; and these will be the inspirations to tell him what to say to his congregation. I dwell upon this, because of my own experience and observation; and from the deep conviction that the desire of making a change, both by the minister and the congregation, so painfully common, springs out of the want of interest on both sides in each other; and this want of interest comes from the lack of

growth and progress. No congregation will be long satisfied with a state of indifference and stagnation; nor should they be. And it is just here that many a clergyman makes a fatal mistake.

Discovering a lack of interest on the part of his people, a disinclination to second his efforts, and to make such personal exertions as are needed, he becomes dissatisfied, and shows his dissatisfaction by word and deed, and particularly in his sermons. He complains and frets, and the result is, both parties would like a change. I am sorry to say it, but I believe it, that in most such cases, the fault is primarily with the pastor. He failed to feed his people with fresh new food of thought, and thus keep them abreast of the times. He did not rightly divide the Word, giving to each member of his flock his portion, something to think about and talk about day by day; but rather fell back on the platitudes and commonplaces of the past. And in this was the secret of the loss of interest, and the desire for change. The minister who keeps his people in a vigorous and growing condition, is the minister the congregation desires to keep; and he also is the minister who desires to stay with his people.

It is somewhat remarkable that, during the sixteen months that I was at Bay Ridge, I was not disabled or absent a single Sunday.

My old friend, Dr. Muhlenberg, spent one Sunday with us, preaching morning and at night, to the great satisfaction and gratification of the congregation. And on one other occasion, the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, a former rector of the parish, preached morning and evening. In both instances I was at home, and looked after the Sunday school, and read services.

In my pulpit preparations, I usually took texts which

enabled me to bring before the congregation such subjects as were of present interest and importance. Instead of preaching what are called doctrinal sermons, I tried to set forth the great truths and principles of the gospel, and show how they should shape and govern our every day life.

During several weeks, at the second service I gave expository lectures, or talks, on the Epistle of St. James. They were not at all critical, but of a free and popular character, and attracted considerable attention. Following the line of thought, and making use of the words of the Apostle, I could say many things with a pointed plainness, which, under other circumstances, might have been regarded as rather personal, if not offensive. As it was, some of the talk did stir up considerable commotion.

After one of them, I remember it was said about in the neighborhood, that I must have had reference to a particular person. And this person supposed I did have reference to him, for he wrote me a long letter explaining the matter to which he thought I alluded, and saying he had been very much misunderstood. His letter was not written in an angry tone; but he was evidently much grieved.

In my reply, I assured him he was not in my mind at all, and that I knew nothing about the matter to which he alluded in his letter, and probably should never have known anything but for his having written. This surprised him a good deal, and no doubt taught him a valuable lesson.

When I heard that my hearers were quite disposed to make a personal application of my remarks to others rather than themselves, I took occasion to tell them that I did not prepare my lectures, or deliver them, with

any reference to individuals; that nothing in them was intended to be personal; but if St. James, in his brusque, straightforward way of speaking, hit any one in particular, so much the worse for that individual.

One thing in connection with our public services afforded me the greatest satisfaction and pleasure.

I refer to the music. I really have not words to express fully the comfort I received from this part of our service. It was always delightful; but time and again, it came as an inspiration, and filled my whole soul with a heavenly calm, and lifted mind and heart to the worship and celestial strains of the upper sanctuary.

I trust the choir knew it. I certainly tried at different times to express to them my appreciation of their services, and my deepest gratitude for the help they had rendered, and the good they had done to me. I often felt, and said, if my ministry had been of use to the parish, it was due in a large measure to the choir.

Miss Perry, who had charge of the organ and trained the choir, seemed, as by instinct, to take in the whole idea of what the music should be in divine public worship. It was my custom to give her the subjects upon which I was to preach, and leave her to select the hymns and the music. I knew that her exquisite taste and skill could be thoroughly trusted; and we were never disappointed. Even her preludes and interludes on the organ seemed like snatches of heavenly chords, and only seemed to deepen and heighten the effect of the whole.

But why do I dwell so long upon this? Simply because it is a memory which will ever go with me. It was the most perfect church music I ever listened to. The sympathetic and harmonious voices of that choir, mingling with the soft, sweet, and inspiring notes of

the organ, seemed just about as near heaven as one can ever get in this world.

The closing scene of our life at Bay Ridge was brilliant to the last degree, for we went off, literally, in a blaze.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, the sky-rocket of a patriotic neighbor set the rectory on fire, and the house was burned to the ground. Our kind friends rendered such efficient aid that many valuables were saved; and as we all tried to make the best of a lost cause, we came through the fire and smoke with cheerful hearts.

After a stay of a month at Cedar Lawn, the house of our kind friend, Mr. J. A. Perry, who was the embodiment of every Christian and neighborly grace and virtue, we returned to New York.

About this time, Miss Fanny Perry become associated with me in preparing and making up the *Parish Visitor*. At first, I assigned to her the responsibility of selecting the poetry for the paper. Her skill in writing verse, and her taste in selecting proper pieces for its columns secured for it a very considerable reputation. From time to time I received many letters highly commending this feature of the paper, and suggesting that we should make up and publish a volume of poetry taken from the *Parish Visitor*.

After the "Boys' and Girls' Department" was introduced into the paper, Miss Perry wrote many of the stories which appeared, and which were very largely copied by other papers. In a word, she rendered invaluable service in preparing and making up all parts of the paper; and I have felt, and said many times, that its merits and usefulness were largely due to her ability and skill.

During this period, Miss Perry selected and arranged the two following works, which the society published.

Hopeful Words for the Sick and Suffering, and *Counsel and Comfort for Daily Life.*

While there were original articles in these two works, they were, for the most part, compilations made up of selections from various authors, and arranged for daily reading.

One of the books was made, almost entirely, from articles which had appeared in the *Parish Visitor.* So many letters were received calling attention to particular articles, and saying how much good they had done, and requesting that they might be republished, it was thought well to make a selection of them, and issue them in the shape of a small volume. The work was admirably well done, and the expense of publishing this volume, as well as the other compiled, was borne by one of our generous laymen.

Speaking of compilations reminds me of other books of a similar character published by the society.

During the war, and for some time after its close there was a great demand for books of *Meditations*, *Daily Readings*, *Self Examination*, *Private Prayer*, *Holy Communion*, and such like; each and all designed for individual, private use.

These works were used largely in the hospitals, where there were so many sick and wounded soldiers, and also among the families which had been made desolate by the ravages of war.

These were numbered by thousands and tens of thousands, throughout the country. Indeed, for many years, our whole land was filled with sorrow.

I remember how impressed I was in visiting various congregations during this period, to see so many clad in the deepest mourning. To meet this state of things special books and tracts were needed, and much called for.

Miss Emily Anthon, a daughter of Dr. Anthon, prepared two books for this purpose. One was called, *Thoughts for Weary Hours,* and the other, *Earnest Thoughts for Every Day.*

The demand for these was very great, particularly for the first named. We published, in a comparatively brief period, some eight or ten editions, and they were circulated by thousands upon thousands.

I mention these facts to show what a demand the war created for reading matter, and the kind of reading which was so largely sought.

It is a curious and most interesting study, to watch the ever changing tastes and habits with regard to books and other reading matter. Nearly everything, in this respect, has its fashion and its day. Works that were very popular a few years since, are rarely called for now.

When our society published its series of evangelical biographies, there was almost a perfect rage for them. A few years later, the demand was very little; and so with all ordinary books. They meet a particular want, at a particular period; after that they are forgotten.

In our private and public libraries the large majority of works are rarely, if ever disturbed. Some good souls think this is a prodigious evil, a sure sign of moral and intellectual degeneracy. They are forever talking about the good old days when they were children; and wonder at the stupidity and folly, if not downright wickedness, of those who think the world moves, and that we may as well move with it.

It is true there are those who seem to think that nothing old is worth anything. It is mere rubbish, fit only to be cast out and destroyed. Fortunately, there are always enough ancients among us to hold on to

what is good and curious in the past, and thus keep up a healthy connection between what has been and what now is.

None perhaps would exactly wish to see their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, arrayed in the style and costumes of their great-great-grandmothers; and yet it is both profitable and interesting, to see occasionally the very garments they wore.

And so with articles of furniture, and implements of husbandry; and so, also, with the fashions, habits, and costumes of centuries gone by. It is well to remember them, though we need not copy or follow them. But the longer we live and the more we see and hear and know, the slower shall we be to criticise the past. For after all, Solomon hit the fact pretty nearly when he said, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."

It will hardly do to call Solomon a fossil, an old fogy, and thus try to make ourselves out so much brighter and wiser in our day. The truth is, we all hitch together, the present and the past. We are our grandfathers and grandmothers over again, only with some variations. We may, perhaps, without much offence call them improvements. At any rate we will think them so.

Should anybody read these reminiscences, he must excuse this little episode.

During the year 1873, many events occurred of more than a passing interest. Besides those already alluded to, I would mention the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, which took place in New York during the month of October.

This body was organized in London in 1846.

Its object was, and has since been, to bring the whole of Protestant Christendom into a much closer and more practical relationship than had existed. Nearly, if not all, the various Protestant bodies took part in the organization of the association, and have been active in its administration.

At the meeting in New York, there was a large representation from England, Scotland, Ireland, and the various countries of Europe; also from Canada, and from all parts of the United States.

The opening services took place at Association Hall, and were very imposing. President Woolsey, of Yale College, presided.

The address of welcome was made by the Rev. Dr. Adams, and was exceedingly appropriate and effective. It did much to give tone to all the subsequent proceedings.

The papers read and the addresses delivered were able, and in the best spirit. A communion service which took place at Dr. Adam's Church, was largely attended, and participated in by representative men from the various religious bodies of our own and other countries.

There was considerable curiosity to see how the association would be regarded by our Church. Among the representatives from England were the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Hoare, and other well known clergymen and laymen of the Church of England. These, and all others so far as I know, were courteously received by our Bishop, and by the clergy generally. Of our own clergy the more active were Bishop Cummins, Drs. Muhlenberg, Tyng, Washburn, and Cotton Smith.

On the whole, the meetings of the Alliance were largely attended, well conducted, and the impression made was decidedly good.

About a month after the adjournment of the Alliance, the religious community, and our Church in particular, were considerably excited by the secession, or withdrawal, of Bishop Cummins, the assistant Bishop of Kentucky, from our Church.

For some time the bishop had contemplated this step. In the General Convention held in Baltimore, in 1871, his mind was deeply agitated by the teachings and practices which prevailed more or less, and he did all he could to effect some legislation which would help to protect the Church from the inroads of error. In this he was disappointed. But it was thought the declaration of the bishops upon the subject of baptism would do much towards allaying fears and restoring quietness. To a very considerable extent, I believe, this was the case. Certainly, the great leaders of the Evangelical party, such as Bishops McIlvaine, Lee, Johns, Eastburn, and Drs. Tyng, Vinton, Sparrow, Andrews, and others, were much encouraged and very hopeful. It was, therefore, to them and nearly the whole Church a shock and disappointment, to hear of the withdrawal of Bishop Cummins. While his motives were respected, his wisdom and judgment were thought to be at fault.

To my mind it was a mistake. While I was as anxious as he could be, to drive out error from our Church, and break in pieces the whole system of ecclesiastical tyranny, which extreme High Churchism had brought into existence, I did not think the way to accomplish this end was to leave the Church; but to stand firm in my place. I knew I had as much right in this glorious inheritance as the highest churchman that ever lived —yes, a thousand times more right; for I knew, what nearly everybody now knows and admits, that our Church is broad, comprehensive, tolerant, and truly catholic

both in spirit and letter, and has abundant room for all right minded and true hearted men and women. And knowing this, was I to yield to the intolerant spirit which was so offensively assuming, and so determined to rule? No, no, not for an hour; not for an instant, would I give place to it. And again, seeing the manifest change in the tone and temper of leading men, which was so manifest in the General Convention at Baltimore, I felt, and deeply felt, that the time had come when all good men should stand together, and hail and welcome the dawning of a brighter day and the coming of a better spirit. Had we not prayed long and earnestly for this? Had we not labored and toiled night and day, to bring it about? What end but this was in view, in the organization of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, the American Church Missionary Society, the Evangelical Education Society? Were they established merely to promote the spirit of strife among brethren? Nothing of the kind. They made a stand for truth; for liberty of action, and freedom of thought. These rights and privileges we claimed, and for them we had earnestly contended; and now that the end seemed to be approaching, even very near, why should we drop our arms and flee? I did not see it. I could not see it. Such were my thoughts and feelings during all these anxious days.

Soon after Bishop Cummins withdrew, others followed him; and before long a new organization was effected under the name of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

While I did not think the step a wise one, I had no other feeling than that of kindness and good will towards the brethren who embarked in the new enterprise.

Since the new Church was formed, I have watched its progress with undiminished interest, never allowing

myself to think or speak slightingly of it or of the brethren engaged in it. They are just as much my brethren now as they ever were, and if God blesses their efforts, why should I not say, Amen? My fear has been that they would rely too much on legislation to drive out and keep out error. Happy will it be if they see this danger in season.

Another mistake I think they have made, and that is, in their multiplication of bishops. Bishops are very good; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing. They seem to be making too much, or too little, of episcopacy. In one view they are magnifying it, while in another they are cheapening it. So much as to my views upon this movement.

In the providence of God, I think it is being overruled for good to our Church. It certainly has opened the eyes of many to both the danger and the folly of carrying things with too high a hand in any Church, however good it may be.

I have said again and again, that this reformed movement is the legitimate outcome of the offensive and intolerant spirit of exclusive Churchism. Our Church has nobody to blame but itself for this result, and well will it be if she learns wisdom by even bitter experience.

It was during this year that arrangements were made with Mr. Thomas Whittaker, long associated with the Evangelical Knowledge Society, by which he should take charge of all the publishing business, including the *Parish Visitor*, and keep all the accounts of the society. This was an immense relief to me, for it enabled me to hand over to Mr. Whittaker a very large and burdensome business correspondence. This left me with the general charge of the society affairs on my hands; such

as selecting, purchasing or publishing books for distribution, and editing the *Parish Visitor*.

After my terrible accident on the Hoosic River, my health was so shattered that it was more than I could do to sustain myself under my manifold cares and responsibilities. It was, therefore, a kind Providence which gave me this much needed relief. During the years 1874 and 1875, the two societies with which I was connected continued their work, and my duties remained about as they had been, with the exception of the relief which the new arrangement with Mr. Whittaker afforded me. But this was diminished by my increasing labors in connection with our work among the Indians.

Early in 1873, the Rev. Wm. H. Hare, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Niobrara, and put in charge of the Indian work.

From the time the bishop entered upon his duties, I was brought into still closer relations with him. As chairman of the executive committee of the Indian commission, it devolved on me, together with the secretary, to keep up a constant correspondence with him. My house became one of his homes whenever he was in the East, and I saw him under all the varied circumstances of his eventful life; and a better man I never knew.

During this period many leading members of our Evangelical Societies were removed by death.

In the triennial report of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, presented in 1874, I make this record: "Within the period of this report, the society has suffered the loss, by death, of many of its most earnest friends and liberal supporters. Among the number should be mentioned the names of the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine of Ohio, for many years the president of the society; the Rt. Rev

Manton Eastburn of Mass., the Rt. Rev. H. W. Lee of Iowa, the Rev. J. S. Copley Greene, John David Wolfe, the Rev. George Slattery, R. P. Wetherell, Mr. Stephen Cambreling, Miss M. A. Hall, Mr. Theodore W. Riley, Mr. James L. Reynolds, Mrs. Sarah A. Dean, the Rev. Alexander Jones, D.D., Mrs. Sarah Cutler, the Rev. James Pratt, D.D., and the Rev. William Sparrow, D.D. Many of these were engaged in the formation of the society, and all were its active friends. They have each and all finished their ministry here, and have passed to their eternal state. In a few years more none will be left who knew this society in its beginning."

In the same report under the head, *The Policy of the Society*, I wrote as follows, "Twenty-seven years ago, when the society was organized, the state of things in our Church was such as to give to it a definite and well defined course of action. For a quarter of a century the line of policy marked out at the beginning has been steadily pursued. During the period many hundred thousands of dollars have been received and expended. Between six and seven hundred different books and tracts have been published, and put into circulation; also two monthly periodicals have been issued. By the circulation of this literature a large amount of evangelical truth has been disseminated among the people, and much good has been done.

"But within the last few years great changes have taken place in our Church; and in the minds of our own friends a process of disintegration has been going on, breaking up old party relations, and largely changing the issues which formerly existed.

"Then, again, the publishing business of the country five and twenty years ago, was very different from what it is now.

"At that time it was almost impossible to procure such books and tracts as were needed to counteract the errors which had made their appearance in our community. An organization was therefore a necessity. But now both in England and in this country, our publishing houses are ready and anxious to publish anything for which there is a demand.

"There is not an issue before us, as a Church, which is not being ably and fully discussed in works of every size and character; and these works are ready to our hands. Whatever appears in England, bearing upon these questions, is, within a few days, on the shelves of our publishers. Under these circumstances, your committee have thought it wise and prudent to employ such means as the society has had, in distributing the books and tracts already issued, and keeping up its two periodicals, leaving the future developments to point out the policy which shall hereafter be pursued."

I make this somewhat lengthy extract to show that in 1874, a very important change had taken place in the spirit which prevailed throughout our Church. That this change was still going on, and that it was in the direction of that kind of liberty for which we had been so earnestly contending, and that therefore the whole policy of the society should be carefully and wisely considered.

I saw no reason why we should continue fighting, after the war was over, especially as we had gained what we had been fighting for. Such was my view; such was the view of the committee in New York; and such also was the view of Bishop McIlvaine, the president of the society, and the great leader, or at least one of the great leaders in the conflicts which had been waged for so many years.

Just before the bishop sailed for England for the last time, and in the last interview I had with this great and wonderfully gifted man, we talked the matter over at length, and I know our views were in entire harmony on this whole subject.

One fact helps to confirm the impressions I express. The bishop had prepared a paper upon the views and policy of Bishop White, the object of which was to show that he held very moderate views upon all strictly Church questions, and that the policy he pursued was a wise one, and one which should be pursued now. This paper had been prepared some time before, and was somewhat of a controversial character. It had been sent to me for publication by the society. It was in the hands of the publishing committee. They were reading it with a view to its publication.

At this point the bishop interposed. He had doubts as to the wisdom of publishing it. A great change had taken place, was still going on; and the publication of such a paper might revive disputes and controversies which would do more harm than good. Finally, the bishop withdrew the paper.

But some of our friends thought we ought to continue to wage the war with all the vigor of former days; and were not well pleased with the policy which seemed to prevail in New York. Some meetings were held, speeches were made, and a series of articles were written by an old personal friend of mine, taking the society to task for the course it was pursuing. I was mentioned several times by name; always kindly and courteously, for the writer was always kind and courteous; but the drift of all the articles was in the direction of censure and disapprobation.

These articles, I believe, were afterwards published in

pamphlet form, and, I was told, at the expense of an old and very dear friend of mine. My health at this time was very poor, and I was confined much of the time to my house.

Of course I could not help feeling grieved that brethren should so mistake the motives of those whom they attacked; but I did not allow myself to be drawn into any newspaper controversy.

Some private letters passed between myself and the writer of the pamphlet, and between me and the publisher of it. These letters were kind, and, I hope, Christian; but as all parties were acting conscientiously, as they supposed, there was nothing to be done but let time and reflection do their work. I had lived too long, worked too earnestly, and sacrificed too much, to be easily moved by the charges of inconsistency or of the want of courage, or of the surrender of the great principles for which we had so long contended.

I knew I had not yielded one iota, as to principle; I knew I stood where I always stood,—that I was an out and out evangelical churchman; and knowing this, I was not frightened by criticisms, and was perfectly content to wait, and let time vindicate my character and course. It was to me as plain as the sun in the heavens, that God was moving, by His Spirit, the hearts and heads of the leaders in our Church; and moving them in the right direction; and that the great body of our people would follow such a lead.

Did I believe that error was crushed, killed out? That the millennium had come? Not a bit of it. But I did believe the old war was over, and that the time had come for readjusting our affairs.

Evangelical men had contested for the right to live and act, yes,—to live and act as freely as any other in

this Church of ours, and this right they had secured. They were in full possession of it, and that was enough. I felt that, as under civil government there could be various parties while all could be good citizens, so under our ecclesiastical organization there could be divers schools, and yet all could be good Christians. Only let all these schools enjoy their inalienable rights, the proper liberty of thinking and acting, and then all could dwell together in harmony and peace.

Now all this made me neither a high churchman, a broad churchman, a tractarian, a ritualist, or a Romanist. No, nothing of the kind. But simply an evangelical low churchman. Nothing more, nothing less. Of course I wonder that everybody else does not embrace and hold these views. I wonder what they expect to do with other views when they get to Heaven. No doubt they expect to drop them just outside the gate. Now wouldn't it be as well to drop them somewhat before that time? I do not see any sense at all in holding on to such a heap of luggage.

It reminds me of what I have so often seen and smiled at in my somewhat long experience, and that is the tenacity with which some bishops and clergy hold on to their robes. They can go nowhere, do nothing, hardly make a common call, without their lawn sleeves or surplices. But, dear me, am I to fret my soul, or make a fuss, because of their innocent amusements!

And so with many things I see and hear about. I have no respect for them; no sympathy with them. I may even pity those who do them, think them rather weak; but if they find comfort or amusement in them, I say let them have them.

But if they attempt to practice their foolishness on me, or to cram these things down my throat, telling me

they are essential to a true faith, or even good churchmanship, then I say, away with your nonsense. I will none of it. Our Church is probably wide enough for all this sort of thing. At any rate, I am not going to leave it because much is done in it that I do not like.

During the session of the Board of Missions in New York, in 1874, I was the innocent cause of a little ripple upon the surface of affairs, which disturbed the nerves of some members of the board.

One day while in my office I was called on by one of our bishops, and by a prominent lay member of the board, and asked if I would not suggest some method by which the Board of Missions could better accomplish its work and awaken a wider interest in the Church.

I replied, that though a member of the board and of its foreign committee, I had never taken any part in the administration of its affairs. The fact was, I had never opened my lips to say a word in any meeting of the board. My reason for this was, I was actively engaged in the affairs of the American Church Missionary Society, and was its corresponding secretary, and did not therefore feel free to be active in the old board. However, I had thought much as to its modes of action.

And with this explanation, I gave these gentlemen some of my thoughts on the subject. They then requested that I would put on paper what I had said in conversation. This I promised to do; and as they left, they requested I would do it at once, and one or the other would call for it later in the day.

I accordingly jotted down the points I had made, with a few words of explanation. Towards evening, one of the gentlemen called and obtained the paper. To my surprise I learned the next day that my paper, without name or date, had been printed, and copies had been

scattered about among members of the General Convention, and also of the Board of Missions.

And lo, and behold, there was quite a buzz. A revolution was on foot; there was to be a general upturning and overturning; and the inquiry was freely made as to the author of the document. Whether this was found out or not, I do not know. When I saw it, I recognized it. I had seen the innocent bantling before, but not dressed up in type and on fine paper. Still, I knew it.

The following evening, the Board of Missions met. The attendance was very large, completely filling the church. A vague rumor was afloat that something was going to happen. A good many came from idle curiosity, just to see what that something was. The same curiosity took me there.

In due time the meeting opened. A lively discussion arose as to the general affairs of the board. One thing called out another; and something called out and up a prominent lawyer, who had much to say. In the course of his remarks he paid his respects to the unpretending, anonymous paper. He pounded and banged away at it with heroic words and blows. He couldn't understand why any changes should be made. The old board was good enough for him, and he believed in letting well enough alone. But his rhetoric did not quite satisfy the members of the board, for, before adjourning, a large committee was appointed to take the whole subject into consideration, and report the following year.

Bishop Potter was made the chairman of this committee. Dr. Dix, Dr. Cotton Smith, the lawyer spoken of, and many others, with myself, were members.

For some reason, unknown to myself, the chairman did not call the committee together. But a year after, on the morning of the day when the board was again to

meet, and to which the committee was to report, a few members of the committee were hurriedly got together and a report was presented.

There was no time for discussing; the opening service of the board was going on while we were together. What was read as a report, was adopted by a majority of the few present; and this went to the board as the report of the large committee which had been appointed to consider the whole subject. Some of us were much dissatisfied with this mode of doing things. What came of all this, will appear later in these records.

The year 1875 was characterized by events, some of which may properly be alluded to by me.

Early in January, the Church Missionary Society sustained a great loss in the death of its president, William H. Aspinwall of New York.

Mr. Aspinwall had long been known as one of our foremost citizens. Like his friend and associate, the late Robert B. Minturn, he was prominent in all good works, great and small, in the city and throughout the country.

He succeeded Mr. Minturn as the president of the corporation of St. Luke's Hospital, and from time to time occupied many important posts of trust and honor.

In all the positions and relations of life, he maintained an unsullied reputation, and bore himself with peculiar grace and dignity as a gentleman and a Christian.

He was often styled a prince among men; and surely few men ever displayed more princely or Christ-like virtues. In his death both the Church and the State lost one of their brightest ornaments. I knew Mr. Aspinwall well, and deeply respected and revered him.

Mr. James S. Amory of Boston, was appointed to succeed him as president of the Church Missionary Society.

XII.

MY JOURNEY TO MEXICO.

The condition of the evangelistic work in Mexico, led the House of Bishops to appoint a commission of its own body to consider the whole subject of formally and officially recognizing that work as the work of an independent Church, and of conferring the episcopate upon one or more of those engaged in it, should the commission, after due examination deem it wise and best to do so.

The commission consisted of the following bishops. Bishop Whittingham of Maryland, Bishop Lee of Delaware, Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania, Bishop Bedell of Ohio, and Bishop Coxe of Western New York.

This commission held a meeting in New York in the autumn of 1874, and appointed and commissioned Bishop Lee of Delaware, to visit Mexico as early as practicable, to examine into the condition of affairs there, to administer confirmation, and to ordain such candidates as he might find prepared for holy orders.

At the request of Bishop Lee, and by appointment of the executive committee of the American Church Missionary Society, I accompanied Bishop Lee. As the commission made no provision for the expenses of the bishop, and as I was unwilling that funds should be drawn from the missionary treasury for the expenses of

either of us, I raised what was needed among my friends. These same friends most generously provided that Mrs. Dyer and my daughter Kate should accompany me. Miss E. C. Jay and Miss Laura Herrick, of New York, also became members of the party.

We went by rail to New Orleans, and then took the steamer for Vera Cruz. After experiencing two "Northers," which made the roughest and most uncomfortable sea imaginable, we reached Vera Cruz, where we were, for a time, in great peril.

The captain was very anxious to reach an anchorage near a small island below the city, as we could not make a landing until the sea went down. To do this much care was needed, for there were many dangerous reefs of rocks.

While the captain was busy looking after some of these, one lying directly in our course was for a moment unobserved. A gentleman on deck saw it, and at once called the attention of a Mexican gentleman to it. He exclaimed in terror, "Good heavens! we are going right on to the reef!" Fortunately, the captain saw the danger just in season to save the ship and passengers from destruction.

After considerable delay, we made our landing at Vera Cruz, and a queer old place it is, very flat, and very uninteresting. The streets are narrow, paved with small round stones, without sidewalks, and with the gutter in the center. There are no carriages; apparently no kind of wheeled vehicles. Population from ten to twelve thousand. It is a walled city.

The turkey buzzard is a sort of sacred bird, and is never molested. He acts as the street scavenger, and picks up the offal. Carriers do the work of horses, so that horses and mules are rarely seen.

It was a holiday while we were there, in honor of the adoption of their new constitution, and the town was illuminated at night.

At two o'clock in the morning we took the train for the city of Mexico.

About six, we left the lowlands, and began to make the ascent towards the high tablelands on which the city stands.

Just as the sun was rising, we came into full view of Oriziba, one of the famous mountains of Mexico. It is of conical shape, and stands apparently alone, rising fourteen thousand feet high.

No words can describe the splendor and glory of the scene. The full rays of a cloudless sun fell upon the pure white snow, causing a combination of colors in which the pink and golden hues predominated, and producing an effect of surpassing beauty and brilliancy. Such an object is to be seen only once, perhaps in a lifetime, and when seen can never be forgotten.

About midday we finished the ascent, about eight thousand feet, and came upon the vast plain.

The railroad up this mountain is a marvelous illustration of human genius and skill.

On the plains we saw immense herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. The land is very productive, corn and wheat being the principal grains.

The climate seems to be that of perpetual spring. The towns and hamlets are rather picturesque, and very strange to our eyes. We all thought it was a country to pass through rather than to stay in. Just now all is quiet, no revolutions and no earthquakes; and yet our train was accompanied by a body of soldiers, and at each station there was a guard of mounted policemen; all of which had a suspicious look.

I forgot to say that at Vera Cruz, Dr. Riley met us, and took charge of the party. He kindly pointed out and explained every object of interest.

We reached the city in the evening, and went directly to the quarters which had been secured for us.

The next day being Sunday, we attended service in the morning in the chapel of San Francisco. This chapel adjoins the great Church of San Francisco, and is fitted up for service. It is entered from one of the best streets of the city, through a very pretty flower garden. Both chapel and church are built of stone. The chapel is seated for about three hundred persons. It was quite well filled, and the services, all in Spanish, were conducted with much spirit. The clergy, and deacons elect, wore surplices and assisted in the services. The children, of whom there was a goodly number, assisted in singing.

In the evening we attended services again. Some two hundred were present. One of the deacons elect preached. The congregations, both morning and evening, were made up mostly of natives, and were of the laboring classes. We were much pleased and encouraged by what we saw and heard.

The next day, Drs. Butler and Cooper, of the Methodist Mission, called on us. In the course of conversation we learned that some differences and misunderstandings had sprung up, and it was proposed that on the following day we should all meet together, and see if these troubles could not be composed. The rest of the day was occupied in writing letters home. As the mail goes only once in twenty days we felt we must improve the first opportunity. In the evening we called on Mrs. Hooker and Miss Grout.

The following day the proposed conference took place,

and we patiently listened to all that the different parties had to say. It was the old story. The outcroppings of poor human nature; differences and strife among brethren as to the Lord's work. Moses was troubled by it, and so was the Lord Himself, and so were the Apostles; and so it has been in all ages, and so it will be till we reach the kingdom above, where there will be but one will, and that the will of God. We had a prayer; and then asked them to shake hands all around, and feel and act like brethren.

Bishop Lee and myself called on the American minister, the Hon. John W. Foster. Both the minister and Mrs. Foster were most cordial, and proffered us any assistance in their power; which promise they most fully redeemed.

Ash-Wednesday, attended service at the chapel. About sixty present. After this had a long conference with Bishop Lee with regard to the Church of Jesus in Mexico, its organization, worship, and its future course, etc.

Then we visited, with Dr. Riley, the Government House, Post Office, Church of San José, and the Public Library.

On our way we passed the house where Baron Von Humboldt resided while in Mexico. This is one of the lions of the city, and is honored by a large tablet, stating what makes it remarkable.

Visited with the ladies, under the guidance of Mrs. Dr. Butler and daughter, the Museum, where we saw a large collection of curious things.

We went out to Chapultepec, where the old castle and palace of the Montezumas are situated. Both were much remodeled in the days of the viceroys of Spain. It was here that the unfortunate Maximilian and the

Princess Carlotta lived. After her husband's execution, the princess remained here for some time.

What a sad feature in the history of the country! and what an everlasting disgrace to the French nation, and especially to the memory of Louis Napoleon!

We went through the palace, and to the top of the tower, from which we had an exceedingly grand view. The city was spread out before us, about three miles distant, with its lakes. And then the mountains, which surround the city, some ten or more miles distant. These mountains are about ten or twelve thousand feet high, and covered with forests of perpetual green. And then, beyond these, the towering Popocatapetl, and "The Lady in White" rising more than twenty thousand feet, and capped with eternal snows.

The country immediately around the city is very flat, and highly cultivated. As we drove home just at sundown, we met many of the gentry with their families, in carriages or on horseback, taking their evening ride or drive.

The next day the Rev. Mr. Parks, a representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society, called on the bishop and myself. He gave us much valuable information as to the Bible work in Mexico.

Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, a Presbyterian missionary in Mexico, and Miss Allen also, called.

Mrs. Hutchinson had passed through great anxiety on account of the bloody riot at Acapulco, where her husband had gone to officiate. Several persons were killed; but Mr. Hutchinson escaped unharmed, and was then on his way home.

The next day we dined at Mr. Foster's, our minister. Besides our own party there were Mr. and Mrs. Newbold

of Philadelphia, Mr. Willet, the Secretary of Legation, and Miss Read, an American friend of Mr. and Mrs. Foster. The dinner was an elaborate and handsome affair.

On going to the bank the next day, I was surprised to learn that gold was not regarded as money in Mexico, but only as an article of merchandise. Silver, alone, is the legal currency. To avoid carrying silver about for common purposes, the London Bank of Mexico and South America issues notes of ten dollars and upwards, which pass in the city, and perhaps in the immediate neighborhood. These notes are redeemable by the bank in silver.

The bishop and myself called with our minister at the Department of State, where we delivered our letter from the Mexican minister in Washington, and also a letter from the Mexican consul in New York. These letters were addressed to Mr. Lafrange, the Administrator of Foreign Affairs.

We were most courteously received, and had much conversation. Mr Lafrange is a fine looking man, of about fifty. His head and countenance indicate intellect and character of a high order. He has the reputation of being the ablest lawyer and one of the foremost men in Mexico. He is from the State of Pueblo.

After this, we proceeded to the Department of Justice and Education, and delivered our letters to Señor S. José whose official title is "Presidente de la Suprema Corte de Justitia de la Nacion."

Though this minister is a Roman Catholic of the Jesuit order, yet he received us very kindly, and proffered us such assistance as he could render.

It is somewhat remarkable that though it was well understood what the object of our mission to Mexico was, we were nevertheless most kindly received by the Government officials and by the press generally. The ex-

planation will be seen by one fact. Very soon after our arrival, we were called on by the editor of one of the papers. He said he was a Roman Catholic; but he was fully satisfied that if Mexico was ever to prosper, it must freely tolerate freedom of opinion and action, particularly in religious and educational matters. And believing our mission was entirely in this line, he most cordially welcomed us, and would do all he could through his paper to promote our objects.

We took tea at Dr. Butler's, where we met all his family,—his wife, two sons, and two daughters. His eldest son is a clergyman, and engaged in missionary work with his father. Met also the Rev. Mr. Drees, another missionary. We passed a very pleasant evening. The doctor and his wife were missionaries in India for ten years. They were there during the Sepoy rebellion. He wrote that most interesting work called *The Land of the Vedas.*

Sunday, February 11. Attended service at the chapel. Very full, many Americans and English present. Doctor Riley read, in Spanish, the address Bishop Lee had prepared, stating the object of our visit to Mexico.

The next day Mr. Newbold called to take us to Tacubaya, a pretty place about a league from the city. Besides our party, there were Mr. Newbold and three daughters, Dr. Riley, Mr. McIntosh, and two Mexican friends of Dr. Riley. We went out on the horse railroad, and felt very much at home when we saw that the car was built in New York. Our object was to visit two country seats ;one belonging to Mr. Escadon, and the other to Mr. Baron, two very wealthy gentlemen. As their families were absent, those in charge kindly showed the establishments to us. They are very large, and very luxuriantly furnished, but seldom occupied, and for

the reason that it is not very safe. They have handsome town houses, but spend much of the time in our country, or in Europe.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Newbold called and took us to see the palace. General Zerega, the governor, took charge of us, and showed us through the different departments.

The audience hall is three hundred feet long. There we saw the portraits of Washington, and some of their emperors and presidents. That which interested us most was Juarez, a full blooded Indian, and the great patriot who rescued his country from the control of Maximilian.

In another room we saw a large painting representing a battle scene, by a Mexican artist. It is pretty fair. We then visited the garden. Also saw the state coaches. The one made for Maximilian is very costly. None of these coaches was ever used by President Juarez; nor are they used by the present president.

Dr. Williams of Philadelphia, Mr Clark, and two German noblemen, arrived and stopped at the same hotel where we were staying. I was engaged for some time with Bishop Lee and Dr. Riley, in matters connected with the business of our mission.

I afterwards visited, in company with Mrs. Foster, Mr. Newbold, and others, a celebrated school, founded some two hundred years ago by two brothers from Spain. The tradition is, that they left two million dollars for this purpose. There were about three hundred girls there.

The buildings form an immense pile. Twelve girls constitute what they call a family, having two sleeping-rooms, a sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. They do their own work. Connected with the school are a chapel and a theater. The branches taught are what are called the common branches; also drawing and

embroidery. There was, through all the corridors, a display of almost innumerable and all kinds of flowers. The buildings are one thousand feet in length, and we were more than two hours going through them.

The next day we called for Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and Miss Reed, and drove out to the grand canal. Here Dr. Williams, Mr. Clark, and our German friends joined us; and dismissing our carriage, we chartered a boat and made an excursion of several miles along the canal, and among the gardens. They are called floating gardens. Perhaps they did float once, but they are fast enough now; and yet they are surrounded and intersected in all directions by canals, so that all parts of the extensive plain upon which they are located can be reached by boats. All kinds of flowers and vegetables are cultivated in these gardens. The canals are so numerous that during the dry season the gardens are watered from them without difficulty. The smaller canals all lead to the grand canal, through which all the produce is conveyed into the city.

Our boat had an awning and cushioned seats. Though our party consisted of fifteen persons, we were all comfortably accommodated. The persons employed in these gardens are pure Indians. They live in little villages. Nearly every dwelling has a thatched roof. In one of the villages there is a large church, and the ruins of a convent built by Cortez.

From the roof of the church, we had a full view of the city, the plateau on which it stands, of Chapultepec, of the Lady in White, Popocatapetl, and of the almost numberless mountains round about.

While on the roof, Mr. Foster pointed out the road by which Cortez approached the city; and the way by which General Scott led his army, and the points where he

fought several battles previous to the severely contested one at Chapultepec. When that stronghold fell into his hands, the city surrendered.

There are but few remains of the old causeway along which Cortez fought his way to the city. This was a most interesting expedition. It enabled us to get a good idea of the surroundings of the city, to see the native laboring people engaged in their work, their style of dwellings, mode of living, and their dress and their manners.

At one village we visited the government school, and witnessed some of their exercises. There were about twenty children, in charge of one male teacher.

We were struck by the multiplicity of dogs. By the laws, all articles of merchandise taken into the city pay a tax. This holds in the case of the poor women who carry flowers, eggs, or any other products, no matter how small, into the city. At every gate there is a kind of custom house, where boats, wagons, baskets, and packs on mules, donkeys, and women are examined. This tax is a terrible drawback to the industries of the country.

On our return to the city we had our breakfast, which consisted of soup, fish, chops, chicken, vegetables of various kinds, fruits, ices, and coffee or chocolate. The breakfast is the principal meal of the Mexicans, and usually comes about midday.

At first we disliked taking nothing but a cup of coffee and a roll for breakfast; but we soon got used to the ways of the people, and rather liked it. Dinner takes the place of tea or supper, but is not an elaborate meal.

I would say that our rooms are at the Hotel Gillau, and immediately across the street, at one of the best restaurants in the city, a very pleasant room is set apart for our special use. For breakfast, which is the

principal meal, we pay one dollar each. For our other meals we pay for what we order.

On February 20th, confirmation was held in the chapel. It was appointed specially for those about to be ordained; a few others were allowed to present themselves; twenty-one in all,—the first Protestant confirmation ever held in Mexico. The service was in every way solemn and impressive.

The next day, Sunday, the morning services were very largely attended. In the afternoon, an English service was held, and well attended. Dr. Riley and myself conducted the services, and the bishop preached. It was an occasion of deep interest, not only to the English-speaking people of the city, but to all others.

February 22d. Washington's Birthday. Flags flying from the churches, and many other buildings, in honor of the day. The name of Washington is held in profound veneration by the people here.

Went out with Mr. Newbold some two miles to visit the English and American cemeteries. The former was in a neglected condition, while the American is admirably well kept. It is owned and cared for by the United States Government. We found Mr. Wright, the keeper, a most interesting man. He is from Somers, Westchester Co., New York, and has been in Mexico nearly forty years. He is married to a Mexican lady, and has quite a family.

When the Mexican war broke out, he was ordered to leave the city, and go to some particular place. He left the city; but instead of going where he was ordered to go, he went in disguise across the country to the headquarters of Gen. Scott, where he acted as interpreter and guide.

He conducted the army by a route not anticipated by

the Mexicans, thus saving much time and securing many advantages.

He witnessed the battles of Chapultepec, Cherubusco, and Molino del Rey. He said that many leading Mexicans urged Gen. Scott not to enter into any armistice, except on condition that Mexico should be annexed to the United States. To such propositions the general would not listen. He took possession of the city, and at once restored safety and order to the people.

Under his rule, his army was kept under the strictest discipline. The citizens were treated with great kindness and justice. To such an extent did the general and his army win the respect and confidence of the people, that universal grief was expressed when peace was declared, and the city was handed over to the keeping of its own officials. The effect of the general's administration is felt to this day.

In the American cemetery is a handsome monument to some seven hundred American soldiers, who fell in the battles around the city. We saw the tomb erected to Manuel Aguas, the Romish priest who became the leader in the great reform movement, and who died soon after Dr. Riley went to Mexico.

We next visited the Pantheon, the most interesting of all the cemeteries in Mexico.

After the destruction of Maximilian and the empire, the remains of the great republican leaders who fell in the war were collected and brought to this cemetery, and suitable monuments were erected. And here is the beautiful tomb of the great hero, leader, and conqueror, President Juarez, who died suddenly while in office. This man withstood Maximilian, and all the miserable machinations of Louis Napoleon and the French government, for two years and more. Often he was a fugi-

tive, and with a price fixed on his head. But he never wavered; and in God's own time he succeeded in arousing his countrymen, and in hurling the usurper from his throne, and in restoring the republic.

When the palace, and all the insignia of royalty, which wealth, pride, and ambition had gathered around the empire, fell into his hands, he retained his Roman simplicity, refusing to live in any of the palaces, ride in any of the state carriages, or make the least display; but always appearing as a citizen, dressed in a plain black suit, scrupulously neat.

How strange! How wonderful! More than three hundred years ago a band of Spaniards, under the leadership of the great robber and plunderer, Hernando Cortez, invaded Mexico, and by strategy and violence overturned the government of Montezuma, and made this fair and beautiful country a province of, and tributary to, one of the most powerful, bigoted, and wealthy kingdoms of the old world.

Nothing in history is stranger, or more romantic, than the conquest of Mexico by Cortez and his band of followers. And now a great problem was to be solved.

The Roman Catholic faith was at once introduced and everywhere enforced. Churches by thousands, of the most gorgeous and expensive kind, were erected all over the land. Fabulous sums of money were used to enrich and adorn them. The Hierarchy of the Church was established in all its glory and power. The rule of the priesthood became supreme and absolute. What an opportunity to work out and show to the world the practical results of a grandly stupendous system! Learning, wealth, art, and power were to do their utmost. And what has been the result? For three centuries and more the system had unlimited resource, and

unlimited sway. And mark the end! A Church of boundless wealth, a numerous, corrupt, dissolute, and tyrannical priesthood, a people ignorant, degraded, and downtrodden to the last degree. No language can describe their moral, intellectual, and physical condition. And all this in the name of the great Teacher, Redeemer, and Saviour of mankind. It is simply monstrous and horrible.

Such was the condition of things in Mexico at the beginning of this century. The period of God's forbearance was ended. A few brave spirits among the priesthood here and there, saw and felt the terrible sins and wrongs which had been committed against this long-suffering people, and ventured to sound the note of warning. They soon sealed their feeble testimony by martyrdom; but others were raised up to take their places, and the work went on. It was not long before revolt and revolution commenced.

From that time on, for fifty years Mexico was the theater of crime and bloodshed which gave it a name and a fame the world over. Revolution succeeded revolution, until Benito Juarez was elected President of the United States of Mexico.

This man was a pure, native Indian; a lineal descendant of the very race which, three centuries before, had been subjected to the dominion of Spain. He was a plain, sensible, well educated man, of inflexible integrity, and of unconquerable heroism. A man of the people, he knew and felt their wrongs; and he also comprehended the cause and cure of their woes. Openly, and fearlessly, he charged upon the Church the responsibility of the dreadful conditions of the country.

The step was sublime in its audacity! A few brave spirits rallied around him, and the conflict opened. But

with what terrible odds against them! He faltered not.

By degrees he gained a hearing. The cause progressed. The Church became alarmed, and more oppressive and cruel. Still the band of heroes increased; legislation began to take shape in the direction of liberty. Then the Church appealed to the old world. France came forward, sent her armies and a prince of Austria across the waters to strengthen the tottering cause. The empire was proclaimed, and Maximilian was placed upon the throne. It was a day of jubilee to tyrants and oppressors throughout the world. There was great rejoicing; the republic was overthrown; its president a fugitive, and the cause of human liberty was lost.

So thought, and wrote, and said, many. But they misjudged. Benito Juarez still lived; and so did his cause.

He was not left alone. Among the great powers of the world, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, and last, but not least, the United States, sympathized with him, and were not slow to express their sympathy.

Though our country had just come out of a terrific war, the government at Washington intimated its readiness to take up arms in behalf of the sister republic.

In due time there was another rally of the republicans in Mexico, and they appeared on the theater again; not as a disorganized rabble, as they had been described to be, but a compact, well disciplined, and well organized army.

Short, but terrible, was the combat. The royal armies were routed and slaughtered at every point. Maximilian was taken prisoner, and shot. The empire was at an end.

Immediately Juarez took possession of the government, devoted all his untiring energies to the work of reconstruction and reorganization, and soon had the satisfaction of witnessing the restoration of order, and the administration of justice.

Thus this man labored, till his work was done, and he was taken to his rest. And now, throughout Mexico, no name is so revered as that of Benito Juarez. He is regarded as their Washington. Thus, after three centuries, the government of Mexico was restored to the race from which it had been taken. Let those who criticise and speak lightly of Mexico, pause, and consider what Mexico has passed through.

February 23. Attended a reception at Minister Foster's; rather a state affair. Met many pleasant people, English, German, and American.

February 24, a most important and interesting occasion. The first ordination ever held in Mexico by a Protestant Episcopal bishop took place in the chapel of San Francisco. Seven candidates were ordained as deacons by Bishop Lee. They were presented by Dr. Riley. The service was according to the order of the Spanish Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. It was an occasion of great joy to the members and friends of the Church of Jesus in Mexico.

The next day Mr. Islas, a lawyer of the city, took us to see the Academy of Fine Arts, where we found much to interest us. A very respectable beginning has been made, and promises well for the future.

From this we went to one of the national schools for girls. It occupies a large building, once belonging to one of the convents, which the government confiscated. The establishment is under the care of Mr. Mazuri, once

a general of the army, but now an ardent worker with Dr. Riley. He is one of the number recently ordained deacon. We met his wife, a most estimable lady. We were shown through the various departments, witnessed several of the exercises, and were much impressed by the good order which prevailed, and by the appearances of the teachers and pupils. There were about three hundred pupils, from six to twenty years of age.

We then were taken to a boys' school, where there were five hundred pupils. It is kept in what was once a Jesuit College. These schools are supported by the government, and are free; similar to our public schools: a most encouraging sign of progress in Mexico.

On Friday of this week, there was another ordination service, when those previously ordained deacons, were advanced to the priesthood.

The next day, Sunday, a large attendance at the chapel. Bishop Lee preached.

The next day, another service, at which confirmation was administered to eighty-seven persons.

At midnight, March 3d, we left the city for Vera Cruz. We were greatly surprised and gratified to find that Mr. Braniff, the general director of the railroad, had placed two compartments of an English car, sixteen seats in all, at our disposal. This was very kind; and for it we duly expressed our thanks.

A large number of the people accompanied us to the station to bid us good-bye and to see us off.

Dr. Riley accompanied us to Vera Cruz. We had for company on the train "The Black Crook Troupe," though they didn't exactly belong to us.

Owing to the prevalence of a Norther, we were detained in Vera Cruz over one day and night.

At five o'clock, P. M., of March 5th, we were on board

the steamer "Mexico." A parting salute was fired, and we steamed away on our course.

On our return passage we stopped at the same places as when going to Vera Cruz. At Tuxpan, and Tampico, we received a good deal of freight, such as bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, oranges, the vanilla bean, and fustic wood, used for dyeing purposes. This wood is very hard and heavy. A log of it thrown into the water sinks like a stone.

There was nothing in particular to mark our voyage across the Gulf, except a fearful Norther. We had a sample of this institution, of the very first quality. Our little steamer was like a cockle shell. It stood up first on one end, and then on the other, and rolled nearly over, one way then the other, giving us every variety of motion and position. It was the most uneasy thing I ever had to deal with. We were very glad and thankful to reach New Orleans, and our quarters at the St. Charles, on Thursday, March 11th.

The next morning we met, at the hotel, the Bishop of Huron and wife, from Canada, the Rev. Dr. Watkins and wife, from Baltimore, and Mr. F. S. Winston and Miss Gould, from New York. Owing to the great freshet throughout the South, we learned that it would not be prudent for us to attempt to make our journey homeward before the following Monday.

We found many letters at the hotel, one announcing the death of our dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Clark, of Elizabeth, N. J. We knew him well, and valued him most highly. We also heard of the death of Mrs. Henry M. Field, a much esteemed and valued friend.

While at the hotel, Bishop Whipple and wife, also John Taylor Johnston and family, arrived from Havana and Florida.

On Sunday, Bishop Wilmer preached at Trinity, and the Bishop of Huron at Christ Church.

On Monday we purchased our tickets, filled our lunch basket, and started on our homeward journey. We made good time to Mobile, but found the rivers much swollen. Much of the track was under water, but we pushed on, passing through Montgomery and Atlanta.

Just beyond Atlanta we came to a land-slide, which detained us several hours.

On reaching Charlotte we were brought to a stand-still. Our direct route was by way of Greenboro to Richmond; but a quarrel between two rival roads had sprung up; and in the quarrel, a portion of the road had been torn up, and there we were. We had either to stay at Charlotte indefinitely, or take a road to Augusta, and from thence to Wilmington, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles out of our way.

But we decided to make this détour, and so we took the cars early in the morning; and over one of the roughest roads I ever saw, or ever wish to see, we made our journey to Richmond.

We spent part of the day in Richmond, drove about the city, saw the places and objects of interest; among them the Libby Prison, President Davis' house, the Cemetery; and then took the train for New York, reaching home in the afternoon of March 20th, glad and happy to be back.

It is proper that I should here state, that upon the report of Bishop Lee to the commission, that body took the following action.

"*Whereas*, in the opinion of this commission, there is sufficient evidence of the existence, in Mexico, of presbyters and brethren who are, as Mexican citizens, owing no allegiance to the government of these United States,

but recognizing the episcopate of this Church, and seeking further organization under its nursing care;—

"*Resolved*, That the record of synodical action and other documents laid before us, indicate the provisional organization of a Church in Mexico, which justifies our recognition of such Church under our constitution;

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the fact that said Church has certified to us the election of two presbyters as missionary bishops of said Church, by due synodical election: but finding the testimonials furnished in evidence of said election, in some respects less than a full equivalent of the formulated testimonials under which the episcopate was imparted to our own Church, we hereby suggest, that such testimonials as shall be equivalent thereto be further supplied by the aforesaid Church in Mexico, according to historical forms to be by us sent for their consideration.

"This action of the commission, and also the formal covenant or articles of agreement between the bishops and the Mexican Branch of the Catholic Church of our Lord Jesus Christ Militant upon Earth,—the title assumed by said Church at its synodical meeting in August, 1872,—is in further and definite settlement of relations with said Church in Mexico."

Upon this whole subject the following action was taken by the House of Bishops. I believe there was no dissenting voice.

"*Resolved*, That the bishops in council learn, with deep gratitude to Almighty God, the facts presented in the report of their commission, and heartily desire to render fraternal aid in the full settlement of the Mexican Branch of the Catholic Church of our Lord Jesus Christ Militant upon Earth in its possession of scriptural truth and apostolic order.

"*Resolved*, That the bishops in council, by their commission, to be appointed with full authority to represent them, the said bishops, in conclusive action, agree to the ratifications of articles of agreement with the Mexican Church aforesaid, duly represented by its regularly constituted synodical authority; and the commission to be appointed for that purpose is hereby empowered to correspond with the representatives of the said Mexican Church, in order to the final ratification of the aforesaid articles of agreement."

Further action was taken, empowering the commission, when satisfied that all the conditions had been complied with on the part of the Mexican Church, to proceed to the consecration of one or more bishops for said Church. After this action, the former members of the commission were reappointed.

I put this much on record, that my family and friends may know, that in a movement of so much importance, —a movement in which I was personally, though not officially, active, and to which I gave so much time and labor,—was most carefully considered and deliberately acted upon by the supreme authorities of our Church.

There has been considerable flippant criticism in some of our Church journals upon this movement; but I think the facts will bear me out in the assertion that very great care was taken to have everything properly and wisely done. If there have been haste, irregularity, and unwisdom, the whole House of Bishops must share in the blame, for they were all actively engaged in it.

On my return from Mexico, in March, I gave very much time in laying the claims of the Mexican work before our Church. The object was an interesting and popular one, and funds were liberally contributed to it.

So incessantly did I labor during the spring and sum

mer after my return from Mexico, that my health suffered very much.

I remember, on one occasion I went to Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon; spent the night at Mr. William Welsh's.

Early Sunday morning we drove to the Frankford Church, where I preached. Then we drove into the city, and I preached at St. Andrew's, and at night preached at St. Matthias', reaching Mr. Welsh's late at night, a good deal more ill than well; returning to New York early on Monday morning.

I kept up this incessant labor, until my health was so impaired that I was obliged to cease preaching for some time.

The question may be asked what vacations or recreations I had? Did I work all the time, summer and winter, without any let up, or cessation? My answer to such inquiries is this.

I had made numerous acquaintances, in and around New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places; and during the summer season, while my family was away, I made flying visits to many of these families at their country seats; spending sometimes only a night, sometimes two nights and a day; and sometimes from Friday afternoon till Monday. Where I spent Sunday, I usually preached once or twice with reference to some parts of the many works in which I was engaged.

In 1875, we spent a considerable portion of the summer with my brother-in-law, Professor Joy, and family, in their beautiful cottage at Stockbridge, Mass. We enjoyed every moment of our stay there. No region I have ever visited has more attractions than this portion of Berkshire County. The valleys, hills, and mountains, with the little lakes, and the Housatonic river winding

among the hills and at the foot of the mountains, afforded an almost infinite variety of scenery.

In every ride or drive there was something new at every turn; something to please and charm both the eye and the taste. I have seen nothing in England or Scotland, nothing in Italy or Switzerland, more beautiful or attractive. When walking, I thought nothing could exceed the pleasure of living and moving about amid such scenes. When riding, I had the same feelings; and when, a little weary, I sat on the piazza and looked and gazed, first one way and then another, I constantly said to myself. "Was there ever anything quite equal to this?" I did not believe there was.

In 1876, the great Centennial celebration took place in Philadelphia. Of course we went, with all the world, to see it.

In 1878, I lost entirely the sight of my right eye. It had been failing for some time; but it was not till the winter of this year that its sight utterly ceased. My health had been poor for a year and more. After careful examination, my oculist, Dr. Agnew, informed me that it was worn out, and that its sight was forever gone. This was for the most part the result of incessant use, particularly in reading proof at night during the years the society was so active in issuing its publications. This was something of a trial to me. And more especially as the sight of the other eye had long been imperfect, and I could use it only sparingly. But God gave me grace to bear the privation without murmuring. Sometimes I felt the loss most keenly, for it very seriously interrupted my work; but then would soon come the feeling that my heavenly Father knew better than I what was best for His child, and with it, the spirit of entire acquiescence in the Divine will.

During the summer of this year, I went, in company with my friends, Mr. Charles M. and Mr. Frederick W. Perry, to the Adirondacks.

We entered into the western portion of this mountainous region by way of Utica and Lowville. From Lowville we went twenty miles due east, and pitched our camp on the shore of Beaver Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by the most magnificent forest I had ever seen. Near us was the camp of Mr. John Constable and his son James. A mile or so from our camp is a summer hotel kept by Mr. Charles Fenton. In one of the cottages of the hotel Mr. and Mrs. Constable had rooms.

Besides making the acquaintance of this charming family, as well as of many others, we had simply a glorious time.

Our guide, Mr. Charles Puffer, was a most excellent cook, and a valuable man every way. He was a good hunter, and thoroughly acquainted with the woods and with camp life.

Our camp was made of bark, and was most comfortable. Our beds were of balsam boughs, over which we spread a blanket, with another blanket to spread over us. In front of the camp was our fire, which served the purpose of cooking and of keeping us warm; and perhaps it kept wild animals from becoming too familiar with us.

As I could not hunt, I amused myself in keeping house, and making such improvements as I could with an axe and a hatchet. I made some shelves, and also constructed a stationary arm-chair. Occasionally I went out on the lake in the boat which we had. But my largest work was in making a comfortable path through the woods from our camp to the hotel, something

over a mile. This was a great exploit, one of the greatest improvements made for a long time in that region.

I have spoken of the forest as magnificent; and so it was. It was made up mostly of pine, hemlock, spruce, balsam, beech, and birch, and they were the largest and tallest trees I ever saw. One had to look twice, before he could see the top. It was a vast forest, extending miles and miles in every direction, and for the most part unbroken.

What solitudes there were! Many a time, while all the others were miles away hunting for deer, I sat in my big chair and meditated upon the wonders and doings of the great Creator and Maker of all. And often at night, when alone, there was an inexpressible sense of the greatness and grandeur of God. The darkness and silence filled the soul with a quiet and not unpleasing awe. But how small, how frail, how dependent I did feel. I was but a mere speck in this vast creation. Truly, I never had a better time to think and to meditate than during the many solitary hours I spent in the great woods of the Adirondacks. Life there was wonderfully fascinating. Of course old hunters enjoy it only as they find and kill game.

My companions, while in the camp and alone by day, were rabbits, chipmunks and deer mice. These were very tame. They came about the camp to pick up the crumbs, and scraps of garbage we scattered about. The chipmunks and deer mice would come into the camp, mount the table, and make themselves more at home than I was. Not unfrequently would the mice seize a piece of bread, cock themselves up by my plate, and nibble away as hard as they could. When too familiar, I would brush them off with my hand; but they regarded this as only a little by-play, and were soon back again.

Near the camp was a beautiful grove of balsam. To this I often repaired. The ground carpeted with the fallen boughs, the wonderful symmetry of the trees, and their fragrant odors, made the place very attractive. It was a luxury to sit or walk about, and breath the air of such a spot.

If I keep on, I shall make a book, instead of a passing notice of this visit to the Adirondacks; but I am so fond of woods,—and such woods! I would rather go up there any day than to go around the world.

I mention only one other thing. Every Sunday we had our morning service and a brief talk. We commenced it in our camp, but the people at the hotel desired that it should be held where they could all attend. I complied with the request, and am sure it was a pleasure and a profit to all.

I must say something about the societies with which I was connected. The health of my associate in the *Parish Visitor*, Miss Fannie Perry, having so broken down, it was deemed necessary that she should avoid nearly all kinds of mental labor. This was a great trial both to herself and me. She had become very fond of the work, and certainly she was very useful. Her gifts were manifold, and she used them to great advantage, particularly in writing for children. The loss of her assistance, especially as my own health was seriously impaired, caused me not a little anxiety. But here again, as often before, I was providentially supplied with what was needed, and thus gently rebuked for my want of faith.

Her sister, Miss Anna Perry, of whom I have before spoken, was willing and well prepared to take her place. She assumed the entire charge of making up the paper, and of reading the proofs. She also used her pen most successfully; and to her skill and taste much of the favor

The Visitor has received for several years past, is greatly due. Her labors in this respect have afforded me much relief and comfort.

The General Convention of 1877, met in Boston. As this was the first time it had ever met in that city, no pains were spared to make it a complete success. The liberality of the people in meeting all the necessary expenses. and the cordial hospitality displayed, gave to the occasion an exceptionally pleasant character.

I was most delightfully entertained a portion of the time by my very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tuxbury, and family, and then by my equally dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Amory, and family, at their beautiful country home at Brookline. But over and above all these externals, there was something else which marked the sessions of that body, which will ever make it stand out as one of the most important and influential conventions our Church has ever had.

The spirit of conciliation, goodwill and harmony, which first appeared in 1871, at the convention in Baltimore, had greatly increased, showing unmistakably, that the Divine Spirit was in it all, and that He was leading all minds and hearts to a true and better appreciation of what the Church of Christ is, and what is its mission in this world. The Church is not a sect, not a denomination, but a brotherhood; and it ought to be as comprehensive and tolerant of differences of opinion, of tastes, and habits, as the gospel itself. This change was manifested in many ways; but I speak only of the relations of the two great parties to each other, and of the effect of these relations upon our societies.

The tenth triennial and the thirtieth annual meeting of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, took place in Boston during the sessions of the General Convention.

The altered state of things in our Church was fully and earnestly considered. Some were for continued resolute action as in former years; others felt the embarrassments of proceeding in the old lines, in view of the changes which had already taken place and were still going on; and others again, were for standing still a while, to see what new developments might require. But all, no doubt, wished that the best thing should be done. The result was, moderate counsels prevailed; and nothing very positive or rash was done.

A large committee was appointed, with power to consider and act upon several propositions submitted to them. This committee subsequently met in New York, and after considerable discussion took such action as was deemed advisable. The general policy of the executive committee, which had been rather severely criticised by some of our friends, was fully endorsed.

During the sessions of this same General Convention, the eighteenth annual meeting of the American Church Missionary Society took place in Boston.

Here again, we had discussions, long and earnest, as to the future policy of that society. A proposition was brought forward looking to a much closer relationship to the Board of Missions than had hitherto existed. The result was, a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of the Board of Missions as to the terms upon which the American Church Missionary Society might become an auxiliary of the board.

This action was hailed with great delight by the Board of Missions. Many hearts were filled with Te Deums. A committee was at once appointed by the board, at the head of which was Bishop Lay, of Easton. At the head of the committee of the Church Missionary Society, was Bishop Lee of Delaware. The two com-

mittees met; a good spirit prevailed, and the terms of the alliance were easily agreed on.

The next evening the result was to be reported to the board. Great interest had been awakened, and St. Paul's Church was full to overflowing. A large number of bishops, and members of the General Convention, were present. When the Committee of Conference announced that they were ready to report, the whole house was instantly hushed to silence.

The Bishop of Easton read the report. It was simple and earnest. At its close many eyes were suffused with tears, and many an ejaculation was heard all over the house, "Thank God!" "Thank God!"

I sat in the crowded audience; but being recognized, was called on from several quarters to say something. Some of the bishops called to me to come to the platform. William Welsh, in his enthusiasm, came and took hold of me, and seemed determined to take me bodily to the platform. But I persisted in staying where I was, and saying the few words I had to say.

I arose, and with much calmness said in a quiet and firm tone, that I believed the time had come when the desire of very many hearts could be gratified by the proposed change in the relations of these two societies. That the terms of the change were alike honorable and practical. No principles had been surrendered; the rights of all had been respected; and as the change would remove any apparent antagonisms which might exist, I was in favor of it.

With this I sat down; and there followed a pretty considerable shuffling of feet, and other demonstrations of delight.

At an adjourned meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in New York, the report of the committee

was submitted, together with the action of the Board of Missions. After due and serious discussion, the report and recommendations were adopted, and thus the American Church Missionary Society, retaining its independent corporate existence, and all its rights and privileges, became auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

Any one desiring to see a full and official account of the proceedings of the two societies during this period, will find them in the thirtieth annual or tenth triennial report of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, and the eighteenth annual report of the Church Missionary Society.

It may be asked, why did I, after opposing most strenuously on two occasions the relationship between the Church Missionary Society and the Board of Missions, now acquiesce in and advocate the measure.

I answer, because on the two former occasions I did not think the time had come for such action: for it would be regarded as the triumph of one party. But so great had been the change between 1871 and 1877, that it was both desirable and wise, to accomplish the measure, and thus restore as much of harmony as possible in our great missionary operations.

To the charge of inconsistency sometimes brought against me, I have only to say that I would rather *appear* to be inconsistent, than actually be so blind as not to recognize the changes going on around us all the time. During the great war, I was steady for the Union; but when it was over, I did not care to prolong it by fighting the battles over again.

And so in our Church matters. I fought long and hard against that kind of High Churchism which assumed everything and granted nothing. That sacerdotalism which puts the Church and the ministry in the

place of the Lord Jesus Christ, and every other ism which denied and trod under foot the Christ-given and inalienable rights of every Christian man and woman. And in this fight I received many wounds, the scars of which remain to this day. But when the good Lord took hold of the hearts of men, and made them see and feel and act like brethren—brethren of a common heritage of common rights and privileges,—then I hung up my weapons, and began to shake hands all round. For that was better than fighting.

I have always been known and shall always be known as holding evangelical views of the gospel. But if my brother who walks by my side does not, will not, or cannot, see things as I do, I cannot for my life understand why I should denounce him, and tell him he has no business in this Church of ours.

There was one thing which made this General Convention somewhat remarkable, and which ought not to be passed by unnoticed. For many years there had been a growing dissatisfaction with the working of the Board of Missions. It had become a very cumbrous piece of machinery, and failed to accomplish the end proposed. Its annual sessions ceased to awaken much interest, particularly of the kind the missionary work needed. The time was largely occupied in listening to debates which amounted to little or nothing, and so the convention took the matter in hand, and made short work of it.

The old board was wiped out. Not a vestige of it was left. A new canon was adopted which made the General Convention, itself, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society; and provided that at any meeting of the convention, it may at any time resolve itself into the Board of Missions.

For the transaction of its business, it appointed a

board of managers consisting of thirty members: fifteen clergymen, and fifteen laymen.

This board, thus constituted, was to divide itself into two committees of equal numbers. One committee to be called the Domestic Committee, and the other the Foreign Committee; each committee to have its own secretary and treasurer. As before, the field was to be the world: and all general missionary work within the United States and territories to be under the care of the Domestic Committee; while all the work of the outside of the United States and territories was to be put in charge of the Foreign Committee.

This was a big stride in the right direction, and it was a matter of astonishment to not a few. It really carried into effect most of the views which I had sketched off on paper three years before, and which, at the time, made quite a stir, but failed to receive favorable action.

Believing the views were practical, and that, if adopted, they would give much greater efficiency to our missionary operations, I was content to wait and see what the future would bring forth. But I had no idea that so great a change could take place in so short a time.

While in Boston, during the early part of the convention of 1877, I heard nothing of this proposed action with regard to our missionary organization; and my amazement may be imagined, when, soon after my return to New York, I received a request from a member of the General Convention to make out, and forward at once, a list of thirty clergymen and laymen, as the board of managers of the new missionary organization! Could this be possible I asked myself? But hoping it might be true, I complied with the request, and sent a list of about forty names.

Some one may ask, did I send my own name. I an-

swer, No, not I! But I was appointed one of the thirty. Of course this new arrangement dispensed with any further need of commissions.

The new organization went into operation at once, and has worked admirably well ever since. Up to the time of this writing, now over five years, I have never known a partizan discussion upon any subject or question whatever. I have never heard any allusion to parties. Every subject has been considered upon its merits; and every action has been the result of honest convictions, and has had in view the best interest of the work in hand. The meetings of the board are no longer the occasions for speech-making or harangues of any kind; but for hard, solid work.

In the composition of this new organization, I can only say that if any party had reason to grumble, it was not the evangelical party. We were treated with due—yes, *marked* respect. But I am bound to say that I do not believe the General Convention was influenced in the least by any spirit of partizanship in making up the board of managers. The whole was the result of the prevalence of a better spirit throughout the Church, and I recognize the hand of God in it all.

Some time after the Church Missionary Society became an auxiliary to the General Society, it was deemed best to transfer the care and responsibility of the work in Mexico to that body. Questions relating to administration and episcopal prerogatives could more readily be dealt with by the foreign committee and board of managers than by an auxiliary. Accordingly, the transfer of this work took place on the first of January, 1878.

This was a great relief to me. For ten years I had given a great deal of thought and labor to this portion of our missionary operations. The want of proper admin-

istration of affairs in Mexico had brought about many complications and embarrassments, which occasioned constant anxiety, and more labor than I was able to perform. It is true, much of this work was done by Mr. Newbold, the financial secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and done well; still, as the corresponding secretary, I could not wholly lay aside the responsibilities involved. Consequently I was very glad, and much relieved, when the transfer was accomplished.

About this time, the societies lost a valued friend in the death of Mr. Frederick G. Foster.

I come now to the year 1880, during which several events occurred which were of considerable interest to me personally; and some of them had an interest of a more general character.

I had given much thought to the policy our evangelical societies should pursue, and had reached the conclusion that no policy would be wise or successful which did not fully recognize the changes which had taken place in the general sentiment of our Church, and the new issues which were before us. Ritualism was spreading its errors in one direction, and Rationalism in another.

To meet these dangers, our committee were a unit in favor of publishing and purchasing works bearing upon these issues, and carefully distributing them where they would accomplish the best results. We had not the means to scatter them broadcast throughout the Church. Accordingly, I opened a correspondence with our different theological schools, and with quite a number of our bishops and other clergy; and through these several agencies, we were enabled to place valuable works in the hands of the students of the seminaries, particularly those who were about to graduate; and also in the

hands of many of our younger clergy. It was a matter of surprise and gratification, to find with what readiness and interest these works were received.

This policy or mode of operation was steadily pursued, until we had free access to all our seminaries; and the publications sent were cordially received.

I need not take the time or space to name the books and tracts thus put in circulation. It is enough to say that they bore upon all the points in controversy throughout our Church.

It was gratifying to have the policy we were thus pursuing cordially approved at one of our public meetings.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. Newton of Philadelphia, it was—

"*Resolved:* That this meeting has heard, with great pleasure, of the work in which the society is now engaged. That we desire to return our thanks to the brethren who are conducting its operations; and that we assûre them of our cordial and earnest support in the carrying on of their work."

Early in this year our societies suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Stewart Brown, of New York. He departed this life in the month of January, 1880, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

For nearly thirty years, Mr. Brown had been one of my warmest and truest friends. I was deeply attached to him, and his death was a great personal affliction.

At the request of the committee of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, I prepared for its records a notice of his death. His place on our committee was filled by the appointment of Mr. James M. Brown, his brother, and another warm personal friend.

Another thing occurred during this year which greatly surprised me and my friends. It was my appoint-

ment as a trustee of the General Theological Seminary. Had anybody broached such a thing a few years before, it would have been regarded as among the impossibilities.

How it exactly came to pass, I do not know. Nothing had been said to me on the subject; but there were two or three vacancies in the New York representation, and Dr. Dix nominated Dr. Cotton Smith and myself to fill two of these vacancies.

The nomination was seconded, and I was told the election was unanimous, and with no inconsiderable clapping of hands.

The Rip Van Winkles of both of the old parties were pretty considerably waked up by this action, and went about asking what it all meant. A few tongues wagged for a while, and indulged in some very sage remarks.

Now the explanation was this; no more, no less. The election of Dr. Hoffman as Dean of the Seminary, was the first step in a new departure, and his removal to New York was the beginning of a revolution in the policy and management of that institution. It had been a General Seminary *in name*, long enough. An effort was now to be put forth to make it general in *fact*.

Now all this was the result of the more catholic spirit which had been growing stronger and stronger for several years past. I had known Dr. Hoffman for many years. We had been associated in the administration of the Indian commission; and in the new organization of our missionary operations I had been associated with him on the foreign committee.

Knowing him as I did, I felt and said, that his appointment as Dean of the Seminary was one of the most important steps that had been taken for years in our Church. It was significantly and eminently a step in the right direction.

But when I was thinking and saying this, the thought never entered my head that I should be associated with him in the affairs of that institution. But, like much in my life, this came unsought and undesired.

Under the circumstances, I felt it was my duty to accept the trust, and do what I could to make the General Seminary what it should be. I had labored long and hard for the Ohio Institutions, the Virginia Seminary, the Philadelphia Divinity School, the Cambridge School, for Griswold College, and later for Bishop Whipple's Institution; and why should I not now labor for the General Seminary? Surely, it needed somebody to work for it.

After many conferences with the Dean, and a full understanding as to the policy to be pursued, it was proposed that some forty or fifty men, clergymen and laymen, should be asked to come together for an interchange of views with regard to the institution. These parties were invited by a private note sent by the Dean.

The meeting was held in the large room of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. The attendance was large, and representative. Bishop Potter presided. The Dean stated the object of the meeting. Dr. Dix followed. Then Dr. Morgan.

At this point Bishop Potter called on me. In responding, I made a clean breast of it; frankly stated what had been my views with regard to the administration of the seminary, and my unwillingness, hitherto, to support it in any way; but that being fully convinced that a new leaf was to be turned over, and that wiser counsel was to prevail, I was in favor of rendering such aid as the circumstances seemed to require.

A special committee was appointed to draw up a statement, to submit to the Church, showing the present condition and urgent need of the seminary. Of

this committee I was made a member. In due time a proper document was drawn up and printed.

But not long after I was made a member of the Standing Committee of the seminary, the ruling power during the recesses of the board of trustees.

By the Standing Committee, I was made a member of a special committee of five to revise and propose amendments to the statutes of the institution. The other members were the Dean, Dr. Dix, Dr. Drisler, and the secretary of the board, Dr. Farrington.

On every Saturday afternoon during the winter, this committee met at my study, and went over the whole ground, suggesting some additions and many changes.

On reporting to the Standing Committee, our work was unanimously approved; and subsequently was approved by the board. All this, I believe, was in the direct line of improvement.

It will thus be seen that in accepting this trust, I was not idle, but in every legitimate way did what I could to promote the best interest of the institution.

I may speak here of two agencies with which I was connected, and which, in my judgment, had very much to do in bringing about the great changes of opinion and feeling in our Church to which I have so often alluded.

It was, I think, after the convention of 1871, that a "clerical club," was formed, for the purpose of taking up and discussing various subjects of special and general interests to our Church and to the cause of Christianity. While the club had no partizan ends in view, it was made up, for the most part, of those who wished to introduce a more tolerant and a more truly catholic spirit throughout our communion. Perhaps those who had a leaning to what is technically termed broad Churchism, were the leaders in the movement. If so, I give them

the credit and the honor which justly belong to them. I was elected a member of this body.

After the preliminary organization, all members were elected. I presume I owed my election to the fact, that though a pronounced low churchman, I had always contended for an honest and fair recognition of the rights of all parties to live and act in this Church of ours.

Among the originators and early members of the club, I may mention the Rev. Dr. Washburn of Calvary, Dr. Osgood, Dr. Cotton Smith, Dr. Harwood of New Haven, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, Dr. Wildes of Riverdale, Dr. Phillips Brooks of Boston, Dr. Huntington of Worcester, Dr. C. S. Henry, Dr. J. H. Rylance, Dr Tiffany, and others.

As the club grew, it was thought best to divide it, locating one part in Boston and the other in New York. One was called the Boston Club, and the other the New York Club.

The exercises consisted of essays on appointed subjects and by appointed writers, and free discussions after the essays or papers. Without dwelling upon the history of the club I may say, that it was our privilege to listen to some of the ablest papers and discussions I have ever listened to.

Here men of different schools and widely different views were brought face to face, and calmly listened to what each one had to say. There was an earnest presentation of the convictions and opinions of the various writers and speakers; and it was not long till we all felt there was room for these differences, and that instead of denouncing them, we should welcome them as signs of a true life and a real progress.

Our Church has been much hindered, and Christianity wounded, by a spirit of unreasoning dogmatism, which seemed to think that nothing could be true and good

which did not square with systems and definitions, which fallible men like ourselves had made and set forth. It was not God's truth for which the different parties had so long been contending, but for opinions and theories of that truth.

How often have I wished that all our clergy,—yes, all our ministers of the Gospel,—could have the privilege of listening to just such discussions as from month to month took place in our club. I am sure they would be less opinionated, and more Christ-like.

When Dean Stanley visited this country, our club gave him a public breakfast, at which I was called to preside. It was rather a notable event, and attracted a good deal of attention.

At a joint meeting of the Boston and New York clubs in New Haven, I think in June, 1874, the subject of holding a Church congress was discussed. So great had been the benefit of the two clubs, it was thought the whole Church should as far as possible, share in these benefits. After a full discussion, it was resolved to hold a congress in New York, just before the meeting of the General Convention of that year.

The executive committee was appointed to carry into effect the joint action of the two clubs. Dr. Wildes was appointed the secretary of the committee, and I was appointed the chairman.

The committee immediately set to work to secure writers and speakers for two or three sessions of the first congress. We engaged Association Hall, as the place of meeting, and made all other arrangements. We had adopted a rule, that the bishop in whose diocese the congress was to meet should be asked to preside.

In accordance with this rule, a letter was addressed to the Bishop of New York, informing him of what had been

done, naming the time and place of meeting, and asking him to preside.

To this letter no reply was received for some considerable time. This was not strange, for the bishop was much absent on his summer visitations.

In due time a package came, addressed to me as chairman of the executive committee; and on opening it, I was surprised to find a voluminous document from the bishop, declining the invitation to preside, and giving, at length, his reasons for doing so. I immediately summoned the committee, and laid the document before them. A good deal of surprise, and not a little indignation, were expressed at the stand the bishop had taken, and the reasons he assigned therefor.

He seemed to call in question the right to hold a congress, and intimated that our purpose was to influence the action of the General Convention. In a word, the Bishop evidently did not want a congress to be held, and he was not very careful or very clear in the language he employed.

Dr. Washburn took the matter in hand, and prepared at once a very pungent and forcible answer. In a few days both documents appeared in pamplet form, and were widely circulated.

The question was asked, What would the committee do? Would we disband and give up the congress? Not for an instant did we hesitate. We let it be understood that the congress would take place. We were not a little embarrassed by receiving letters from some of the writers and speakers declining to appear, as they had promised to do; not because their views had changed with regard to the congress, but from motives of delicacy.

As the bishop of the diocese had declined to preside, we could not well ask a bishop from another diocese to

take his place; and so we invited Dr. Alexander Vinton, to act as the president. We knew he was, in point of intellect, character, and power, the peer of any man in our Church.

Finally the time came for the congress. On the morning of the first day we met, for a devotional service, in Calvary Church. Bishop Clark, Bishop Whipple, Bishop Whittle, and Bishop Hare took charge of the services.

After an address by one of the bishops, the Lord's Supper was administered. In the evening a session of the congress was held at Association Hall. A great crowd assembled; very many members of the General Convention had arrived, and were present.

Dr. Vinton presided, and made a grand address; and all things passed off well. The congress was held. It was a success. Nobody was hurt, and the popular verdict was that the congress is a good thing, a new departure in the right direction. No more active opposition appeared, and it went on from year to year, increasing in power and usefulness each year.

Subsequently, another meeting of this body was appointed to be held in New York, and the Bishop very gracefully accepted the invitation to preside.

It is no part of my place in these records to write a history of the Church Congress. There is but one person who can do this properly, and he is the Rev. Geo. D. Wildes, D.D., the honored Secretary, to whom the congress and the whole Church owe so much for the complete success and effective usefulness of this organization. But there are two little facts which I will just mention in this connection.

While the congress has not been, is not, and will not, be the agent or organ or instrument of any clique, school, or party, but has represented and will represent all

schools and parties in the Church; still, it had its origin in a body of moderate churchmen. Its secretary in chief has always been an old fashioned, liberal minded, low churchman; the chairman of the executive committee, a pronounced evangelical; and the place where the committee has held its meetings and transacted its business has been the office of the Evangelical Knowledge Society.

Now who will say, after this, that the evangelical low churchmen have not been laboring in the interests of harmony, unity, and peace? And who, better than they, can use with a full heart the prayer for All Saints' Day, as well as the last prayer in the Prayer Book?

An event very personal to myself, marked the year 1880. My health had not been good, and yet I was able to attend to a good deal of business. When the summer opened, I engaged to take the responsibility of supplying the pulpit, or rather seeing that the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Walsh of Bergen Point was supplied, during his absence of some months in Europe.

From my relations to the parish, from its origin to the present time, I very naturally felt a special interest in the people there. My plan was to take the services a portion of the time myself, and engage some other clergyman to take them when I could not go.

During the summer, my wife and daughter went to East Hampton, Long Island, while I remained in the city or near the city.

I was to officiate on the first Sunday in September, at Bergen Point, and administer the communion. I went to my old home, Mr. Solon Humphreys', on Saturday.

On Sunday morning I felt about as I had been feeling for a week or more, which was not very well. I had but little strength. The morning was very warm; but I was

not particularly oppressed by the heat, and went on with ease, in the services, until I came to the sermon. When about half way through the short address I intended to make, I suddenly stopped, sat down, and from that time for five hours I retained no recollection of anything that occurred.

I was taken to Mr. Humphreys' house. A physician was called, who administered such remedies as the case seemed to require. Quite late in the afternoon I seemed to awake as from a long sleep, and could not understand why I was in my room, and on the bed. But I need not dwell upon the matter.

I had what is usually called a sunstroke. After finding out what the matter was, I arose, and sat for some time on the piazza talking with the family, and with many friends who called to inquire after me.

The next morning Mrs. Humphreys took me to my house in New York. In the meantime my wife and daughter had been telegraphed, so that they reached home soon after I did. A remarkable feature of the case was, that while I was apparently unconscious, I answered questions correctly, and even gave Mr. Humphreys the full address of my family, so that a telegraph message could reach them.

Thus suddenly my active life was brought to a close on Sunday, the 5th of September, 1880, a few days before completing three score years and ten.

During the years which have passed since the serious attack which has so disabled me, I have been permitted to make three or four pleasant journeys, and not only to keep up my interest in the various institutions and societies with which I have been long connected, but to take some little part in two or three matters of much importance. The first was with reference to the

General Theological Seminary. For a long time its friends had felt that the constitution of its board of trustees was of such a character as to embarrass rather than promote its interests. Under the existing arrangement, the board consisted of several hundred members in addition to the bishops. A special committee was appointed to revise the constitution, and report upon the same. Of this special committee I was a member. After mature consideration, the committee reported in favor of diminishing the number of trustees to fifty members in addition to the bishops. Of these fifty, twenty-five were to represent the money endowments, and were to be appointed by the dioceses from which the endowments had been made. The other twenty-five members were to be appointed by the General Convention, to represent the Church at large. This report was adopted by the board of trustees, and ratified by the General Convention of 1883.

I was one of the twenty-five appointed by the General Convention.

Another matter of interest was the organization of the present Board of Missions. It had long been felt by some, that the division of the board into two separate and distinct committees, each with its secretary and treasurer, acting in a measure independently of each other, was an unfortunate arrangement. I was appointed a member of a special committee to consider and report upon this subject. The committee finally reported in favor of changing this mode of operation, and of having one general secretary and treasurer, and also, of having all our missionary matters, domestic and foreign, brought before the whole board at each monthly meeting. In this way, the members of the board would become familiar with all our missionary operations at

home and abroad. This report was adopted, and its recommendations carried into effect.

I will briefly allude, also, to the policy at present pursued by the Evangelical Knowledge Society. For some years, the funds of the society have been carefully invested, in order that its work might be continued indefinitely, in the future. Great ecomomy has been practiced; and at present, much of its income is used in adding carefully selected works to the libraries of such of our younger clergy as may need and value this kind of aid. In this way, many graduates from all our theological seminaries are assisted, and thus its good work is going on.

Here let me say, that in the prosecution of my duties I have traveled many thousands of miles, yet I have never asked for or used a free pass from any stage-coach, steamboat, or railroad company whatever. My reasons were, I wished to preserve my own perfect independence, not allowing free passes to shut my mouth, or embarrass my opinions or actions. And again, I was not willing to countenance or lend myself to a practice which I deemed wrong in principle and corrupting in influence. We have a right to give what belongs to ourselves, but not that which belongs to others. Public conveyances are the property of the stockholders and not of the paid agents or officials.

These Records will not have been written in vain, if they prove to be of interest and benefit to those who read them; and are in any degree the means of glorifying Him, whose goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

APPENDIX.

As my life has been prolonged, and very much has occurred both in the Church and in the world since my "Records" first appeared, it has been thought that in issuing a new edition some things may be added with advantage.

My health has been such, and I have lived a life so secluded, and cut off from the great active world, that I cannot add much if anything to the current history or progress of events. But it affords an opportunity, and gladly do I improve it, of correcting some mistakes in a former edition; and of adding some facts and reflections which age, experience and observation suggest as having some bearing upon the present and, perhaps, the future. Anyone who has lived with his eyes and ears open for four-score years, in this wonderfully active and progressive nineteenth century, must be marvelously impressed by the changes which have taken place the world over. These changes appear everywhere, and in almost everything—in the governments, the constitutions, and laws, in the habits and customs, and in the callings and industries of the people. These changes have been occasioned mainly by the increase of knowledge, and by the

practical uses of that knowledge in the way of discoveries, inventions, and machinery, and the applications of the same to the various occupations and interests of every-day life. I might show how these things have operated upon nations and communities, upon commerce and trade, and general intercourse so as to change the whole face of society throughout the world. But this opens too wide a field for my purpose, and I only suggest it to show with what vast interest, our lives, every human life, may be connected, and what a serious thing it is to live.

As ours is comparatively a new country, this progress and these changes are very real and manifest. I can remember well when most of the families in the part of the country where I lived, did nearly everything within themselves and by hand. They raised the sheep and grew the flax, spun the wool and wove the cloth from which the woolen and linen garments and other articles used for domestic purposes were made. There were tailors and shoemakers, but they usually did their work in the houses of the families for whom the work was to be done. The periodical visits of these parties, like the boarding for a week or more of the school-masters and school-mistresses, were looked forward to with much interest, for they brought the promise of much needed articles of clothing, and not a little refreshing gossip. As these persons were going constantly from family to family, they would naturally pick up a great many bits and scraps of inside domestic affairs, which added not a little spice to life in a country neighborhood. The same office is now performed in a rather more stylish way by our Society papers. Is it not surprising how many people smack their lips over a dish of gossip, especially if very personal? And how

many delight to see their names in print! I wonder if this is why Police Gazettes, and Rogues' Galleries are so popular.

But I return from this digression to the changes which have taken place. As I walk in to one of our ready-made clothing establishments or a furnishing store and see with my own eyes complete outfits of every imaginable article anyone may need in the way of dress as well as what is needed to furnish a house, great or small, from top to bottom, all ready for use, I find it almost impossible, and have to look into the glass or pinch myself severely, to realize that I am really the same person that saw things as they were three-quarters of a century ago. But I hardly need dwell upon this matter. These changes meet us everywhere, and in every department and pursuit of human life. And as a rule they are in the line of progress and improvement. But one can hardly imagine how the coming century can or will make as many changes as the one now closing. And yet I suppose there will be some in the distant future who will shrug their shoulders and wonder how we old fogies ever got along with such crude and tiresome modes of doing things. When they go flying on the wings of the winds, or propelled by the lightning power and speed of electricity, they will wonder how we could endure the weary monotony of steamships and locomotives.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ITS GROWTH, ETC.

In the changes and progress of events our branch of the Church of Christ has not been standing still; on the contrary, it has been active and progressive in a moderate

degree, as a few facts will show. At the time of my birth, ten Bishops had been consecrated, of whom six were then living, and four had finished their work and gone to their rest. These were Bishops Seabury, R. Smith, Bass and Parker.

Since then one hundred and forty-five Bishops have been consecrated, of whom seventy-eight have departed this life; seventy-three are now living. There were then twelve dioceses, now fifty-two, with sixteen missionary jurisdictions. Then we had no foreign work. Now we have mission work in Africa, China, Japan, Greece, Hayti, Cuba, Brazil and Mexico. The work in foreign countries is in charge of four Bishops, with many clerical and lay helpers.

I remember well, while a student preparing for college, Bishop Griswold's jurisdiction extended over all the States of New England except Connecticut. Now there are six dioceses, and each diocese with its Bishop. As Bishop Griswold could only visit very many of the parishes under his care once in three years, I was confirmed by Bishop Hobart. At that time the State of New York made but one diocese, and had but one Bishop. It now contains five dioceses, and each diocese has its Bishop. Pennyslvania was one diocese, and had one Bishop; there are now three dioceses and four Bishops. The increase in the number of dioceses and Bishops indicates a corresponding increase in the number of the Clergy and parishes, as well as the growth of the Church generally. Within my time, most of the American Universities and Colleges, and I think all of the distinctively Theological Schools of all denominations have come into existence. Now our Church alone has ten such schools, with nearly

three hundred students. Most of the additions to our ministry from year to year are from the graduates of these institutions. With these advantages we should reasonably expect that the standard of literary and theological education would be higher than formerly. The increase and growth of the Church have brought many things into our system which were not common in former times—such as Assistant Bishops, Assistant Ministers, Missionary Bishops, Sunday Schools and almost numberless societies and organizations. In the progress of the Church, Assistant Bishops, and Assistant Ministers became an absolute necessity. Some thought that the division of dioceses would do away with the necessity of Assistant Bishops. For a time this idea was pushed with much energy. The cry for small dioceses and more Bishops was heard from many quarters, but the Church was not long in seeing that division might increase our numbers while it really diminished our strength. We might count more dioceses and Bishops, but what we gained in numbers we lost in character and power, and beside the fact was overlooked that Bishops were but men, and would, like other ministers grow old and feeble in small dioceses and would need assistance just as much as in larger dioceses. And so the plan of small dioceses was in a measure given up. Perhaps some thought there was such a thing as making the Episcopate too cheap. As to Assistant Ministers—this became a necessity as the parishes increased. This has been particularly the case in our cities and larger towns. In many of the parishes in New York there are one, two, three, and even more. To this fact it is no doubt due that for several years the percentage of increase of our Church

has been considerably greater than that of any other Christian body. This is attracting much attention and may lead to important modifications in parochial administrations generally. Our Church has been gradually waking up to the alarming fact that in the rapid and great growth of our cities, particularly New York and Chicago, there has come to be a very large population utterly uncared for by Christian Churches. And to another fact, that it is the duty of these Churches to take the Gospel to those who have it not. It will not do to say that the Churches are open to them and they are invited to come in. We all know they are not open, nor are they invited to come in. Suppose a few hundreds of them should appear on a Sunday morning at any of our Churches, what would be their reception? Would the sexton and other officials fly around and give them good seats in their hired boxes? I am afraid the reception would not be such as to encourage them to come again. Perhaps I ought to make a few exceptions, where they would be most cordially received and given seats, while a seat was to be had, and then the best standing room the aisles and vacant places afforded. And these exceptional Churches are always crowded, rain or shine. Would that similar agencies might be employed throughout the city, until the exceptions would be few, and all on the other side!

I have never felt that the plan of the Salvation Army was a wise one, or one which could be permanent or generally adopted, but I have never joined in denunciation of them. It is not for us to say whom or what God may bless. Let us rather rejoice in the good any agency may accomplish.

Speaking of agencies—there has been of late a remark-

able development in the way of organizations for almost every branch of Christian or benevolent work. Societies are formed and through them the ends are accomplished, rather than by personal ministrations. Is there not danger that in this way our religion will become cold, stiff and institutional? May we not mistake these outside activities for the growth of spiritual religion within? This is an age of wonderful material activities the world over, but these are not in religion always spiritual, nor do they lift the soul heavenward

ARRANGEMENTS AND USAGES.

In former days the pulpit and reading desk were within the chancel, one above the other, and both were made as boxes with doors. Thus the officiating clergy were shut in and shut up. The black gown and bands were worn in the pulpit; and the surplice generally, but not always, in the reading desk. I can remember when by some the surplice was regarded almost as a rag of popery. How changed is all this! The surplice has come into almost universal use, and in some places the black gown would be regarded as a rag indeed, not of popery, but of Presbyterianism or some other "ism."

In those good old days of sober Church of England churchmanship, where every body knew what was what, every chancel had a good substantial four-legged wooden table, and on communion occasions it was covered with a snow-white linen cloth. You see we followed the rubrics and not the seasons. The rubrics were printed in our Prayer Books, and we were simple enough to suppose they meant something.

And then again, we followed the Prayer Book and called this Sacrament the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion, and we called the table just what the Prayer Book then called it and calls it now. And in speaking of this Sacrament we used the phraseology of the Prayer Book because that had been appointed by authority. And we may well ask by what authority these changes have beem made? Certainly the General Convention, the only body which has any right to change any part of the Prayer Book, has not done it. Certainly the House of Bishops, the Fathers and Overseers in the Church, have never recommended it. The question returns by what authority have they been made? Let those answer who have adopted and encouraged them.

If liberties of this kind can be taken in one direction, they can, and will be taken in other directions, and no one can say what the end will be. But I forget—I learned my Church views and ways in the days of White, Griswold and Hobart. It is true that was a good while ago. And perhaps their opinions and teachings have become obsolete, like those of St. Paul and other apostles.

GROWTH OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Towards the close of the last century a few agencies had been established for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the heathen, but these were feeble and accomplished but little. It was reserved for the present century to call forth the energies of Christendom in behalf of this great work.

Of the societies and agencies, great and small, which have come into operation, most of them have been organ-

ized in my day. It will be a surprise to some, and perhaps many, to know that over three hundred such agencies have been thus employed by the various Christian bodies throughout the world. And that now there is scarcely a country, an island or a people on the face of the earth where the Gospel of Christ has not been made known. It is an inspiring thought that Christians of every name are more than ever active in advancing the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, and making the Church of God one throughout the world.

Human divisions may continue in Church organizations, as in civil governments, but the unity of the Spirit for which we all pray will bring that harmony and sympathy which will make us all one in Christ Jesus.

UNIFORMITY IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Our Prayer Book has been formed by the highest authority in our Church, and is the authorized and appointed guide to the clergy and people in the administration of the Sacraments, many sacred offices, and the public worship of the congregation. Of the wisdom or unwisdom of these appointments I do not now speak. But as a loyal Churchman, as a friend of law and order. I recognize these appointments as of the very highest authority, and that no Clergyman has any right to omit them, set them aside, or change them, by the introduction of practices, or phraseology different from that prescribed by the Prayer Book. To take liberties here is to take liberties with the most sacred interests of the Church as well as with the rights and privileges of every member of the Church. Few things have done more to

disturb our peace or create divisions and alienations than the unlawful liberties which have been taken in this respect. For this kind of lawlessness our clergy are, for the most part, responsible. The laity, as a body, are law abiding. They do not seek or like such liberties. I speak of phraseology as well as practices. We have no right to change the wording of the Prayer Book in any respect. Particularly is this the case in the administration of the Sacraments. False teachings come through the use of words and phrases as well as through practises.

HOW SHALL WE CORRECT THESE EVILS?

This is a practical question and is much discussed among our people and other Christian bodies. That errors in doctrine and practice prevail; that laws are broken all admit. Where, and what, is the remedy?

Some will say that the offenders should be tried—that discipline should be enforced. This is easily said, but not so easily done. We can try our clergymen. But what then? Horace Greeley used to say the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. About the worst use you can put a clergyman to is to try him, and especially to try him for his opinions.

Some one will ask shall no effort be made to keep the Church pure? This raises still greater questions which must be answered first. What is the Church? For what ends was it organized? And how shall these ends be attained? To answer these questions would require much space, but I can give only a few words. The Church on earth is militant—in a state of constant warfare—its enemies are within and without. It is a king-

dom—a kingdom in the world—but not of the world. It is compared to many things by the Great Head of the Church Himself. Many of these illustrations show how it is made up—what kinds of characters are found within its pale. In a word no one can read the Gospels and Epistles without being deeply impressed by the mixed character of those who constitute its membership on earth. The good and the bad—the true and the false are living and acting within it. Shall we try by discipline to separate them? The Parable of the Wheat and the Tares and many other teachings of our Lord show us the difficulty and danger of such an attempt. St. Paul was a most earnest lover and defender of the truth, and did not hesitate to denounce in terrible language the false teachers of his day. He exposed himself to many perils by reason of his denunciation of false brethren, and yet with all his great abilities, his learning, his mighty energies,—yes, and his inspiration too,—the Churches under his care became, and continued, very corrupt, both in doctrine and practice. Ever since Apostolic times—through all the centuries—this conflict has been kept up between truth and error in the Church. Discipline and penalties of every description, even unto torture and death, have been resorted to. And what has been the result? Not a pure Church. But a terribly divided Christendom! Professedly Christian bodies have been martialed into hostile camps, ready to encounter not a common enemy, but to devour and destroy one another. For nearly two thousand years, this has gone on, until the stupendous mistakes and blunders of the people of God are beginning to attract the attention of Christians of all names the world over, and the question is coming

up—Have we not had enough of discipline and division, and should we not now try and see what unity and harmony may do? With such a record to look back upon there is little ground to hope that in this dispensation the Church will be free from sin and error. This leads me to say a few words about

CHRISTIAN UNION.

All my days my Church has taught me to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven"—not *my* Father, but *Our* Father—the Father of us all. Again she has taught me to pray, "O Almighty God, who hast built Thy Church upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone, grant that by the operations of the Holy Ghost all Christians may be so joined together in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace, that they may be an holy temple acceptable unto Thee," etc. In my simplicity I used this and other appointed prayers, supposing all Christians were the children of God, and were made so, not by human Church organization, but through Christ by the Holy Spirit. These outward forms, important, and for many purposes necessary, yet were rather the signs of the relationship of the soul to God, than the relationship itself.

Holding such views I could not but regard other Christian bodies as Churches—as Churches owned, accepted and blest of God. This view did not in the least interfere with my strong attachments and preference for my own Church. In its ministry, worship and order, I have always placed it high above all other Church organizations, but never has it led me to think for a moment that

other bodies were not Churches. Nor do I believe our Church has ever held or taught the *unchurching* dogma. Individuals may do this, but it must be as individuals and not as the Church. No little harm has been done by setting forth the dogmas and practices of individuals as the teachings of the Church.

From the foregoing it will be seen that I believe most sincerely in the Unity of the Spirit by which all Christians shall be drawn much more closely together, both in sympathy and work—and in such *uniformity* as shall best suit the conditions and circumstances of the communities in their different localities. To meet such ends all good people must be ready to *give* up and *accept* some things to which they have been accustomed and are much attached.

A SUGGESTION.

Is not civil government as much a Divine Institution as ecclesiastical government? If so, may not our religious bodies learn some useful lessons from the example of nations in their relations to each other?

OUR THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

These have all been established and have grown up in my day. With three of them I have been officially connected—and in two others, actively interested.

We have no more important or influential agency in our Church than these training schools of our clergy. As our Military and Naval Academies are to the Army and Navy, and through them to the whole country, so are these Divinity Schools to the Ministry and the Church.

In view of their position and relations, the greatest possible care should be taken in selecting the men who are to have charge of them. No greater calamity can befall our Church or the cause of the Gospel of Christ than an ignorant and half educated Ministry. Neither the truth, the order, or progress of the Church is safe in such hands. Would we protect our most sacred interests from pride, prejudice, bigotry, narrowness, and the evils of a low partisanship, we must see to it that those who have the training of our clergy are as far as possible types and models of what Christian teachers, preachers, and pastors ought to be. Beside all this, our Seminaries should, through their professors, students, and all their influences, be sturdily and scrupulously loyal to the law and order of our Church. This loyalty should keep them true to the letter as well as the spirit of the rubrics and canons as they are laid down by the supreme authority.

OUR DANGERS.

In the days when partisanship ran very high there seemed to be danger that Catholicity would be sacrificed to party, and that the Church would thereby be dwindled into a narrow sect. From this danger we were mercifully delivered—and very largely through the agency of our organization as a Church, and our Book of Common Prayer. At no time was the power of mere party able to effect any essential changes in the Prayer Book. In later years and in the absence of any dominant party spirit, a few changes have been made, but in the line of enrichment only. The discussions which took place in

the General Convention showed the thoroughly conservative spirit of our Church.

Our danger now seems to lie in an entirely different direction, which may be expressed in the aphorism—"No matter what one believes, so the life is right"—to my mind a popular but very dangerous sophism.

Such a theory would in the end do away with all creeds, and consequently undermine the foundations not only of the Church but of society itself.

To express briefly what I mean—there is a trend towards displacing spirituality in our religion by a cultivated intellectuality, and substituting a human philosophy for the Gospel of Christ. To discover this tendency we have not far to go. The views held and taught by not a few as to the Bible, inspiration, the Divinity of Christ, the Holy Spirit, miracles and other matters, make it plain whither we are drifting and where our dangers lie.

SHOULD OUR CHURCHES BE FREE?

This question has led to much discussion and is evidently occupying more and more the attention of Christian bodies. Without taking up either side of this question, I venture to express some thoughts I have had. With us the Church edifice is regarded as a sacred building, erected and set apart for sacred uses. This comes in part from the fact that we have a special service in the Prayer Book for the Consecration of our Churches. We are in the habit of calling the Church the House of God—the Lord's House. All this creates the impression that the building no longer belongs to individuals, but is a House of Worship—of Public Worship

—and as such it is free from taxation by the State. But is it not true that the pews may be, and are, owned by individuals? Are they not property? Can they not be bought and sold? Can not the owner of a pew lock it up and keep others from using it? If this be so, how can it be called the Lord's House? Now, in a Church thus circumstanced, can it be possible to make all classes in the community feel perfectly free to attend the services held in it? If not, then it is not a free Church, and it is useless to call it such. I know some of our Bishops refuse to consecrate a Church which is in debt. Why is this? Because, they say, it may be sold to pay the debt. But what is the difference whether a company or pew-holders own the Church? Can it be considered the Lord's House if owned at all by individuals? Can it be free to all and be so used unless it be the House of God?

We have in New York at least two Churches entirely free—there may be more, but I only know of the two, St. George's and the Holy Communion. These Churches, I am told, are thronged on every Lord's Day, and at other times, and these throngs are made up of all classes. The rich and the poor sit, or stand, literally, side by side; no distinction is made. At other Churches such crowds are not seen, and why? I know of but one reason. They do not feel so at home anywhere else. The very crowd which they help to make, inspires a feeling of deep interest, and they enter with a whole-hearted zeal into all the services which take place. Of course they become strongly attached to the Church, and are glad to do any thing they can for it.

This leads me to think and say, that after considerable observation I am strongly of the opinion that as

many interests as possible should be made to center at the Parish Church—the rich and the poor, the old and the young should come together and mingle with each other. Missions and chapels may be a necessity, but never should they be allowed to separate the people of a given parish into classes, so as to make them strangers to each other and feel that their interests are not one and the same. Let them worship and work together as far as possible. In this way they will help and strengthen each other.

ACTION WITH REGARD TO CERTAIN SUPPOSED INFRACTIONS OF LAW.

During the Lenten season of 1891 many services were held as usual in all our Churches and Chapels. In the city of New York several of the rectors invited ministers of non-Episcopal Churches to take part with them in preaching and making addresses at the week-day services. On Good Friday a prominent Unitarian Minister, among others, preached in one of the Episcopal Churches. These things gave much offence to many of our people, and led to a protest signed by a large number of the clergy and laity, and addressed to the Bishop of the Diocese. In the protest it was charged that there was a direct infraction of the canon which prohibits the officiating in our Churches of any but Episcopally ordained clergymen. This protest made a great excitement and stirred up a lively discussion in many of the religious and secular journals. This subject was taken into not a few pulpits, and was made the topic of conversation all through the community. It reminded me of

what took place, many, many years ago when the Presbyterian communion was so deeply agitated throughout the country by the famous trials of Albert Barnes, Lyman Beecher and others for heresy.

It can hardly be that our discussions can lead to such results as those of that day, and yet but for a kind overruling Providence, which often brings good out of evil, much harm nearly came to our Church and the cause of Christ by the spirit of discord and alienation which is sure to attend such controversies.

When this protest was read to me I thought and said it was too local and too personal. That it would be regarded as aimed at the doings of a very few clergymen upon a recent occasion, whereas if anything of the kind was necessary, it should be much more general and cover all infractions of our Church laws, not as set forth in the canons, but in the creeds, articles, rubrics and established usages of the Church. It must be known to many of our Bishops, as well as other clergymen, that views are held and taught, and practices are indulged in, which are not in accordance with the teachings of our Church. I felt that an earnest appeal to all classes of Churchmen to faithfully observe the laws and not take liberties or introduce practices which could only lead to strife and alienation—such an appeal would be in the line, not of discipline, but of harmony and peace. May the Lord save us from such partisan contention as once prevailed among us.

In our own Church we have had a good deal to test and try us. The MacQueary case really settled nothing in the Church at large. While he was condemned by a local divided court in a single Diocese, it was under pro-

test that such a court had really no binding authority upon the general Church. It was boldly asserted that clergymen in other Dioceses held substantially the same views as he did, and were not molested, and why should he be?

In New York the protest signed by many clergymen and laymen, and addressed to the Bishop of the Diocese, has come very near reviving a good deal of the old partisan spirit; and has called forth many spirited articles in the public press. Whether any real good has come or will come from it, is certainly problematical. In this state of things comes the attempt to bring one of our clergy to trial on charges of false teaching. The accused clergyman seeks no trial, but notifies the Bishop that he is ready to submit his views to any court properly appointed, and abide the result. Our Bishop is much to be pitied. He knows full well what a scandal such a trial at a time like this will bring upon the Church and the cause of Christ; and he also knows how exceedingly uncertain the result may be. What shall he do? Some say one thing, some another. Perhaps, when grave doubts exist, it is safer and better to wait. It is generally the case, the old maxim: "Prevention is better than cure," will hold good.

The Bishop is a wise man and knows how to hasten slowly.

That which aroused a deep and wide-spread feeling throughout the Church, among all Christian bodies, and, indeed, through the entire community, was the election of Phillips Brooks to the Episcopate of the Diocese of Massachusetts. This election in many ways is a most significant event. It turns over a new leaf. It opens widely

a new chapter in the history of our Church. The fact that the foremost preacher of the day, the most pronounced advocate of that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free, of the universal brotherhood of the children of God, and of a true Catholicity of spirit which prompts good will, and a hearty recognition of, and co-operation with, others in all good works; a man who hates bigotry and prejudice, who scorns littleness and narrowness;—in a word, a man who in all his greatness and power maintains the utmost simplicity in all his bearing and intercourse with his fellow-men,—I say the election of such a man to the highest office in our Church means a great deal. And the wonder is, that any efforts should be made to defeat his confirmation. But the day is past for such efforts to succeed. While I would not for a moment claim this election as the triumph of any party, certainly not of what is usually called the Evangelical, or Low Church party, yet I do think that the labors and influence of that party in former years made it possible for such a man as Phillips Brooks to be elected the Bishop of a strong and commanding Diocese at this day.

Who would have believed forty years ago that such a man as Dr. Henry C. Potter could ever be elected as Bishop of the Diocese of New York? Now, what party led the way to such results? In former days I was a party man and toiled hard to secure that liberty of thinking and acting which our comprehensive Church provides for and encourages. And now, this liberty being secured, I am willing to co-operate with all parties who are trying to bring a divided Christendom to that unity of the spirit, that bond of peace, and that righteousness of life for which our Church ever prays. This end being ac-

complished, then parties as such will disappear, for they will have nothing to do.

I will only add, that, so far as I can see, the opposition to Dr. Brooks's confirmation as Bishop, will help to postpone, if not to defeat, the proposition of our House of Bishops looking towards Christian union among Christian Churches in this country. I had supposed that was an honest proposition on the part of our Bishops, but the action in the Brooks case on the part of some, shows that, as a Church, we are not prepared for anything like a practical union. Perhaps there is nothing practical in the idea of union.

During the year 1891, much interest was awakened by various ecclesiastical events occurring in our Church and other religious bodies. The Presbyterians were greatly agitated by the suspicions and rumors of unsound teachings in some of their theological schools, particularly in the Union Seminary in New York. The matter came before the General Assembly, which met that year in Detroit. Much earnest and able discussion took place, but no final action was had. The subject will come before the next General Assembly which meets at Portland, Oregon, in 1892. In the meantime, a lively controversy will be kept up by the secular and religious press.

The Baptist Communion has been somewhat stirred up by the withdrawal of one of their prominent clergymen, and his subsequent union with the Episcopal Church. In resigning the charge of his congregation he said he did so because it had come to his knowledge that some of his people were dissatisfied as to his views upon the doctrine of eternal punishment. But his principal reason seems to have been a decided preference for our system of gov-

ernment and our liturgical worship. Some of our people wondered why he should come to us if he had difficulties with regard to future punishment. I suppose they will have to take it out in wondering. Probably he came for the reasons he gave—our system of administration, and our form of public worship.

SOME CLOSING REFLECTIONS.

One of the severe trials of advancing years and old age, is the constant severing of the most sacred ties of friendship and love. During my residence in New York of about forty years, I have been associated in works of benevolence of various kinds with very many individuals and families belonging to different religious bodies. This association has led to confidence, respect, and very warm personal attachments. Nor is this all. It has made me feel and believe that amid all the denominational divisions and distractions, there is a real, a substantial unity of spirit among all the followers of our blessed Lord and Saviour. This is now, to me in my old age, a very great comfort. But the trials to which I have alluded have been many and great. As the years have gone by, death has been busy removing one after another of these revered and loved ones, so that of those with whom I was associated when first I came to this city not one remains. And throughout the Church there is only here and there one with whom I had any acquaintance in my early ministry. Of the more recent removals by death, I think I may with propriety mention those of John H. Earle, James M. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. George D. Morgan. But the sorrow these separations have occasioned is

greatly mitigated by the thought that their earthly work was done, and the Great Lord above has called them to a higher service in His kingdom in Heaven. The life that now is here on earth is but a preparation for that which is eternal.

SOME TRIALS AND AFFLICTIONS.

In the Spring of 1891 circumstances occurred which gave us no little anxiety. The house in St. Mark's Place which had been our pleasant and comfortable home for seventeen years had to be given up. The changes which had been made in the adjoining property had so weakened the walls of our house as to render it unsafe for us to remain longer in it. To leave thus suddenly a home so long occupied and consecrated by so many sacred associations was a great trial. But this trial was greatly lessened by the warm and generous sympathy of many friends.

In a brief period another house was secured and we were soon comfortably settled in it. Through all these trying perplexities the goodness and tender care of our Heavenly Father were ever manifest, and awakened the deepest gratitude to God and to the many friends He had given us.

While we were in the midst of the many anxieties occasioned by our sudden removal from our old home, another and very different trial came upon us in the illness and death of Mrs. Dyer's brother, Professor Charles A. Joy. As we had formerly made our home, for several years, in his family at Columbia College and had become deeply attached to them, his death was a great shock and severe

affliction. By reason of these very close relations I feel it is proper to give his departure more than a passing notice. On his return from Europe, he and his family were at their beautiful home in Stockbridge. His illness was brief and his death unexpected, but his work was done, and the Lord of life took him to his rest. The following extract from a notice written by the Rev. H. M. Field, D. D., will show what were his character and life-work, and the estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best.

THE GENTLE SCHOLAR.

Last week there fell asleep in Stockbridge, Mass., one who will always remain in our memory as the type of the gentle scholar, modest and unpretentious, yet full of scientific knowledge, and of special information, acquired in years of residence abroad, that made his conversation as instructive as it was delightful. It is nearly a quarter of a century since he came to make a home among these Hills. From that time we have learned year by year to appreciate more and more his intellectual cultivation, his scientific attainments, and, better than all, the beauty of his character and life, the real goodness and genuine worth of the man.

Professor Charles A. Joy, though of New England ancestry, was born in Western New York, in a region that is made beautiful by lakes which are like the lakes of Switzerland. But his education began farther East, near the border line of New York and New England, as he came to Lenox, to study in the old Academy, and entered Williams College; but afterwards removed to Union, where a brother had already entered.

When he left College, he expected to enter a profession, and went to Harvard to study law, where he was the room-mate of Anson Burlingame, with whom his friendship continued through life. From this career he was diverted by a proposal that he should join a party for the survey of the region about Lake Superior, a service in which he was employed two years. This strengthened the taste which he always had for scientific pursuits, and he now went abroad for study in Germany, where he remained several years, and acquired not only such command of the German language, that it was to him like his mother tongue, but put himself in touch with the whole realm of German learning and German science, especially in his own department of chemistry, making such attainments, that on his return to America he was chosen Professor of Chemistry in his Alma Mater, Union College, from which, a few years later, he was called to Columbia College in New York, where he spent his most active and laborious years. His attainments in his own department of chemistry were of a very high order, and were recognized by the most eminent men of science in Germany as well as in his own country. He was an indefatigable student and experimenter in the laboratory, the fruits of which were given to the world.

But we who knew him here, will remember him chiefly as a neighbor and friend, and it is of him thus that, in this house of bereavement, we love to speak. His nature was of the sweetest, his manners of the gentlest. The law of kindness was in his heart and on his lips. I never knew a man who took more delight in doing kind things, in saying kind words, in helping young scholars, or smoothing the way of others in the rugged paths of life.

Nor did this cease when he was compelled by ill-health to give up his profession. Going abroad to live, he was known all over the city of his residence as the helper of wandering Americans, who found themselves strangers in a strange land, to whom he was a friend, interpreter, and guide. At last, after years of absence, he returned to his native land and to his home. It will always be a gratification to remember that his last months were spent *here*, and that they were among the happiest of his life. During the last Winter, away from his city friends, shut in by the snows, he found that resource which a scholar always finds in books, and more than all, in the companionship of those dearest to him on earth. Now that he is gone, it seems to have been such an ordering of his life as he could have wished, to come back to his country to die, to look once more on all this loveliness, to breathe his last under his own roof, with wife and children at his side, and thus attended to the very brink of the river, to close his eyes on them, only to open them on the great family of God!

It may not be amiss to add to this affectionate tribute, a few items which will show that the life of Professor Joy was one of value to the scientific world, and that his life was not an idle one.

Prof. Joy's first important investigations began in Göttingen with researches on the combination of alcohol radicles with selenium, in which field he was one of the earliest workers. Later he turned his attention to the compounds of glucinum, and published the results of his investigations in the *American Journal of Science*. He also did much notable work in the analysis of minerals and meteorites, contributing accounts of his labors in this field to Dana's "Mineralogy."

Prof. Joy was a member of the juries of the International World's Fairs of London, Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia, and was a member of many scientific bodies. In 1866 he was President of the Lyceum of Natural History, now the New-York Academy of Sciences. He was also President of the American Photographic Society, Chairman of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, and Foreign Secretary of the American Geographical Society. He was a prolific contributor of popular articles on scientific subjects to magazines, and had held the editorship of the *Scientific American* and the *Journal of Applied Chemistry.*

ELECTION OF BISHOP BROOKS.

As there has been some delay in the publication of this edition of "The Records" it enables me to make a few additions which may be of some interest. After a good deal of discussion—some of which was more heated than wise—and a deep and wide-spread interest had been awakened not only in our Church, but throughout all Christian bodies as well as in the community at large, a conclusion was reached. The Standing Committees and the Bishops decided in favor of confirming the election and the consecration of Dr. Brooks. Accordingly, on Wednesday, October 14, 1891, the consecration took place in Trinity Church, Boston. The occasion was made memorable by the profound interest it called forth among all classes of the community, by the remarkable testimonies from the secular and religious press, by the throngs gathered inside and around the sacred edifice, and by the majestic services which attended and consummated the consecration. Long will the event remain

in the memories of all who witnessed it, and abiding will be its effect upon the Church at large. While we may respect the motives of those who opposed the consecration of Dr. Brooks I cannot but think that had the opposition prevailed it would have inflicted a terrible blow upon the best interests of our Church. So long as the present method of electing our bishops continues we must expect that a very wide latitude of choice will be exercised. To restrain this liberty would most certainly lead to discord, wrangling, bitter controversies, alienations and divisions. I think in a Church where such a wise conservatism marks its history and all its doings we need not fear that our dioceses will go very far astray, particularly in the choice of their bishops. In any event it will be wiser and safer in the long run to let them elect their own chief shepherds than for the other dioceses and their bishops to undertake to control them in their choice. It must be a very extreme and clear case which can justify the attempt to nullify and make void the action of an independent diocese by other dioceses. It is an experiment too dangerous to be tried very often, and I hope the good, common, religious sense of our people will not be led away by the theories or speculations or the blind zeal of a narrow partisanship. Our Church is broad and comprehensive, a truly Catholic Church, and no person or party should meet with favor who labors to narrow it down to a mere sect. But while we adhere to the truth and spirit of our Creeds and Prayer Book I do not think, as a Church, we can go very far from the truth. In my advancing years, and in the conflicts going on in Christendom, I find in this thought and feeling a very great support and comfort.

I am sorry I cannot at the close of this Appendix give a more favorable account of the great discussions now going on in the Presbyterian Church. Two most important questions are now before that body: The revision of the Confession of Faith and the trial of one of their distinguished professors for heresy. To a conservative Churchman it seems that either of these questions is large enough and important enough to occupy the attention of the Church at one time, and not to bring them both forward at once. There has been a strong hope that the trial might be avoided, but at a meeting of the New York Presbytery it was decided by the close vote of 64 to 62 to proceed with the trial. Such a trial will probably have to be settled by the General Assembly.

LETTER FROM HON. EDWIN M. STANTON.

The following letter from the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton has been thought to possess so much of both intrinsic interest and historical value that it is herewith appended.

Washington, D. C., May 18, 1862.

REV. H. DYER, D. D.

My Dear Friend: Yours of the 10th is welcomed as an evidence of the continued regard of one whose esteem I have always been anxious to possess.

I have been very well aware of the calumnies busily circulated against me in New York and elsewhere respecting my relations to General McClellan, but am compelled from public considerations to withhold the proofs that would stamp the falsehood of the accusations

and the base motives of the accusers, who belong to two classes.

First. Plunderers who have been driven from the Department when they were gorging millions.

Second. Scheming politicians, whose designs are endangered by an earnest, resolute, and uncompromising prosecution of this war as a war against rebels and traitors.

A brief statement of facts on official record, which I can make to you confidentially, will be sufficient to satisfy yourself that your confidence in me has not been misplaced:

First. When I entered the Cabinet I was and had been for months the sincere and devoted friend of General McClellan, and to support him, and so far as I might aid and assist him in bringing the war to a close, was a chief inducement for me to sacrifice my personal happiness to a sense of public duty. I had studied him earnestly with an anxious desire to discover the military and patriotic virtue that might save the country, and if in any degree disappointed I had hoped on, and waited for time to develop.

I went into the Cabinet about the 20th of January. On the 27th the President made his Order No. 1, requiring the Army of the Potomac to move. It is not necessary, or perhaps proper, to state all the causes which led to that order, but it is enough to know that the Government was on the verge of bankruptcy, and at the rate of expenditure the armies must move or the Government perish. The 22d of February was the day fixed for movement, and when it arrived there was no more sign of movement on the Potomac than there had been for

three months before. Many, very many earnest conversations I had held with General McClellan, to impress him with the absolute necessity of active operations or that the Government would fail because of foreign intervention and enormous debt.

Between the 22d of February and the 8th of March the President had again interfered, and a movement on Winchester and to clear the blockade of the Potomac was promised, commenced, and abandoned. The circumstances can not yet be revealed.

On the 8th of March the President again interfered, ordered the Army of the Potomac to be organized into army corps, and that operations should commence.

Two lines of operations were open—one moving directly on the enemy at Manassas and forcing him back on Richmond, beating and destroying him by superior force, and all the time keeping the capital secure by lying between it and the enemy. This was the plan favored by the President. The other plan was to transfer the troops by water to some point on the lower Chesapeake, and thence advance on Richmond. This was General McClellan's plan. The President yielded his own views, although they were supported by some of the best military men in the country, and consented that the general should pursue his own plans. But by a written order he imposed the special condition that the army should not be removed without leaving a sufficient force in and around Washington to make the capital perfectly secure against all danger, and that the force required should be determined by the judgment of all the commanders of the army corps.

In order to enable General McClellan to devote his whole energy to the movement of his own army (which

was quite enough to tax the ability of the ablest commander in the world), he was relieved from the charge of the other military departments, it being supposed that the respective commanders were competent to direct the operations in their own departments.

To enable General McClellan to transport his force every means and power of the Government were placed at his disposal and unsparingly used.

When a large part of his force had been transferred to Fortress Monroe, and the whole of it about to go in a few days, information was given to me by various persons that there was great reason to fear that no adequate force had been left to defend the capital in case of sudden attack; that the enemy might detach a large force and seize it at a time when it would be impossible for General McClellan to render any assistance. Serious alarm was expressed by many persons and many warnings given me which I could not neglect. I ordered a report of the force left to defend Washington. It was reported by the commander to be less than twenty thousand raw recruits, with not a single organized brigade. A dash like that made a short time before at Winchester would at any time take the capital of the nation. The report of the force left to defend Washington and the order of the President were referred to Major-General Hitchcock and Adjutant-General Thomas, to report—

First. Whether the President's orders had been complied with;

Second. Whether the force left to defend the city of Washington was sufficient.

They reported in the negative on both points. These reports were submitted to the President, who also con-

sulted General Totten, General Taylor, General Meigs, and General Ripley. They agreed in the opinion that the capital was not safe. The President then by written order directed me to retain one of the army corps for the defense of Washington, either Sumner's or McDowell's; as part of Sumner's corps had already embarked, I directed McDowell to remain with his command. And the reason was approved by the President.

Down to this period there had never been a shadow of difference between General McClellan and myself. It is true that I thought his plan of operations objectionable, as the most expensive, the most hazardous, and most protracted that could have been chosen; but I was not a military man, and while he was in command I would not interfere with his plan, and gave him every aid to execute it. But when the case had assumed the form it had done by his disregard of the President's orders and by leaving the capital exposed to seizure by the enemy, I was bound to act, even if I had not been required by the specific written order of the President.

Will any man question that such was my duty?

When this order was communicated to General McClellan, it of course provoked his wrath, and the wrath of his friends was directed upon me because I was the agent of its execution.

If the force had gone forward as he had designed I believe that Washington would this day be in the hands of the rebels.

Down to this point, moreover, there had never been the slightest difference between the President and myself. But the entreaties of General McClellan induced the President to modify his orders to the extent that Frank-

lin's division (being part of McDowell's corps, that had been retained) were detached and sent forward by boat to McClellan.

This was against my judgment, because I thought the whole force of McDowell should be kept together and sent forward by land on the shortest route to Richmond, thus aiding McClellan, and at the same time covering and protecting Washington by keeping between it and the enemy. In this opinion Major-General Hitchcock, General Meigs, and Adjutant-General Thomas agreed; but the President was so anxious that General McClellan should have no cause of complaint, that he ordered the force to be sent by water, although that route was then threatened by the Merrimac. I yielded my opinion to the President's order; but between him and me there has never been the slightest shadow since I entered the Cabinet, and except the retention of the force under McDowell by the President's orders for the reason mentioned, General McClellan has never made a request or expressed a wish that has not been promptly complied with, if in the power of the Government.

To me personally he has repeatedly expressed his confidence and his thanks in the dispatches sent me.

Now, one word as to political motives. What motives can I have to thwart General McClellan? I am not now, never have been, and never will be a candidate for any office.

I hold my present post at the request of the President, who knew me personally, but to whom I had not spoken from the 4th of March, 1861, until the day he handed me my commission. I knew that everything I cherish and hold dear would be sacrificed by accepting office. But I

thought I might help to save the country, and for that I was willing to perish. If I wanted to be a politician or a candidate for any office, would I stand between the Treasury and the robbers who are howling around me? Would I provoke and stand against the whole newspaper gang in the country, of every party, who to sell news would imperil a battle?

I was never taken for a fool, but there could be no greater madness than for a man to encounter what I do for anything else than motives that overleap time and look forward to eternity.

I believe that God Almighty founded this Government, and for my act in the effort to maintain it I expect to stand before Him in judgment. You will pardon this long explanation, which has been made to no one else. It is due to you, who were my friend when I was a poor boy at school, and had no claim upon your confidence or kindness. It can not be made public for obvious reasons. General McClellan is at the head of our chief army, he must have every confidence and support, and I am willing that the whole world should revile me rather than to diminish one grain of the strength needed to conquer the rebels. In a struggle like this, justice or credit to individuals is but dust in the balance.

Desiring no office or honor, and anxious only for the peace and quiet of my home, I suffer no inconvenience beyond that which arises from the trouble and anxiety suffered by worthy friends like yourself, who are naturally disturbed by the clamors and calumnies of those whose interest or feelings are hostile to me.

The official records will at the proper time fully prove—

First. That I have employed the whole power of the

Government unsparingly to support General McClellan's operations.

Second. That I have not interfered with or thwarted them in any particular.

Third. That the force retained from his expedition was not needed and could not have been employed by him; that it was retained by express orders of the President upon military investigation and upon the best military advice in the country. That its retention was required to save the capital from the danger to which it was exposed by a disregard of the President's positive order of the 6th of March.

Fourth. That between the President and myself there has never been the slightest shadow of difference upon any point, save the detachment of Franklin's force, and that was a point of no significance, but in which I was sustained by Generals Hitchcock, Meigs, Thomas, and Ripley, while the President yielded only to an anxious desire to avoid complaint, declaring at the same time his belief that the force was not needed by General McClellan.

You will, of course, regard this explanation as being in the strictest confidence, designed only for your information upon matters where you have expressed concern for me.

The confidence of yourself, and men like you, is a full equivalent for all the railing that has been or can be expended against me; and in the magnitude of the cause all merely individual questions are swallowed up.

I shall always rejoice to hear from you, and am as ever,

Truly, yours,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

POSTSCRIPT.

Dr. Heman Dyer departed this life on Sunday, July 29, 1900, aged eighty-nine years, and ten months. His death brought to an end a career as active as it was honorable and useful ; for though retired from public life for twenty years, his retirement was not torpor, nor even rest. His bodily health was feeble, but his mental and spiritual life was energetic, even aggressive. Apart from physical weakness, old age did not touch him save to add wisdom to his counsels and mellowness to his character. His interest in the course of public events was to the last alert with intelligence and, what is so rare in a life advanced to the verge of ninety, instinct with hope for the coming time. His confidence in the future of the Church militant, even as his love for its truth and its worship, deepened and strengthened as he approached the confines of the Church triumphant. Indeed, his later years were a dwelling in the atmosphere of the Church expectant on earth, before he joined the hosts of the Church expectant in Paradise. And why should it not have been ? Religion had been to him through all his course, a life, and not simply a theory. It was to him not merely a reality, but a vitality. It was the air he breathed, and the very food of his soul. It was not so

much that he possessed it as that it possessed him. In it, or rather in Him who had imparted it, he lived and moved and had his being. Thus things secular were to his apprehension merely the human side of a divine movement and purpose, which found their explanation and their interest in their relation to the Kingdom which cannot be moved. He was advancing from the school-room of his divine Master towards His audience chamber, but in his apprehension it was the same Lord who ruled both on earth and in heaven, and he was content and happy to live with Him, and by Him, in that portion of His domain where God saw fit to place and to keep him. He was his Master's loyal servant everywhere, and life was sweet because it was the Master's gift and expressed that Master's will. And so there was no querulousness and no despondency. He did not wilt away, but was gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe for the Master's garner, and he kept letting fall the nourishing kernels of his own experience and matured conviction, for the nourishment of those who sought to glean in the field where he had grown and ripened in the light and warmth which heaven had poured down upon it. His life, doubtless, had followed the Divine law of all normal growth—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear"—but "the full corn in the ear" was the characteristic of his later years. One who was in the "storm and stress" period of aggressive immaturity, and who failed to share the larger charity and wider sympathy and enlarged co-operation of his developed character, once ventured the remark that "the Doctor had never really been his old self" after the accident, which he himself so graphically narrates (p. 325), when he was so nearly swept out of life by the raging torrent into which he fell. If so, that plunge into the turbulent waters had been a veritable

baptism wherein the imperfections of the old life had been buried and from out whose wave he had been raised in nearer likeness to the risen Lord. For though it was not a life of crises, his life in his advancing years was never less than his former self, but always greater. The ripened fruit of autumn may seem to some less masterful than the propulsive energy of spring; but it is the rich product of all that earlier stir of restless vigor; its true sequence, wherein is stored the quality of nutriment and the reproductive seed of future growths. The one attracts more notice to itself, the other reveals its power in its hold on others. So with our dear Doctor—his irenic old age may have required his polemic youth to mark it as the force of sincerity, rather than the feebleness of senility. Nevertheless the equipoise and enlarged vision of his old age were a distinct advance, both in strength and wisdom, upon the heated convictions and contentions of his youth. He was greater and nobler every year he lived.

For the last ten years of his life that upper floor in the Seventeenth Street house where he dwelt, was a veritable council chamber, rich in productive influences on the movements of men and of churchmen without its confines. Young men and old gathered there, sure of sympathy and expectant of help, which expectation was not in vain. How responsive was this aged saint and sage both to youthful enquiry and maturer perplexity! How great was his patience, how searching his scrutiny, how inflexible his principles, how wide-embracing his charity! No one could fail to go out from the benediction of his presence stronger, wiser, more cheerful, more courageous. If the work of his earlier life found its illustration in the parable of the kingdom which likened it to the growth of the mustard tree putting forth new branches and exult-

ing in completer organization, the quieter work of his later years of retirement found its illustration in the parable of the leaven, which spread its transforming influence through the whole mass of the church, raising it to a higher level of character and ministering power. Learned professors, venerable rectors, missionary secretaries, deans, archdeacons, bishops, and seminary students came to him in a constant stream for guidance, instruction, and inspiration. They found him ever alert to comprehend their difficulties, and glad to impart encouragement and suggestion and direction, wherein like the wise householder instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven, he brought forth out of the treasury of his experience and meditation, things new and old. There can be hardly any department of church life and work, where his influence has not been felt during the last twenty years. He was "laid on the shelf" in the sense that the Encyclopedia is laid there, not to gather venerable dust, but to impart knowledge and counsel to those wise enough to consult it. Thus "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even forever and ever. . . . For Thou shalt give him everlasting felicity and make him glad with the joy of Thy countenance."

Apart from this quiet life of deep and widespread influence, there was little history of events in the last years of our dear friend. But there was one event which we may fitly chronicle, as it gave him great joy and satisfaction in the witness which it brought him of the love men bore him, and of their sense of obligation to him. This event was the celebration of his golden wedding, February 6, 1900. Without his knowledge, his wife and daughter had sent out an appropriate announcement of the fact a few days before, but unaccompanied by any invitation for a reception, as the Doctor was not considered strong

enough for so much excitement and fatigue as a formal gathering would involve. But his friends were not to be denied the privilege of a call, or a letter of congratulation, on the auspicious occasion. Seated in his armchair with some appropriate gold ornaments about him, in the third story front room of his house, No. 111 East Seventeenth Street, the Doctor, with his wife beside him, was as bright and chipper, as he might have been fifty years before.

The following brief account of the occasion was given in *The Church Standard* of Philadelphia in its issue of February 24th :—

"A large number of clergy and friends called in to pay their respects and extend their congratulations last week to the Rev. Dr. Heman Dyer and Mrs. Dyer, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Flowers in profusion decked the room, turning it into a veritable conservatory of rare plants : and gifts from old friends, far and near, adorned the table. Telegrams and letters poured in during the day, among them cablegrams from Paris and Germany, and greetings from Bishop Lawrence, Bishop McVickar ; letters from Bishops Doane, Niles, Dudley, Brewster, Johnson ; Drs. Hoffman, Huntington, Nelson, Tiffany, McKim, and others, numbering among the hundreds. One Bishop wrote : 'God has been very good to you ("*domus et placens uxor*") for half a century ; and to how few mortals is such a gift ! and God has been very good to His Church, in sparing you to her so long.' Among the choice golden gifts were especially noticeable a key, with an appropriate sentiment, a loving-cup, a pitcher, and small table ornaments."

The following lines of Dr. Dyer's pastor, Rev. Wm. R. Huntington, D.D., accompanied his gift of a golden key :—

"Love is the Key of life,
Hearts grow not old ;
Time—we defy thy touch ;
All years are gold."

The following lines are also inserted because of the pleasure they gave:

TO DR. AND MRS. HEMAN DYER.

FEBRUARY 6, 1900.

With its beams aflame and burning,
Life's winter sun is turning
Towards th' horizon, which it gilds with kindling light ;
And amid its golden glory
We delight to con the story
Of two lives, which, though the twilight comes, shine bright.

They have journeyed on together,
Through both clear and cloudy weather,
Fifty years, along the road which God hath led.
And their golden wedding dawning
On this calm, auspicious morning,
Weaves a halo round each loved and honored head.

In the peace which God imparts
To His faithful servants' hearts,
They have followed Christ's dear will with one accord ;
And their joy at eventide,
As they still walk side by side,
Is the loving benediction of the Lord.

Their golden sunset lingers;
It is time these faltering fingers
Should cease to trace their past or future way ;
May Heaven's blessing hover o'er them,
And the pathway, still before them,
End in Heaven's endless "golden wedding day."

This celebration, hearty and impromptu, gave great cheer to the Doctor. It seemed to renew his youth. Almost all his contemporaries had gone on before him "into the silent land." But the cheerful clatter of loving voices, the fragrance and beauty of myriad flowers, the continual

incoming of joyous letters and packages of gifts, the swarm of devoted friends ascending and descending, like angels of visitation, the long flights of stairs to reach his chamber—all attested that he had outlived neither friendship nor usefulness. There was no sad note or minor chord in all the strain. It had the movement of a doxology for the past, the present, and the future.

The following note from Mrs. Dyer will explain the presence of the preceding verses and the following letters:

"DEAR DR. TIFFANY—

"I hope you can make use of the enclosed, in the article you are about to prepare. It seems to me that the extracts from the four letters which I send are of particular value. They are so characteristic, and show the true Christian spirit with which Dr. Dyer met all the demands made upon him, and his intense desire to benefit others. I have always regretted that the *Records of an Active Life* could not have had any of the author's interesting letters in it. But as that was not possible, I trust you will think it best to make use of those I send. I have copied your 'Golden Wedding' poem which you had forgotten, and hope you will feel like making use of it on some second thought.' Dr. Huntington's I send for the same purpose.

"With grateful thanks for your kind 'labor of love,'

"I am sincerely yours,

"CORNELIA C. J. DYER."

Extract from a letter of the Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., to Miss Marcia A. Hall, dated No. 3 Bible House, New York, November 15, 1872:

"My days pass about as usual—full of engagements and full of interruptions. Yesterday I gave the afternoon to our colored missions in the South. We get the most conflicting statements as to the condition of things. Nearly all of the old people, clerical and lay, think everything is going to the dogs, etc., while the younger people are much more hopeful. This is a sad phase of human nature. If there is any one thing I pray to be delivered from, as I grow older, it is from taking a gloomy or despondding view of things. I set as though

the world was growing worse, because we are growing old. Nothing makes old age more repulsive than a spirit of unfriendly criticism. One of the best preventives of this is to take an active interest in what is going on all around. I know it is hard work to keep up with the world, but it is well worth the effort. And, besides, what right have Christians to go grumbling along, finding fault, and making everybody uncomfortable?"

Extract from a letter of Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., to Miss Marcia A. Hall, dated Columbia College, New York, April 26, 1872:

"To-day I had much to do, and yet all my morning was taken up in seeing persons who had tales of sorrow and want to tell. Five cases came in quick succession—and each case *had* to be helped. Such is my daily life—an incessant demand upon time, strength, and sympathy. But it is all right. The cases wouldn't come without the Master's permission, and, perhaps, direction. I often think of the Saviour's question to Peter—three asked:—'Lovest thou me?' then 'feed my sheep, feed my lambs'; 'minister for me; do what I would do were I in your place.' I have, of late, been studying the Life of Christ, more in the works He did, and the words He spoke, than in any historical order. And how I have been impressed by His simplicity and His ready sympathy. How promptly He responded to every call of sorrow and trouble. Take the 9th Chapter of St. Matthew, it is crowded with wonderful deeds, and with the most instructive words. Omnipotent power is blended with the tenderest love: the sick of the palsy is cheered; the Scribes are rebuked; Matthew is called; publicans and sinners came and sat down with Him. The Pharisees are taught a lesson not easily to be forgotten. the subject of fasting is discussed and explained. The ruler came, and Jesus starts at once. The poor sick woman presses to touch the hem of His garment. He stops, cures, and comforts her, then goes on His errand of mercy. The blind men cry after Him, and He listens to them, and makes them to see. the devil is cast out of the poor dumb man. And then, He went everywhere, in all those villages, teaching in their synagogues, preaching the Gospel and healing all manner of sickness. In the midst of it all, He is filled with compassion for the people, because they were faint and scattered, and had none to care for them, etc., etc. And yet He never thought of Himself. His life was eminently

a ministry—and it is recorded for our instruction. He was full of activity, and yet He often retired for rest and meditation. During His last days He spent every night, but the last, at Bethany. What days of labor He passed through; and at evening He withdrew from the city, and spent the night in the abode of peace and love. How this brings out the human side of Jesus. I love to follow Him away from His cares and toils, into the sweet retirement of the country. He was a man, and as such He took this kind of rest. It was needful for Him, and now that He has gone away He leaves His disciples to follow His example."

Extract from a letter from Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., to James S. Amory, Esq., of Boston, Mass., dated 32 St. Mark's Place, New York, November 20, 1876:

"I have thought much of the Church Congress and its doings. I bless God for the spirit of brotherly kindness which prevailed. It was His gift and it made all our meetings a type of the great and final brotherhood of His children. All fight was taken out of our hearts, and we had nothing to do but enjoy the peace of God which was shed abroad by the Holy Spirit. I suppose I have been something of a fighting man in my day, but if I know my own heart, I long for a reign of peace and righteousness over all lands and hearts. Surely, that reign is coming.

"I am now sixty-six. From my boyhood on, I have worked hard, early and late. For the last twenty-five years I have been a kind of ecclesiastical tinker and cobbler, mending and patching up all sorts of broken things. My table is now covered with letters from all parts of the country. Every letter calls for some kind of help. May the Lord help me to say and to do the right thing in each case."

Extract from a letter of Rev. Dr. Dyer to Mrs. Felix R. Brunot, of Pittsburgh, Pa., dated March 12, 1884:

"My work is nearly done. I still have charge of the *Parish Visitor*, and through it, do such preaching as I can. I pray God to help me that I may say something to the thousands of readers which shall do their souls good. I have daily testimonies from all over our country that poor struggling ones are helped on in their Christian course. This more than compensates for all the labor.

Dr. Dyer fell peacefully asleep in Jesus, July 29th, after some months of feebleness. When the end came thus in midsummer, almost all his friends were absent at their summer haunts. But from the distant seashore and the mountain-side, they came hasting back to the hot city, to pay the tribute of their loving presence to their friend and father at his funeral.

The city press—the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Mail and Express*, the *Evening Post*, and many more—was filled with articles commemorative of the life led so quietly, amid the rush and roar of the great city. From some of these we take the notice of his funeral and of the resolutions passed concerning him.

NEW YORK LETTER.

AUGUST 6, 1900.

The funeral services of the late Rev. Dr. Heman Dyer took place at Grace Church on the morning of Wednesday, August 1st. It was a worthy tribute to the character and widespread influence of this good man that, in midsummer, so many of the clergy and laity assembled to pay him final honor. There were present in the chancel the Bishop of the diocese, the Bishop of Pittsburgh, and the Bishop-Coadjutor of Rhode Island; the Archdeacon of New York, the rector and curate of Grace Parish, the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, the Rev. Joshua Kimber, the Rev. Dr. Nelson, the Rev. J. Newton Perkins, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Lawrence, and the Rev. Rockland T. Homans. About forty other clergymen, including Bishop Scarborough, were present, unvested, in the congregation. The opening Sentences were read by Archdeacon Tiffany, the Psalm by Dr. Huntington (who also said the Committal Prayer), the Lesson by Bishop McVickar, the Prayers by the Rev. Dr. Nelson, and the Benediction by Bishop Potter. The service was in every respect as the departed clergyman would have had it; the choir of men and women unvested in the gallery, and the simple service of the Prayer Book carried one back in thought to the days when Dr. Dyer, a quarter of a century ago, conducted the services of the Church. The pall-bearers selected were John T. Terry, J. Pierpont

Morgan, J. Noble Stearns, Thomas Whittaker, Andrew H. Smith, M.D., Gen. Wager Swayne, Anson W. Hard, Waldron P. Brown, and Morris K. Jesup.

The interment was at Woodlawn, in a beautiful plot, recently selected by the family. The remains were accompanied to the cemetery by members of his family, and the service at the grave was said by the Rev. Dr. Huntington and the Rev. Mr. Perkins.

A meeting of the clergy, the Bishop of the diocese presiding, was held in the honor room of Grace Church immediately after the services, about fifty being present. Bishop Scarborough alluded in touching terms to his friendship with Dr. Dyer, and spoke of his widespread influence among the clergy and laity, of his educational work in Pittsburgh and elsewhere, and remarked how, as years went on, notwithstanding his bodily illness, he grew riper and wiser in judgment to the very end. The Bishop then moved that a committee of the clergy be appointed by the Chair to draft suitable resolutions expressive of the high appreciation in which Dr. Dyer had always been held, and to pay the tribute of the clergy to their departed brother. The chairman appointed, as such committee, Bishop McVickar, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, and the Rev. Dr. Lawrence.

In reading the autobiography of Dr. Dyer, there are many things which recall to mind the strong partisan spirit in the Church during the days when he was in active service. There are few young men in the ministry at the present time who know much about "High" Church and "Low" Church in the days of the early fifties. A half century has passed since that time, and one can now realize how the feeling which then prevailed has been softened ; and perhaps no more striking example can be found than the change which took place in Dr. Dyer, as he himself has recorded it. The principles of the man never changed ; and it was a surprise to many of his friends, who did not know the great heart of the man, when he voluntarily accepted the position of trustee of the General Theological Seminary. He says: "A thing occurred this year (1880) which greatly surprised me and my friends. It was my appointment as a trustee of the General Theological Seminary. Had anybody broached such a thing a few years before, it would have been regarded as among the impossibilities. How it exactly came about I do not know." Dr. Dyer was noted for his wisdom regarding men, and his keen insight into all affairs pertaining to Church life. The Rev. Dr. Hoffman had just been elected dean of the Seminary, and from Dr. Dyer's knowledge of

the man he at once recognized the importance of the step, and maintained that it was the wisest action that had taken place for years, and would be of great benefit to the Church at large. Dr. Hoffman also recognized in Dr. Dyer a sound judgment, a catholic spirit, and valuable experience in institutions of learning, both as student, as trustee, and as president. The nomination of Dr. Dyer and of the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith (two pronounced Evangelical leaders in the Church) for trustees of the General Seminary was made by the Rev. Dr. Dix. The selection of Dr. Dyer for this important trust was amply justified by the conscientious consideration which he gave to the revising of the statutes of the Seminary, and the suggestions made by him, which the committee embodied in their report, and the full Board adopted.

Dr. Dyer gives to the Clerical Club (founded 1871) considerable credit for having created a more tolerant and truly catholic spirit throughout the Church. He says, referring to the different meetings of that Club: "Here men of different schools and widely different views were brought face to face, and calmly listened to what each one had to say. There was an earnest presentation of the convictions and opinions of the various writers and speakers; and it was not long till we all felt there was room for these differences, and that instead of denouncing them we should welcome them as signs of a true life and a real progress. Our Church has been much hindered, and Christianity wounded, by a spirit of unreasoning dogmatism, which seemed to think that nothing could be true and good which did not square with systems and definitions which fallible men like ourselves had made and set forth. It was not God's truth for which the different parties had so long been contending, but for opinions and theories of that truth."—*The Church Standard*, August 11, 1900.

RESOLUTIONS.

Minute.

At a meeting of the clergy assembled in the honor room of Grace Church, New York City, immediately after the funeral services of the Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., Wednesday, August 1st, the Chairman of the meeting, the Bishop of New York, appointed the Rt. Rev. Wm. N. McVickar, D.D., Bishop-Coadjutor of Rhode Island; the Rev. C. C. Tiffany, D.D., Archdeacon of New York, and the Rev. Arthur

Lawrence, D.D., of Stockbridge, Mass., a committee to prepare a minute expressive of the sentiments of the clergy in regard to their venerable brother departed.

The minute prepared by the committee is as follows :

The death of the Rev. Dr. Heman Dyer, in the ninetieth year of his age, severs one of the last links which bind the clergy of to-day with those of a former generation. His life witnessed the difference between the past and the present age in its ecclesiastical tone and atmosphere ; and his personal character was an apt illustration of that broader charity, deeper sympathy, and nobler catholicity which were the result of his varied experience in his arduous and long-continued work for the Church. From the early days of his boyhood, when he found his way from Vermont to Ohio, and entered as a student of Kenyon College at Gambier in the wilderness, until and all through the last years of his enforced retirement to his chamber, where he continued to give valued counsel and encouragement to his younger brethren, he was an earnest and devoted Christian, and a strong adherent and defender of the Episcopal Church. In the earlier times of excited and acrid ecclesiastical contention, when it was thought that one party or the other must crowd its opponents out of the Church, Dr. Dyer was a staunch Evangelical, and his name was a synonym for the principles embodied in the Low Church Party. When, however, he deemed that those principles had been vindicated as to their Church loyalty, and had been granted a recognition of rightful place within the fold, partisan feeling gave place to Christian sympathy for all who loved Christ and His Church, whatever their party affiliation. He became a point of union rather than a mark of division. His life merged from a polemic into an eirenicon. His nature was too genuine and his character too sincere not to feel the hallowing influence of a ripened Christian experience. His interest in affairs both ecclesiastical and civil continued alert and intelligent until the last weeks of his life, and his judgments concerning them were clear and reasonable to the end. In his ninetieth year he retained the freshness and simplicity of his boyhood's faith, combined with the serenity of a developed and settled Christian's conviction. In his active days he had been distinguished for his practical efficiency in establishing institutions and supporting them. His later counsels were characterized by an equal wisdom. He both remembered and forgot ; recognizing the changed tasks of changing times. He always exerted a strong influence on men and measures in the Church, and

those of widely different characteristics and opinions sought his advice and direction as those of a saint as well as a sage. His very presence breathed a benediction.

In view of the departure of so wise, so loving, and so true a laborer in Christ's vineyard, his brethren would express their gratitude to God for the long continuance of so valuable and efficient a life, their sorrow that they shall see his face no more, and their conviction that he will long continue to live in the hearts and lives of those who knew him and were enriched by him.

They would extend the assurance of their profound sympathy to his family so sorely bereaved.

On behalf of the Committee,

C. C. TIFFANY, *Secretary.*

MINUTE.

THE REVEREND HEMAN DYER, D.D.

Memorial Minute of the Board of Managers, adopted at a meeting of the members of the Board present at the burial services at Grace Church, New York, August 1, 1900, the Right Reverend the Bishop of New Jersey presiding.

The Reverend Heman Dyer, D.D., the oldest member of the Board of Managers, died at his residence, No. 111 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, July 29, 1900, in the ninetieth year of his age.

Dr. Dyer was a member of the old Board of Missions in 1865, and at the time of the reorganization in 1877 was appointed as one of the Board of Managers, on which he served until his death. He was elected October 13, 1865, a member of the Freedman's Commission, the name of which was afterward changed to "The Commission on Home Missions among Colored People," and he continued a member of it until the Commission was merged into the Board of Managers in 1877. He was elected on the Foreign Committee October 23, 1865, and continued a member of that also until, like "The Commission on Home Missions among Colored People," it was merged into the Board of Managers. When the Indian Commission was constituted November 20, 1871, Dr. Dyer was among those chosen for this work, and remained until it, too, was merged into the Board of Managers. Of

this last Commission Dr. Dyer was chairman. It will be seen thus that Dr. Dyer gave his attention and service in the councils of the Missionary Boards for more than a quarter of a century. By reason of his residence in New York City, where he had been actively engaged in parish work, and was connected with many of the societies and corporations of the Church, and by his personal acquaintance with leading Churchmen all over the country, he was in a position to render most helpful service to the cause, and his efforts were unceasing in every way which lay in his power.

He became familiar with the details of the various fields of work and with the men engaged in them. As his years lengthened and his experience increased, his judgment of men and measures became more and more valuable in the affairs of the Society. About 1890 he was prostrated by a sunstroke, in consequence of which he was thenceforth confined to his home.

But what threatened to be a fatal blow to his usefulness served the rather to increase it. Removed from participation in active life, his views broadened and his sympathies deepened and extended to all Christian workers everywhere. By the Missionary Spirit which was strong within him, the lines which separate Christian people were effaced, and his views of the Gospel of Christ became more and more simplified. While confined to his room his influence was felt in the ever-widening circle. His counsel was sought more and more by earnest men and women who were interested in religious movements, and he came into closer touch with representatives of the whole Christian world. He kept pace with the rapid changes in thought and method which have characterized the last half of the nineteenth century. His hand had to do with the shaping of every branch of the Church's work, and traces of his touch may be found in all departments of her life and activities. His practical judgment was inspired by a deep spiritual fervor, and he ripened into the sage and the saint. He had long been ready for translation, and when the moment came and "God took him," he passed peacefully and naturally to his reward. We lament his departure, but rejoice with him and for him that he has entered into his rest ; while we thank God for the heritage of his good example and many labors left to the Church which he so faithfully served.

CORTLANDT WHITEHEAD,
GEO. WILLIAMSON SMITH,
JOHN A. KING,
} *Committee.*

DR. DYER'S PLACE AND INFLUENCE IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY THE VERY REVEREND EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, D.D.

The death of the senior member of the Board of Managers, in the ninetieth year of his age, after a ministry of more than threescore years, closely connected, as it was, with some of the chief movements in the Church, demands more than a passing notice. Fortunately he has left us, in his *Records of an Active Life*, the history of those movements and of his connection with them, which no biographer could have supplied. And the story is told in such a fascinating way that it carries the reader along with it from the first to the last page. Born in 1810, graduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, and ordered by Bishop McIlvaine to the diaconate and the priesthood, he filled, during his long life, the varied offices of missionary in Ohio, of professor and president at the Western University of Pennsylvania, of rector in Philadelphia, and after he became secretary of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, assistant to Dr. Tyng in St. George's Church and to Dr. John Cotton Smith in the Church of the Ascension, New York. It has been well said of him that "as an educator he was successful, as a secretary discreet and diligent, and as a member of boards of trustees and managers without a superior."

Educated under the influence of Bishop McIlvaine, and surrounded during the greater portion of his life by those who were the leaders in the Evangelical movement, during a period when party spirit ran high in our Church, he imbibed their views and consistently maintained their leading features to the end. Always modest in the expression of his opinions, naturally retiring in his ways, and never holding any office or position of prominence, he exerted an influence, even where he was personally unknown, which was second to no other member of our Church. So marked was this that, even in his earlier days, he was familiarly called the "archbishop" of the evangelical party. And to the end of his life, though confined by physical infirmity to his room for nearly ten years, he was not allowed to resign his place in the Board of Managers or on the Standing Committee of the General Seminary, while many bishops, clergymen, and vestrymen came to consult him in their difficulties and to profit by his advice.

It may be asked what there was in Dr. Dyer's character which gave him such extraordinary influence and enabled him to wield such power even over many who differed very widely from him in matters of worship and discipline. The writer can only give his own impressions, based on an intimate acquaintance of more than thirty years, having served with him first on the old Foreign Committee, then on the Indian Commission during its existence and lastly as a member of the Board of Managers from its organization. During these years there grew up between them a personal acquaintance and a warmth of friendship which revealed to him the daily life of the good Doctor, the motives by which he was actuated and the principles by which he was governed.

The first element of his influence was his deep religious character. No one could meet him without feeling that he had to do with a real, true man. Though he was quiet and reserved in his statements, you felt that you were in the presence of a man of God, who was moved not by any personal motives or self seeking, but by the Holy Ghost. It was this feature of his character which gave him such influence over all who came to him.

In the next place, blessed with a remarkable memory, combined with a judicial mind and a keen insight into men's characters his judgment was seldom at fault. He always had a clearer perception of the future than those about him. And often in council, when strong men had spoken, he would sum up the argument, and with a few clear words change the whole plan of action.

In addition to this, he was a close observer of all that was going on in Church and state, and, as he increased in years, his mind gradually shook off the traditions of his early days and assumed a broader view of many of the questions of the day. Thus when the General Theological Seminary was reorganized more than twenty years ago, to the surprise and under the protest of his old friends, he came out coldly in behalf of rallying Churchmen of all schools about it, that it might in reality become the *General* Seminary. From that day he served on its Standing Committee, manifesting the deepest interest in its welfare, and not long before his death expressed how earnestly he thanked God that so much had been accomplished in this direction. In like manner, as early as 1860, on hearing of the heated debate which had taken place in the Philadelphia Convention in the effort to expel a certain parish from the convention because of "ritualistic practices," he said to the writer: "My old friends in Philadelphia,

who were grand fighters in the past, seem not to realize *that the war is over.*" They have yet to learn that there is more than one side to the truth, and that different aspects of it will be held by equally devout people, leaving the result with God.

So he ended a well-spent life and has gone to his reward. Let us thank God for the good example of His servant, by following him in his devotion to every good work, that we, like him, may depart in the true faith of God's holy Name and have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in God's eternal and everlasting glory.—From the *Spirit of Missions*, September, 1900.

DR. HEMAN DYER.

A death that has probably attracted as much attention and elicited as much sympathy as any that has occurred in the ranks of the clergy of the American Church for very many years past is that of the Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D. Dr. Dyer died in the city of New York on the 29th day of July, in the ninetieth year of his age, and his departure seems like the breaking of one of the strongest links that bind us to the past history of the Church in this country. A large percentage of our clergy cannot recall the time when the name of Dr. Dyer was not a familiar one in connection with the Board of Missions and the publication of Evangelical literature. Although an old man in years, the Doctor has always remained a young man in spirit, and has taken an active and helpful interest in all that concerned the advancing and developing life of both Church and State. The positions which he occupied during his long and eminently active and useful life were never the most conspicuous, but very few, if any, men in our Church ever exerted a wider or more advantageous and useful influence than he did. A generation ago, among his "Low Church" brethren he was very frequently alluded to as "the Archbishop," and in the matter of filling the rectorships of churches in sympathy with his views no man was more consulted than he was, and probably no other man's judgment counted for anything like so much as did his. The Doctor had clearly defined, strong, and pronounced views, and was always ready to express them and give a ready and forcible reason for the hope that was in him. Years ago he declined the election to the episcopate of Kansas, when such declinations were very much less common than they are now. Says an admirer of the Doctor: "As an educator, he was successful; as a secretary, discreet

and intelligent; as a member of boards of trustees and managers, without a superior. His most important book — *Records of an Active Life*—holds one's attention from beginning to end. Dr. Dyer was both a great and a good man. The memory of such as he is blessed." And to this estimate of his character very many will agree; and very many will sorrow that they shall hear his words and see his face and follow his leadership no more. May God's rich blessing rest upon those whom he loved and left behind.—*Southern Churchman.*

FOURSCORE YEARS AND TEN.

That is a great age for any man to reach. Even though a man live so long, his usefulness has ordinarily long since passed. But when Dr. Dyer died this summer in his ninetieth year, he closed a life which had been useful to its very end, although for its last twenty years he was laid aside from any active work. He was, I suppose, never able to attend a single meeting of the trustees of the General Theological Seminary, since the new building began to rise in Chelsea Square, New York; and yet no wiser counsellor has helped forward the Church's work in training those who are to be its servants and missionaries. He perhaps never saw the Church Missions House, though it rose, story after story, within a quarter of a mile of his sickroom; and yet I doubt if another man, layman, clergyman, or bishop, on the board of managers of our Missionary Society, could be named, on whose heart rested more closely the interests of the whole missionary field. And once again, in a ministry extending far over half a century, he never had charge of a parish, and yet perhaps no parish priest in all that time has had a wider influence than he.—*The Young Christian Soldier,* October 28, 1900.

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